THE

WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

VOLUME III.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

IN

PROSE AND VERSE,

AND HIS

LETTERS.

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MDCCLXIX.

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IMITATIONS

IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

EPISTOLA VII.

QUINQUE dies tibi pollicitus me rure futurum,
Sextilem totum mendax desideror. atqui,
Si me vivere vis sanum recteque valentem;
Quam mihi das aegro, dabis aegrotare timenti,
Maecenas, veniam: num ficus prima calorque
Designatorem decorat lictoribus atris:
Dum pueris omnis pater, et matercula pallet;
Officiosaque sedulitas, et opella forensis
Adducit febris, et testamenta resignat.
Quod si bruma nives Albanis illinet agris;
Ad mare descendet vates tuus, et sibi parcet,
Contractusque leget; te, dulcis amice, reviset
Cum Zephyris, si concedes, et hirundine prima.
Non, quo more pyris vesci Calaber jubet hospes,
Tu me fecisti locupletem. Vescere sodes.
Jam satis est. At tu quantumvis tolle. Benigne.

EPISTLE VII.

IMITATED IN THE MANNER OF DR. SWIFT.

'TIS true, my Lord, I gave my word,
I would be with you, June the third;
Chang'd it to Auguſt, and (in ſhort)
Have kept it—as you do at Court.
You humour me when I am ſick,
Why not when I am ſplenetick?
In town, what objects could I meet?
The ſhops ſhut up in ev'ry ſtreet,
And Fun'rals black'ning all the Doors,
And yet more melancholy Whores:
And what a duſt in ev'ry place?
And a thin Court that wants your Face,
And Fevers raging up and down,
And W* and H** both in town!
" The Dog-days are no more the caſe."
'Tis true, but Winter comes apace:
Then ſouthward let your Bard retire,
Hold out ſome months 'twixt Sun and Fire,
And you ſhall ſee, the firſt warm Weather,
Me and the Butterflies together.
My Lord, your Favours well I know;
'Tis with diſtinction you beſtow;
And not to ev'ry one that comes,
Juſt as a Scotſman does his Plums.
" Pray take them, Sir.—Enough's a Feaſt:
" Eat ſome, and pocket up the reſt"——

Non inviſa feres pueris munuſcula parvis.
Tam teneor dono, quam ſi dimittar onuſtus.
Ut libet: haec porcis hodie comedenda relinques.
Prodigus et ſtultus donat quae ſpernit et odit:
Haec ſeges ingratos tulit et feret omnibus annis.
Vir bonus et ſapiens, dignis ait eſſe paratus?
Nec tamen ignorat, quid diſtent aera lupinis?
Dignum praeſtabo me, etiam pro laude merentis.
Quid ſi me noles uſquam diſcedere; reddes
Forte latus, nigros anguſta fronte capillos:
Reddes dulce loqui: reddes ridere decorum, et
Inter vina fugam Cynarae moerere protervae.
Forte per anguſtam tenuis vulpecula rimam
Repſerat in cumeram frumenti; paſtaque, rurſus
Ire foras pleno tendebat corpore fruſtra.

Cui

What rob your Boys? thoſe pretty rogues!
" No, Sir, you'll leave them to the Hogs."
Thus Fools with Compliments beſiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye.
Scatter your Favours on a Fop,
Ingratitude's the certain crop;
And 'tis but juſt, I'll tell ye wherefore,
You give the things you never care for.
A wiſe man always is or ſhou'd
Be mighty ready to do good:
But makes a diff'rence in his thought
Betwixt a Guinea and a Groat.
Now this I'll ſay, you'll find in me
A ſafe Companion, and a free;
But if you'd have me always near—
A word, pray, in your Honour's ear.
I hope it is your Reſolution
To give me back my Conſtitution!
The ſprightly Wit, the lively Eye,
Th' engaging Smile, the Gaiety,
That laugh'd down many a Summer Sun,
And kept you up ſo oft till one:
And all that voluntary Vein,
As when Belinda rais'd my Strain.
A Weaſel once made ſhift to ſlink
In at a Corn-loft through a Chink;
But having amply ſtuff'd his ſkin,
Could not get out as he got in:
Which one belonging to the Houſe
('Twas not a Man, it was a Mouſe)

Obſerving,

NOTES.

VER. 50. *As when Belinda*] A compliment he pays himſelf and the Public on his *Rape of the Lock*.

Cui muſtela procul, Si vis, ait, effugere iſtinc;
Macra cavum repetes arctum, quem macra ſubiſti.
Hac ego ſi compellor imagine, cuncta reſigno;
Nec ſomnum plebis laudo ſatur altilium, nec
Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.
Saepe verecundum laudaſti: Rexque, Paterque
Audiſti coram, nec verbo parcius abſens:
Inſpice, ſi poſſum donata reponere laetus.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Parvum parva decent. mihi jam non regia Roma,
Sed vacuum Tibur placet, aut imbelle Tarentum.
Strenuus et fortis, cauſiſque Philippus agendis
Clarus, etc.

Obſerving, cry'd, " You 'ſcape not ſo,
" Lean as you came, Sir, you muſt go."
Sir, you may ſpare your Application,
I'm no ſuch Beaſt, nor his Relation;
Nor one that Temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the Throat with Ortolans:
Extremely ready to reſign
All that may make me none of mine.
South-ſea Subſcriptions take who pleaſe,
Leave me but Liberty and Eaſe.
'Twas what I ſaid to Craggs and Child,
Who prais'd my Modeſty, and ſmil'd.
Give me, I cry'd, (enough for me)
My Bread, and Independency!
So bought an Annual Rent or two,
And liv'd—juſt as you ſee I do;
Near fifty, and without a Wife,
I truſt that ſinking Fund, my Life.
Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well,
Shrink back to my Paternal Cell,
A little Houſe, with Trees a-row,
And, like its Maſter, very low.
There dy'd my Father, no man's Debtor,
And there I'll die, nor worſe nor better.
To ſet this matter full before ye,
Our old Friend Swift will tell his Story.
" Harley, the Nation's great Support,—"
But you may read it, I ſtop ſhort.

NOTES.

VER. 67. *Craggs and Chila,*] Mr. Craggs gave him ſome South-ſea ſubſcriptions. He was ſo indifferent about them as to neglect making any benefit of them. He uſed to ſay it was a ſatisfaction to him that he did not grow rich (as he might have done) by the public calamity.

SATIRA VI.

HOC erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquae fons
Et paulum ſilvae ſuper his foret. auctius, atque
Di melius fecere. bene eſt, nil amplius oro,
Maia nate, niſi ut propria haec mihi munera faxis.
Si neque majorem feci ratione mala rem,
Nec ſum facturus vitio culpave minorem:
Si veneror ſtultus nihil horum, O ſi angulus ille
Proximus accedat, qui nunc denormat agellum!
O ſi urnam argenti fors quae mihi monſtret! ut illi,
Theſauro invento qui mercenarius agrum
Illum ipſum mercatus aravit, dives amico
Hercule: ſi, quod adeſt, gratum juvat: hac prece te oro,
Pingue pecus domino facias, et caetera praeter
Ingenium;

SATIRE VI.

The first Part imitated in the Year 1714, by Dr. SWIFT; the latter Part added afterwards.

I'VE often wish'd that I had clear
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome House to lodge a Friend,
A River at my Garden's end,
A Terras-walk, and half a Rood
Of Land, set out to plant a Wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to encrease my store;
' But here a Grievance seems to lie,
' All this is mine but till I die;
' I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
' To me and to my Heirs for ever.
' If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
' By any Trick, or any Fault;
' And if I pray by Reason's rules,
' And not like forty other Fools:
' As thus, " Vouchsafe, oh Gracious Maker!
" To grant me this and t'other Acre:
" Or, if it be thy Will and Pleasure,
" Direct my Plow to find a Treasure:"
' But only what my Station fits,
' And to be kept in my right Wits.
' Preserve, Almighty Providence!
' Just what you gave me, Competence:

Ingenium; utque ſoles, cuſtos mihi maximus adſis.
Ergo ubi me in montes et in arcem ex Urbe removi,
Quid prius illuſtrem Satiris Muſaque pedeſtri?
Nec mala me ambitio perdit, nec plumbeus Auſter,
Autumnuſque gravis, Libitinae quaeſtus acerbae.
Matutine pater, ſeu Jane libentius audis,
Unde homines operum primos vitaeque labores
Inſtituunt (ſic Dîs placitum) tu carminis eſto
Principium: Romae ſponſorem me rapis: Eia
Ne prior officio quiſquam reſpondeat, urgue:
Sive Aquilo radit terras, ſeu bruma nivalem
Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire neceſſe eſt.
Poſtmodo, quod mî obſit, clare certumque locuto,
Luctandum in turba, et facienda injuria tardis.

Quid

'And let me in theſe ſhades compoſe
'Something in Verſe as true as Proſe;
'Remov'd from all th' Ambitious Scene,
'Nor puff'd by Pride, nor ſunk by Spleen.'
In ſhort, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this ſide Trent;
Nor croſs the Channel twice a year,
To ſpend ſix Months with Stateſmen here.
I muſt by all means come to Town,
'Tis for the Service of the Crown.
"Lewis, the Dean will be of uſe,
"Send for him up, take no excuſe."
The toil, the danger of the Seas;
Great Miniſters ne'er think of theſe;
Or let it coſt five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found,
It is but ſo much more in debt,
And that they ne'er conſider'd yet.
"Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
"Let my Lord know you're come to Town."
I hurry me in haſte away,
Not thinking it is Levee-day;
And find his Honour in a Pound,
Hemm'd by a triple Circle round,
Chequer'd with Ribbons blue and green:
How ſhould I thruſt myſelf between?
Some Wag obſerves me thus perplext,
And ſmiling, whiſpers to the next,
"I thought the Dean had been too proud,
"To juſtle here among a Croud."

Quid tibi vis, inſane? et quam rem agis? improbus urguet.
Iratis precibus, tu pulſes omne quod obſtat,
Ad Maecenatem memori ſi mente recurras.
Hoc juvat, et melli eſt; ne mentiar, at ſimul atras
Ventum eſt Eſquilias; aliena negotia centum
Per caput, et circa ſaliunt latus. Ante ſecundam
Roſcius orabat ſibi adeſſes ad Puteal cras.
De re communi ſcribae magna atque nova te
Orabant hodie meminiſſes, Quinte, reverti.
Imprimat his cura Maecenas ſigna tabellis.
Dixeris, Experiar: Si vis, potes, addit; et inſtat.
Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,
Ex quo Maecenas me coepit habere ſuorum
In numero: duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rheda

Vellet,

Another in a ſurly fit,
Tells me I have more Zeal than Wit,
" So eager to expreſs your love,
" You ne'er conſider whom you ſhove,
" But rudely preſs before a Duke."
I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant to ſhow
What I deſire the World ſhould know.
I get a Whiſper, and withdraw:
When twenty Fools I never ſaw
Come with Petitions fairly penn'd,
Deſiring I would ſtand their Friend.
This, humbly offers me his Caſe—
That, begs my int'reſt for a Place—
A hundred other Men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
" To-morrow my Appeal comes on,
" Without your help the Cauſe is gone—
The Duke expects my Lord and you,
About ſome great Affair, at Two—
" Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,
" To get my Warrant quickly ſign'd:
" Conſider 'tis my firſt requeſt."—
Be ſatisfy'd, I'll do my beſt:—
Then preſently he falls to teize,
" You may for certain, if you pleaſe;
" I doubt not, if his Lordſhip knew—
" And, Mr. Dean, one word from you"—
'Tis (let me ſee) three years and more,
(October next it will be four)

Since

Vellet, iter faciens, et cui concredere nugas
Hoc genus, Hora quota eſt? Threx eſt Gallina Syro par.
Matutina parum cautos jam frigora mordent:
Et quae rimoſa bene deponuntur in aure.
Per totum hoc tempus, ſubjectior in diem et horam
Invidiae noſter. ludos ſpectaverit una:
Luſerit in campo: Fortunae filius, omnes.
Frigidus a Roſtris manat per compita rumor:
Quicunque obvius eſt, me conſulit; O bone (nam te
Scire, Deos quoniam propius contingis, oportet)
Num quid de Dacis audiſti? Nil equidem. Ut tu
Semper eris deriſor! At omnes Dî exagitent me,
Si quicquam. Quid? militibus promiſſa Triquetra

Praedia

Since HARLEY bid me firſt attend,
And choſe me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his Coach to chat,
And queſtion me of this and that;
As, "What's o'clock?" And, "How's the Wind?"
"Who's Chariot's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the Country Signs;
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
"From Pope, from Parnel, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My Lord and me as far as Stains,
As once a week we travel down
To Windſor, and again to Town,
Where all that paſſes, *inter nos*,
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-Croſs.
Yet ſome I know with envy ſwell,
Becauſe they ſee me us'd ſo well:
"How think you of our Friend the Dean?
"I wonder what ſome people mean;
"My Lord and he are grown ſo great,
"Always together, *tête à tête*,
"What, they admire him for his jokes—
"See but the fortune of ſome Folks!"
There flies about a ſtrange report
Of ſome Expreſs arriv'd at Court;
I'm ſtopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in ev'ry ſtreet.
"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the Great;
"Inform us, will the Emp'ror treat?

Praedia Caeſar, an eſt Itala tellure daturus?
Jurantem me ſcire nihil miratur, ut unum
Scilicet egregii mortalem altique ſilenti.
Perditur haec inter miſero lux; non ſine votis,
O rus, quando ego te aſpiciam? quandoque licebit,
Nunc veterum libris, nunc ſomno et inertibus horis,
Ducere ſolicitae jucunda oblivia vitae?
O quando faba Pythagorae cognata, ſimulque
Uncta ſatis pingui ponentur oluſcula lardo?
O noctes coenaeque Deûm! quibus ipſe meique,
Ante Larem proprium veſcor, vernaſque procaces
Paſco libatis dapibus: cum, ut cuique libido eſt,
Siccat inaequales calices conviva, ſolutus
Legibus inſanis: ſeu quis capit acria fortis
Pocula; ſeu modicis uveſcit laetius. ergo

Sermo

" Or do the Prints and Papers lie?"
Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
" Ah Doctor, how you love to jeſt?
" 'Tis now no ſecret"—I proteſt
'Tis one to me—" Then tell us, pray,
" When are the Troops to have their pay?"
And, though I ſolemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
They ſtand amaz'd, and think me grown
The cloſeſt Mortal ever known.

Thus in a ſea of folly toſs'd,
My choiceſt Hours of Life are loſt;
Yet always wiſhing to retreat,
Oh, could I ſee my Country Seat!
There leaning near a gentle Brook,
Sleep, or peruſe ſome ancient Book,
And there in ſweet oblivion drown
Thoſe Cares that haunt the Court and Town.
O charming Noons! and Nights divine!
Or when I ſup, or when I dine,
My Friends above, my Folks below,
Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
The Beans and Bacon ſet before 'em,
The Grace-cup ſerv'd with all decorum:

Each

NOTES.

VER. 125. *Thus in a ſea, etc.*] Our Poet excels his friend in his own way of modernizing Horace: But this way is infinitely inferior to his own: For though Horace be eaſy, he is not familiar; or, if he be, it is the familiarity of Courts, which is never without its dignity. Theſe things burleſque verſe cannot reconcile, nor indeed any other, but that of the foregoing *Imitations*.

Sermo oritur, non de villis domibuſve alienis,
Nec male necne Lepos ſaltet: ſed quod magis ad nos
Pertinet, et neſcire malum eſt, agitamus; utrumne
Divitiis homines, an ſint virtute beati:
Quidve ad amicitias, uſus rectumne, trahat nos:
Et quae ſit natura boni, ſummumque quid ejus.
Cervius haec inter vicinus garrit aniles
Ex re fabellas. ſi quis nam laudat Arellî
Solicitas ignarus opes; ſic incipit: Olim
Ruſticus urbanum murem mus paupere fertur
Accepiſſe cavo, veterem vetus hoſpes amicum;
Aſper, et attentus quaeſitis; ut tamen arctum
Solveret hoſpitiis animum. quid multa? neque ille
Sepoſiti ciceris, nec longae invidit avenae:
Aridum et ore ferens acinum, ſemeſaque lardi
Fruſtra dedit, cupiens varia faſtidia coena
Vincere tangentis male ſingula dente ſuperbo:
Cum pater ipſe domus palea porrectus in horna

Each willing to be pleas'd, and pleaſe,
And ev'n the very Dogs at eaſe!
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian ſings,
A Neighbour's Madneſs, or his Spouſe's,
Or what's in either of the Houſes:
But ſomething much more our concern,
And quite a ſcandal not to learn:
Which is the happier, or the wiſer,
A Man of Merit, or a Miſer?
Whether we ought to chuſe our Friends,
For their own Worth, or our own Ends?
What good, or better, we may call,
And what, the very beſt of all?
Our Friend Dan Prior told (you know)
A Tale extremely *à propos*:
Name a Town Life, and in a trice,
He had a Story of two Mice.
Once on a time (ſo runs the Fable)
A Country Mouſe, right hoſpitable,
Receiv'd a Town Mouſe at his Board,
Juſt as a Farmer might a Lord.
A frugal Mouſe upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his Friend, and had a Soul,
Knew what was handſome, and would do't,
On juſt occaſion, *coute qui coute*.
He brought him Bacon (nothing lean)
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a Dean;
Cheeſe, ſuch as men in Suffolk make,
But wiſh'd it Stilton for his ſake;

Effet ador loliumque, dapis meliora relinquens.
Tandem urbanus ad hunc, Quid te juvat, inquit, amice,
Praerupti nemoris patientem vivere dorſo?
Vin' tu homines urbemque feris praeponere ſylvis?
Carpe viam (mihi crede) comes: terreſtria quando
Mortales animas vivunt ſortita, neque ulla eſt,
Aut magno aut parvo, leti fuga. quo, bone, circa,
Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus:
Vive memor quam ſis aevi brevis. Haec ubi dicta
Agreſtem pepulere, domo levis exſilit: inde
Ambo propoſitum peragunt iter, urbis aventes
Moenia nocturni ſubrepere. jamque tenebat
Nox medium coeli ſpatium, cum ponit uterque
In locuplete domo veſtigia: rubro ubi cocco
Tincta ſuper lectos canderet veſtis eburnos;
Multaque de magna ſupereſſent fercula coena,

Quae

Yet, to his Gueſt though no way ſparing,
He eat himſelf the rind and paring.
Our Courtier ſcarce could touch a bit,
But ſhow'd his Breeding and his Wit;
He did his beſt to ſeem to eat,
And cry'd, "I vow you're mighty neat.
"But Lord, my Friend, this ſavage Scene!
"For God's ſake, come, and live with Men:
"Conſider, Mice, like Men, muſt die,
"Both ſmall and great, both you and I:
"Then ſpend your life in Joy and Sport,
"(This doctrine, Friend, I learnt at Court.)"
The verieſt Hermit in the Nation
May yield, God knows, to ſtrong temptation.
Away they come, through thick and thin,
To a tall houſe near Lincoln's-Inn;
('Twas on the night of a Debate,
When all their Lordſhips had ſate late.)
Behold the place, where if a Poet
Shin'd in Deſcription, he might ſhow it;
Tell how the Moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with Silver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Groteſco roofs, and Stucco floors:
But let it (in a word) be ſaid,
The Moon was up, and Men a-bed,
The Napkins white, the Carpet red:
The Gueſts withdrawn had left the Treat,
And down the Mice ſate, *tête à tête*.
Our Courtier walks from diſh to diſh,
Taſtes for his Friend of Fowl and Fiſh;

Tells

Quae procul exſtructis inerant heſterna caniſtris.
Ergo ubi purpurea porrectum in veſte locavit
Agreſtem; veluti ſuccinctus curſitat hoſpes,
Continuatque dapes: nec non verniliter ipſis
Fungitur officiis, praelibans omne quod affert.
Ille cubans gaudet mutata ſorte, boniſque
Rebus agit laetum convivam: cum ſubito ingens
Valvarum ſtrepitus lectis excuſſit utrumque.
Currere per totum pavidi conclave; magiſque
Exanimes trepidare, ſimul domus alta Moloſſis
Perſonuit canibus. tum ruſticus, Haud mihi vita
Eſt opus hac, ait, et valeas: me ſylva, cavuſque
Tutus ab inſidiis tenui ſolabitur ervo.

Tells all their names, lays down the law,
" *Que ça eſt bon! Ah gouter ça!*
" That Jelly's rich, this Malmſey healing,
" Pray, dip your Whiſkers and your Tail in."
Was ever ſuch a happy Swain?
He ſtuffs and ſwills, and ſtuffs again.
" I'm quite aſham'd—'tis mighty rude
" To eat ſo much—but all's ſo good.
" I have a thouſand thanks to give—
" My Lord alone knows how to live."
No ſooner ſaid, but from the Hall
Ruſh Chaplain, Butler, Dogs and all:
" A Rat! a Rat! clap to the door"—
The Cat comes bouncing on the floor.
O for the heart of Homer's Mice,
Or Gods to ſave them in a trice!
(It was by Providence they think,
For your damn'd Stucco has no chink.)
" An't pleaſe your Honour," quoth the Peaſant,
" This ſame Deſſert is not ſo pleaſant:
" Give me again my hollow Tree,
" A Cruſt of Bread, and Liberty!"

LIBER IV.

ODE I.

AD VENEREM.

INTERMISSA, Venus, diu
Rurſus bella moves? parce precor, precor.
Non ſum qualis eram bonae
Sub regno Cynarae. deſine, dulcium
Mater ſaeva Cupidinum,
Circa luſtra decem flectere mollibus
Jam durum imperiis: abi
Quo blandae juventum te revocant preces.
Tempeſtivius in domum
Paulli, purpureis ales oloribus,
Comiſſabere Maximi;
Si torrere jecur quaeris idoneum.
Namque et nobilis, et decens,
Et pro ſolicitis non tacitus reis,
Et centum puer artium,
Late ſigna feret militiae tuae.
Et, quandoque potentior
Largis muneribus riſerit aemuli,
Albanos prope te lacus
Ponet marmoream ſub trabe citrea.

Illic

BOOK IV*.

ODE I.

TO VENUS.

AGAIN? new Tumults in my breaſt?
Ah ſpare me, Venus! let me, let me reſt!
I am not now, alas! the man
As in the gentle Reign of My Queen Anne.
Ah ſound no more thy ſoft alarms,
Nor circle ſober Fifty with thy Charms.
Mother too fierce of dear Deſires!
Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.
To *Number five* direct your Doves,
There ſpread round MURRAY all your blooming Loves;
Noble and young, who ſtrikes the heart
With ev'ry ſprightly, ev'ry decent part;
Equal, the injur'd to defend,
To charm the Miſtreſs, or to fix the Friend.
He, with a hundred Arts refin'd,
Shall ſtretch thy conqueſts over half the kind:
To him each Rival ſhall ſubmit,
Make but his Riches equal to his Wit.
Then ſhall thy Form the Marble grace,
(Thy Grecian Form) and Chloe lend the Face:

His

NOTES.

* This, and the unfiniſhed imitation of the ninth Ode of the fourth Book which follows, ſhew as happy a vein for managing the Odes of Horace as the Epiſtles.

Illic plurima naribus
  Duces thura ; lyraque et Berecynthiae
Delectabere tibia
  Mixtis carminibus, non ſine fiſtula.
Illic bis pueri die
  Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
Laudantes, pede candido
  In morem Salium ter quatient humum.
Me nec femina, nec puer
  Jam, nec ſpes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero,
  Nec vincire novis tempora floribus.
Sed cur, heu! Ligurine, cur
  Manat rara meas lacryma per genas?
Cur facunda parum decoro
  Inter verba cadit lingua ſilentio?
Nocturnis te ego ſomniis
  Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem ſequor
Te per gramina Martii
  Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

His Houſe, emboſom'd in the Grove,
Sacred to ſocial life and ſocial love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendant green,
Where Thames reflects the viſionary ſcene:
Thither, the ſilver-ſounding lyres
Shall call the ſmiling Loves, and young Deſires;
There, ev'ry Grace and Muſe ſhall throng,
Exalt the dance, or animate the ſong;
There Youths and Nymphs, in conſort gay,
Shall hail the riſing, cloſe the parting day.
With me, alas! thoſe joys are o'er;
For me, the vernal garlands bloom no more.
Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,
The ſtill-believing, ſtill-renew'd deſire;
Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,
And all the kind Deceivers of the ſoul!
But why? ah tell me, ah too dear!
Steals down my cheek th' involuntary Tear?
Why words ſo flowing, thoughts ſo free,
Stop, or turn nonſenſe, at one glance of thee?
Thee, dreſt in Fancy's airy beam,
Abſent I follow through th' extended Dream;
Now, now I ſeize, I claſp thy charms,
And now you burſt (ah cruel!) from my arms;
And ſwiftly ſhoot along the Mall,
Or ſoftly glide by the Canal,
Now ſhown by Cynthia's ſilver ray,
And now, on rolling waters ſnatch'd away.

LIBER IV.

ODE IX.

NE forte credas interitura, quae
Longe ſonantem natus ad Aufidum
Non ante vulgatas per artes
Verba loquor ſocianda chordis;
Non, ſi priores Maeonius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricae latent
Ceaeque, et Alcaei minaces
Steſichorique graves Camenae:
Nec, ſi quid olim luſit Anacreon,
Delevit aetas: ſpirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commiſſi calores
Aeoliae fidibus puellae.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; ſed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate ſacro.

PART OF THE NINTH ODE

OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

A FRAGMENT.

LEST you ſhould think that verſe ſhall die,
Which ſounds the Silver Thames along,
Taught on the wings of Truth to fly
Above the reach of vulgar ſong;

Though daring Milton ſits ſublime,
In Spencer native Muſes play;
Nor yet ſhall Waller yield to time,
Nor penſive Cowley's moral lay—

Sages and Chiefs long ſince had birth
Ere Caeſar was, or Newton nam'd;
Thoſe rais'd new Empires o'er the Earth,
And Theſe, new Heav'ns and Syſtems fram'd.

Vain was the Chief's, the Sage's pride!
They had no Poet, and they dy'd.
In vain they ſchem'd, in vain they bled!
They had no Poet, and are dead.

MISCELLANIES.

EPISTLE

TO

ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD, AND EARL OF MORTIMER.

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet ſung,
Till Death untimely ſtop'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh juſt beheld, and loſt! admir'd and mourn'd!
With ſofteſt manners, gentleſt arts adorn'd!
Bleſt in each ſcience, bleſt in ev'ry ſtrain!
Dear to the Muſe! to HARLEY dear——in vain!
For him, thou oft haſt bid the World attend,
Fond to forget the Stateſman in the friend;
For SWIFT and him, deſpis'd the farce of ſtate,
The ſober follies of the wiſe and great;
Dextrous, the craving, fawning croud to quit,
And pleas'd to 'ſcape from Flattery to Wit.
Abſent or dead, ſtill let a friend be dear,
(A ſigh the abſent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall thoſe nights that clos'd thy toilſome days,
Still hear thy Parnelle in his living lays,
Who, careleſs now of Int'reſt, Fame, or Fate,
Perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was great;

Or

NOTES.

Epiſtle to Robert Earl of Oxford.] This Epiſtle was ſent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr. Parnelle's Poems publiſhed by our Author, after the ſaid Earl's Impriſonment in the Tower, and Retreat into the Country, in the Year 1721. P.

Or deeming meaneſt what we greateſt call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy Fall.
And ſure, if aught below the ſeats divine
Can touch Immortals, 'tis a Soul like thine:
A Soul ſupreme, in each hard inſtance try'd,
Above all Pain, all Paſſion, and all Pride,
The rage of Pow'r, the blaſt of public breath,
The luſt of Lucre, and the dread of Death.
In vain to Deſerts thy retreat is made;
The Muſe attends thee to thy ſilent ſhade:
'Tis hers, the brave man's lateſt ſteps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify diſgrace.
When Int'reſt calls off all her ſneaking train,
And all th' oblig'd defert, and all the vain;
She waits, or to the ſcaffold, or the cell,
When the laſt ling'ring friend has bid farewell.
Ev'n now, ſhe ſhades thy Ev'ning-walk with bays,
(No hireling ſhe, no proſtitute to praiſe)
Ev'n now, obſervant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm Sun-ſet of thy various Day,
Through Fortune's cloud one truly great can ſee,
Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is he.

EPISTLE

TO

JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ. SECRETARY OF STATE.

A Soul as full of Worth, as void of Pride,
Which nothing ſeeks to ſhew, or needs to hide,
Which nor to Guilt nor Fear, its Caution owes,
And boaſts a Warmth that from no Paſſion flows.
A Face untaught to feign; a judging Eye,
That darts ſevere upon a riſing Lie,
And ſtrikes a bluſh through frontleſs Flattery.
All this thou wert; and being this before,
Know, Kings and Fortune cannot make thee more.
Then ſcorn to gain a Friend by ſervile ways,
Nor wiſh to loſe a Foe theſe Virtues raiſe;
But candid, free, ſincere, as you began,
Proceed —— a Miniſter, but ſtill a Man.
Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
Aſham'd of any Friend, not ev'n of Me:
The Patriot's plain, but untrod, path purſue;
If not, 'tis I muſt be aſham'd of You.

NOTES.

Secretary of State] In the Year 1720. P.

EPISTLE

TO MR. JERVAS,

WITH MR. DRYDEN'S TRANSLATION OF FRESNOY'S ART OF PAINTING.

THIS Verſe be thine, my friend, nor thou refuſe
This, from no venal or ungrateful Muſe.
Whether thy hand ſtrike out ſome free deſign,
Where Life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line;
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd maſs,
And from the canvaſs call the mimic face:
Read theſe inſtructive leaves, in which conſpire
Freſnoy's cloſe Art, and Dryden's native Fire:
And reading wiſh, like theirs, our fate and fame,
So mix'd our ſtudies, and ſo join'd our name;
Like them to ſhine through long ſucceeding age,
So juſt thy ſkill, ſo regular my rage.
Smit with the love of Siſter-Arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
Like friendly colours found them both unite,
And each from each contract new ſtrength and light.
How oft' in pleaſing taſks we wear the day,
While ſummer-ſuns roll unperceiv'd away?
How oft our ſlowly-growing works impart,
While Images reflect from art to art?

How

NOTES.

Epiſtle to Mr. Jervas.] This Epiſtle, and the two following, were written ſome years before the reſt, and originally printed in 1717. P.

How oft review; each finding like a friend
Something to blame, and ſomething to commend?
What flatt'ring ſcenes our wand'ring fancy wrought,
Rome's pompous glories riſing to our thought!
Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,
Fir'd with Ideas of fair Italy.
With thee, on Raphael's Monument I mourn,
Or wait inſpiring Dreams at Maro's Urn:
With thee repoſe, where Tully once was laid,
Or ſeek ſome Ruin's formidable ſhade:
While fancy brings the vaniſh'd piles to view,
And builds imaginary Rome a-new,
Here thy well-ſtudy'd marbles fix our eye;
A fading Freſco here demands a ſigh:
Each heav'nly piece unwearied we compare,
Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,
Carracci's ſtrength, Correggio's ſofter line,
Paulo's free ſtroke, and Titian's warmth divine.
How finiſh'd with illuſtrious toil appears
This ſmall, well-poliſh'd Gem, the * work of years!
Yet ſtill how faint by precept is expreſt
The living image in the painter's breaſt?
Thence endleſs ſtreams of fair Ideas flow,
Strike in the ſketch, or in the picture glow;
Thence Beauty, waking all her forms, ſupplies
An Angel's ſweetneſs, or Bridgewater's eyes.
Muſe! at that Name thy ſacred ſorrows ſhed,
Thoſe tears eternal, that embalm the dead:

Call

NOTES.

* Freſnoy employed above twenty Years in finiſhing his Poem. P.

Call round her Tomb each object of deſire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire:
Bid her be all that chears or ſoftens life,
The tender ſiſter, daughter, friend, and wife:
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
Then view this Marble, and be vain no more!
Yet ſtill her charms in breathing paint engage;
Her modeſt cheek ſhall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flow'r that ev'ry ſeaſon fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thouſand years.
Thus Churchill's race ſhall other hearts ſurprize,
And other Beauties envy Worſley's eyes;
Each pleaſing Blount ſhall endleſs ſmiles beſtow,
And ſoft Belinda's bluſh for ever glow.
Oh laſting as thoſe Colours may they ſhine,
Free as thy ſtroke, yet faultleſs as thy line;
New graces yearly like thy works diſplay,
Soft without weakneſs, without glaring gay;
Led by ſome rule, that guides, but not conſtrains;
And finiſh'd more through happineſs than pains.
The kindred Arts ſhall in their praiſe conſpire,
One dip the pencil, and one ſtring the lyre.
Yet ſhould the Graces all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face;
Yet ſhould the Muſes bid my numbers roll
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their ſoul;
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
And theſe be ſung till Granville's Myra die:
Alas! how little from the grave we claim!
Thou but preſerv'ſt a Face, and I a Name.

EPISTLE

TO MRS. BLOUNT,

WITH THE WORKS OF VOITURE.

IN theſe gay thoughts the Loves and Graces ſhine,
And all the Writer lives in ev'ry line;
His eaſy Art may happy Nature ſeem,
Trifles themſelves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
Who without flatt'ry pleas'd the fair and great;
Still with eſteem no leſs convers'd than read;
With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred:
His heart, his miſtreſs and his friend did ſhare,
His time, the Muſe, the witty, and the fair.
Thus wiſely careleſs, innocently gay,
Chearful he play'd the trifle, Life, away;
Till fate ſcarce felt his gentle breath ſuppreſt,
As ſmiling Infants ſport themſelves to reſt.
Ev'n rival Wits did Voiture's death deplore,
And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;
The trueſt hearts for Voiture heav'd with ſighs,
Voiture was wept by all the brighteſt Eyes:
The Smiles and Loves had dy'd in Voiture's death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe.
Let the ſtrict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and ſerious Comedy;

In ev'ry ſcene ſome Moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both pleaſe and preach.
Let mine an innocent gay farce appear,
And more diverting ſtill than regular,
Have Humour, Wit, a native Eaſe and Grace,
Though not too ſtrictly bound to Time and Place:
Critics in Wit, or Life, are hard to pleaſe,
Few write to thoſe, and none can live to theſe.
Too much your Sex is by their forms confin'd,
Severe to all, but moſt to Womankind;
Cuſtom, grown blind with Age, muſt be your guide;
Your pleaſure is a vice, but not your pride;
By Nature yielding, ſtubborn but for fame;
Made Slaves by honour, and made Fools by ſhame.
Marriage may all theſe petty Tyrants chaſe,
But ſets up one, a greater in their place:
Well might you wiſh for change by thoſe accurſt,
But the laſt Tyrant ever proves the worſt.
Still in conſtraint your ſuff'ring Sex remains,
Or bound in formal, or in real chains:
Whole years neglected, for ſome months ador'd,
The fawning Servant turns a haughty Lord.
Ah quit not the free innocence of life,
For the dull glory of a virtuous Wife;
Nor let falſe Shews, nor empty Titles pleaſe:
Aim not at Joy, but reſt content with Eaſe.
The Gods, to curſe Pamela with her pray'rs,
Gave the gilt Coach and dappled Flanders Mares,
The ſhining robes, rich jewels, beds of ſtate,
And, to complete her bliſs, a Fool for Mate.

She glares in Balls, front Boxes, and the Ring,
A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched Thing!
Pride, Pomp, and State but reach her outward part;
She ſighs, and is no Ducheſs at her heart.
But, Madam, if the fates withſtand, and you
Are deſtin'd Hymen's willing Victim too;
Truſt not too much your now reſiſtleſs charms,
Thoſe, Age or Sickneſs, ſoon or late, diſarms:
Good-humour only teaches charms to laſt,
Still makes new conqueſts, and maintains the paſt;
Love, rais'd on Beauty, will like that decay,
Our hearts may bear its ſlender chain a day;
As flow'ry bands in wantonneſs are worn,
A morning's pleaſure, and at evening torn;
This binds in ties more eaſy, yet more ſtrong,
The willing heart, and only holds it long.
Thus * Voiture's early care ſtill ſhone the ſame,
And Monthauſier was only chang'd in name:
By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
Their Wit ſtill ſparkling, and their flames ſtill warm.
Now crown'd with Myrtle, on th' Elyſian coaſt,
Amid thoſe Lovers, joys his gentle Ghoſt:
Pleas'd, while with ſmiles his happy lines you view,
And finds a fairer Ramboüillet in you.
The brighteſt eyes of France inſpir'd his Muſe;
The brighteſt eyes of Britain now peruſe;
And dead, as living, 'tis our Author's pride
Still to charm thoſe who charm the world beſide.

* Mademoiſelle Paulet. P.

EPISTLE

TO THE SAME,

ON HER LEAVING THE TOWN AFTER THE CORONATION.

AS ſome fond Virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the Town to wholeſome Country air,
Juſt when ſhe learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a ſpark, yet think no danger nigh;
From the dear man unwilling ſhe muſt ſever,
Yet takes one kiſs before ſhe parts for ever:
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with ſighs withdrew;
Not that their pleaſures caus'd her diſcontent,
She ſigh'd not that they ſtay'd, but that ſhe went.
She went to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-faſhion'd halls, dull Aunts, and croaking rooks:
She went from Op'ra, Park, Aſſembly, Play,
To morning-walks, and pray'rs three hours a day;
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,
To muſe, and ſpill her ſolitary tea,
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the ſpoon,
Count the ſlow clock, and dine exact at noon;
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell ſtories to the ſquire;

Up

NOTES.

Coronation.] Of King George the firſt, 1715. P.

Up to her godly garret after ſev'n,
There ſtarve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.
Some Squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack;
Whoſe game is Whiſk, whoſe treat a toaſt in ſack;
Who viſits with a Gun, preſents you birds,
Then gives a ſmacking buſs, and cries,—No words!
Or with his hound comes hallooing from the ſtable,
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
Whoſe laughs are hearty, though his jeſts are coarſe,
And loves you beſt of all things—but his horſe.
In ſome fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,
You dream of Triumphs in the rural ſhade;
In penſive thought recall the fancy'd ſcene,
See Coronations riſe on ev'ry green;
Before you paſs th' imaginary ſights
Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and garter'd Knights,
While the ſpread fan o'erſhades your cloſing eyes;
Then give one flirt, and all the viſion flies.
Thus vaniſh ſceptres, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls!
So when your Slave, at ſome dear idle time,
(Not plagu'd with head-achs, or the want of rhyme)
Stands in the ſtreets, abſtracted from the crew,
And while he ſeems to ſtudy, thinks of you;
Juſt when his fancy points your ſprightly eyes,
Or ſees the bluſh of ſoft Parthenia riſe,
Gay pats my ſhoulder, and you vaniſh quite,
Streets, Chairs, and Coxcombs ruſh upon my ſight;
Vex'd to be ſtill in town, I knit my brow,
Look ſour, and hum a Tune, as you may now.

THE BASSET-TABLE.

AN ECLOGUE.

CARDELIA. SMILINDA.

CARDELIA.

THE *Baſſet-Table* ſpread, the *Tallier* come;
Why ſtays SMILINDA in the Dreſſing-Room?
Riſe, penſive Nymph, the *Tallier* waits for you:

SMILINDA.

Ah, Madam, ſince my SHARPER is untrue,
I joyleſs make my once ador'd *Alpeu*.
I ſaw him ſtand behind OMBRELIA's Chair,
And whiſper with that ſoft, deluding air,
And thoſe feign'd ſighs which cheat the liſt'ning Fair.

CARDELIA.

Is this the cauſe of your Romantic ſtrains?
A mightier grief my heavy heart ſuſtains.
As You by Love, ſo I by Fortune croſs't;
One, one bad *Deal*, Three *Septlevas* have loſt.

SMILINDA.

Is that the grief, which you compare with mine?
With eaſe, the ſmiles of Fortune I reſign:

Would

NOTES.

The Baſſet-Table.] Only this of all the Town Eclogues was Mr. Pope's; and is here printed from a copy corrected by his own hand.—The humour of it lies in this happy circumſtance, that the one is in love with the *Game*, and the other with the *Sharper*.

Would all my gold in one bad *Deal* were gone;
Were lovely SHARPER mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

A Lover loſt, is but a common care;
And prudent Nymphs againſt that change prepare:
The KNAVE OF CLUBS thrice loſt: Oh! who could gueſs
This fatal ſtroke, this unforeſeen Diſtreſs?

SMILINDA.

See BETTY LOVET! very *à propos*,
She all the cares of *Love* and *Play* does know:
Dear BETTY ſhall th' important point decide;
BETTY, who oft the pain of each has try'd;
Impartial, ſhe ſhall ſay who ſuffers moſt,
By *Cards' Ill Uſage*, or by *Lovers loſt*.

LOVET.

Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I ſtay,
Though Time is precious, and I want ſome Tea.

CARDELIA.

Behold this *Equipage*, by *Mathers* wrought,
With Fifty Guineas (a great Pen'worth) bought.
See on the Tooth-pick, Mars and Cupid ſtrive;
And both the ſtruggling figures ſeem alive.
Upon the bottom ſhines the Queen's bright Face;
A Myrtle Foliage round the Thimble-Caſe.
Jove, Jove himſelf, does on the Scizars ſhine;
The Metal, and the Workmanſhip, divine!

SMILINDA.

This *Snuff-Box*,—once the pledge of SHARPER'S love,
When rival beauties for the Preſent ſtrove;
At *Corticelli*'s he the Raffle won;
Then firſt his Paſſion was in public ſhown:

HAZARDIA bluſh'd, and turn'd her Head aſide,
A Rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
This *Snuff-Box*,—on the Hinge ſee Brilliants ſhine:
This *Snuff-Box* will I ſtake; the Prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

Alas! far leſſer loſſes than I bear,
Have made a Soldier ſigh, a Lover ſwear.
And Oh! what makes the diſappointment hard,
'Twas my own Lord that drew the *fatal Card.*
In complaiſance, I took the *Queen* he gave;
Though my own ſecret wiſh was for the *Knave.*
The *Knave* won *Sonica*, which I had choſe;
And the next *Pull*, my *Septleva* I loſe.

SMILINDA.

But ah! what aggravates the killing ſmart,
The cruel thought, that ſtabs me to the heart;
This curs'd OMBRELIA, this undoing Fair,
By whoſe vile arts this heavy grief I bear;
She, at whoſe name I ſhed theſe ſpiteful tears,
She owes to me the very charms ſhe wears.
An aukward Thing, when firſt ſhe came to Town;
Her Shape unfaſhion'd, and her Face unknown:
She was my friend; I taught her firſt to ſpread
Upon her ſallow cheeks enliv'ning red:
I introduc'd her to the Park and Plays;
And by my int'reſt, *Cozens* made her Stays.
Ungrateful wretch, with mimick airs grown pert,
She dares to ſteal my Fav'rite Lover's heart.

CARDELIA.

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was, how often have I ſwore,
When WINNALL *tally'd*, I would *punt* no more?
I know the Bite, yet to my Ruin run;
And ſee the Folly, which I cannot ſhun.

SMILINDA.

How many Maids have SHARPER's vows deceiv'd?
How many curs'd the moment they believ'd?
Yet his known falſhoods could no warning prove:
Ah! what is warning to a Maid in Love?

CARDELIA.

But of what marble muſt that breaſt be form'd,
To gaze on *Baſſet*, and remain unwarm'd?
When *Kings*, *Queens*, *Knaves*, are ſet in decent rank;
Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting Bank,
Guineas, Half-Guineas, all the ſhining train;
The Winner's pleaſure, and the Loſer's pain:
In bright confuſion open *Rouleaus* lie,
They ſtrike the Soul, and glitter in the Eye.
Fir'd by the ſight, all Reaſon I diſdain;
My Paſſions riſe, and will not bear the rein.
Look upon *Baſſet*, you who Reaſon boaſt;
And ſee if Reaſon muſt not *there* be loſt.

SMILINDA.

What more than marble muſt that heart compoſe,
Can hearken coldly to my SHARPER's Vows?
Then, when he trembles! when his Bluſhes riſe!
When awful Love ſeems melting in his Eyes!
With eager beats his Mechlin Cravat moves:
He Loves,—I whiſper to myſelf, *He Loves!*

Such

Such unfeign'd Paſſion in his Looks appears,
I loſe all Mem'ry of my former Fears;
My panting heart confeſſes all his charms,
I yield at once, and ſink into his arms:
Think of that moment, you who Prudence boaſt;
For ſuch a moment, Prudence well were loſt.

CARDELIA.

At the *Groom-Porter*'s, batter'd Bullies play,
Some DUKES at *Mary-Bone* bowl Time away.
But who the Bowl, or rattling Dice compares
To *Baſſet*'s heav'nly Joys, and pleaſing Cares?

SMILINDA.

Soft SIMPLICETTA doats upon a Beau;
PRUDINA likes a Man, and laughs at Show.
Their ſeveral graces in my SHARPER meet;
Strong as the Footman, as the Maſter ſweet.

LOVET.

Ceaſe your contention, which has been too long;
I grow impatient, and the Tea's too ſtrong.
Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
The *Equipage* ſhall grace SMILINDA's Side:
The *Snuff-Box* to CARDELIA I decree,
Now leave complaining, and begin your *Tea*.

VERBATIM FROM BOILEAU.

UN JOUR DIT UN AUTEUR, etc.

ONCE (ſays an Author, where I need not ſay)
Two Trav'lers found an Oyſter in their way;
Both fierce, both hungry; the diſpute grew ſtrong,
While Scale in hand Dame *Juſtice* paſt along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the Laws,
Explain'd the matter, and would win the cauſe.
Dame *Juſtice* weighing long the doubtful Right,
Takes, opens, ſwallows it, before their ſight.
The cauſe of ſtrife remov'd ſo rarely well,
There take (ſays *Juſtice*) take ye each a *Shell*.
We thrive at *Weſtminſter* on Fools like you:
'Twas a fat Oyſter—Live in peace—Adieu.

ANSWER TO THE FOLLOWING QUESTION OF MRS. HOWE.

WHAT is PRUDERY?
'Tis a Beldam,
Seen with Wit and Beauty ſeldom.
'Tis a fear that ſtarts at ſhadows.
'Tis, (no, 'tisn't) like Miſs *Meadows*.
'Tis a Virgin hard of Feature,
Old, and void of all good-nature;
Lean and fretful; would ſeem wiſe;
Yet plays the fool before ſhe dies.
'Tis an ugly envious Shrew,
That rails at dear *Lepell* and You.

OCCASIONED BY SOME VERSES OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

MUSE, 'tis enough: at length thy labour ends,
And thou ſhalt live, for Buckingham commends.
Let Crowds of Critics now my Verſe aſſail,
Let Dennis write, and nameleſs numbers rail:
This more than pays whole years of thankleſs pain,
Time, health, and fortune are not loſt in vain.
Sheffield approves, conſenting Phoebus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

A PROLOGUE

BY MR. POPE,

TO A PLAY FOR MR. DENNIS'S BENEFIT, IN 1733, WHEN HE WAS OLD, BLIND, AND IN GREAT DISTRESS, A LITTLE BEFORE HIS DEATH.

AS when that Hero, who in each Campaign,
Had brav'd the *Goth*, and many a *Vandal* ſlain,
Lay fortune-ſtruck, a ſpectacle of Woe!
Wept by each Friend, forgiv'n by ev'ry Foe:
Was there a gen'rous, a reflecting mind,
But pitied BELISARIUS old and blind?
Was there a Chief but melted at the Sight?
A common Soldier, but who clubb'd his Mite?
Such, ſuch emotions ſhould in *Britons* riſe,
When preſs'd by want and weakneſs DENNIS lies;

Dennis,

NOTES.

VER. 6. *But pitied Beliſarius, etc.*] Nothing could be more happily imagined than this alluſion, nor more finely conducted. The continued pleaſantry is ſo delicately touched, that it took nothing from the ſelf-ſatisfaction which the Critic, who heard it, had in his own merit, or the Audience in their charity. In a word, this benevolent irony is proſecuted with ſo maſterly a hand, that the Poet ſuppoſed, had Dennis himſelf the wit to ſee it, he would have had the ingenuity to approve of it.

This dreaded Sat'riſt, Dennis will confeſs,
Foe *to his Pride*, *but* Friend *to his Diſtreſs.*

VER. 7. *Was there a Chief, etc.*] The fine figure of the Commander in that capital Picture of Beliſarius at Chiſwick, ſupplied the Poet with this beautiful idea.

Dennis, who long had warr'd with modern *Huns*,
Their Quibbles routed, and defy'd their Puns;
A deſp'rate *Bulwark*, ſturdy, firm, and fierce
Againſt the *Gothic* Sons of frozen verſe:
How chang'd from him who made the boxes groan,
And ſhook the Stage with Thunders all his own!
Stood up to daſh each vain PRETENDER'S hope,
Maul the French Tyrant, or pull down the POPE!
If there's a *Briton* then, true bred and born,
Who holds Dragoons and Wooden Shoes in ſcorn;
If there's a Critic of diſtinguiſh'd rage;
If there's a Senior, who contemns this age;
Let him to-night his juſt aſſiſtance lend,
And be the *Critic's*, *Briton's*, *Old Man's* Friend.

NOTES.

VER. 12. *Their Quibbles routed, and defy'd their Puns*;] See *Dunciad*, Note on v. 63. B. I.

VER. 13. *A deſp'rate Bulwark, etc.*] See *Dunciad*, Note on v. 268. B. II.

VER. 16. *And ſhook the Stage with Thunders all his own!*] See *Dunciad*, Note on v. 226. B. II.

VER. 17. *Stood up to daſh, etc.*] See *Dunciad*, Note on v. 173. B. III.

VER. 18. *Maul the French Tyrant*——] See *Dunciad*, Note on v. 413. B. II.

Ibid. *or pull down the* POPE!] See *Dunciad*, Note on v. 63. B. I.

VER. 21. *If there's a Critic of diſtinguiſh'd rage*;] See *Dunciad*, Notes on v. 106. B. I.

MACER:

A CHARACTER.

WHEN ſimple *Macer*, now of high renown,
Firſt ſought a Poet's Fortune in the Town,
'Twas all th' Ambition his high ſoul could feel,
To wear red ſtockings, and to dine with *Steel*.
Some Ends of verſe his betters might afford,
And gave the harmleſs fellow a good word.
Set up with theſe, he ventur'd on the Town,
And with a borrow'd Play, out-did poor *Crown*.
There he ſtop'd ſhort, nor ſince has writ a tittle,
But has the wit to make the moſt of little:
Like ſtunted hide-bound Trees, that juſt have got
Sufficient ſap at once to bear and rot.
Now he begs Verſe, and what he gets commends,
Not of the Wits his foes, but Fools his friends.
So ſome coarſe Country Wench, almoſt decay'd,
Trudges to town, and firſt turns Chambermaid;
Aukward and ſupple, each devoir to pay;
She flatters her good Lady twice a day;
Thought wond'rous honeſt, though of mean degree,
And ſtrangely lik'd for her *Simplicity*:
In a tranſlated Suit, then tries the Town,
With borrow'd Pins, and Patches not her own,
But juſt endur'd the Winter ſhe began,
And in four months a batter'd Harridan.
Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and ſhrunk,
To bawd for others, and go ſhares with Punk.

TO MR. JOHN MOORE,

AUTHOR OF THE CELEBRATED WORM-POWDER.

HOW much, egregious *Moore*, are we
Deceiv'd by ſhews and forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we ſee,
All Humankind are Worms.

Man is a very Worm by birth,
Vile, reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then ſhrinks to earth again.

That Woman is a Worm, we find
E'er ſince our Grandame's evil;
She firſt convers'd with her own kind,
That ancient Worm, the Devil.

The Learn'd themſelves we Book-worms name,
The Blockhead is a Slow-worm;
The Nymph whoſe tail is all on flame,
Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm:

The Fops are painted Butterflies,
That flutter for a day;
Firſt from a Worm they take their riſe,
And in a Worm decay.

The Flatterer an Earwig grows;
  Thus Worms ſuit all conditions;
Miſers are Muck-worms, Silk-worms Beaus,
  And Death-watches Phyſicians.

That Stateſmen have the Worm, is ſeen,
  By all their winding play;
Their Conſcience is a Worm within,
  That gnaws them night and day.

Ah *Moore!* thy ſkill were well employ'd,
  And greater gain would riſe,
If thou couldſt make the Courtier void
  The Worm that never dies!

O learned Friend of *Abchurch-Lane*,
  Who ſett'ſt our entrails free!
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,
  Since Worms ſhall eat ev'n thee.

Our Fate thou only canſt adjourn
  Some few ſhort years, no more!
Ev'n *Button*'s Wits to Worms ſhall turn,
  Who Maggots were before.

SONG, BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXXXIII.

I.

FLUTT'RING ſpread thy purple Pinions,
Gentle *Cupid*, o'er my Heart;
I a Slave in thy Dominions;
Nature muſt give Way to Art.

II.

Mild *Arcadians*, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your Flocks,
See my weary days conſuming,
All beneath yon flow'ry Rocks.

III.

Thus the *Cyprian* Goddeſs weeping,
Mourn'd *Adonis*, darling Youth:
Him the Boar in ſilence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting Tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious Numbers;
Fair *Diſcretion*, ſtring the Lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking Slumbers:
Bright *Apollo*, lend thy Choir.

V.

Gloomy *Pluto*, King of Terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine Chains,
Lead me to the Cryſtal Mirrors,
Wat'ring ſoft Elyſian plains.

VI.

Mournful Cypreſs, verdant Willow,
Gilding my *Aurelia*'s Brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my Pillow,
Hear me pay my dying Vows.

VII.

Melancholy ſmooth *Maeander*,
Swiftly purling in a Round,
On thy Margin Lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry Chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when *Philomela*, drooping,
Softly ſeeks her ſilent Mate,
See the Bird of *Juno* ſtooping;
Melody reſigns to Fate.

ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.

I Know the thing that's moſt uncommon ;
(Envy be ſilent, and attend !)
I know a reaſonable Woman,
Handſome and witty, yet a Friend.

Not warp'd by Paſſion, aw'd by Rumour,
Not grave through Pride, or gay through Folly,
An equal mixture of good Humour,
And ſenſible ſoft Melancholy.

" Has ſhe no faults then (Envy ſays) Sir ?"
Yes, ſhe has one, I muſt aver ;
When all the World conſpires to praiſe her,
The Woman's deaf, and does not hear.

ON HIS GROTTO AT TWICKENHAM,

COMPOSED OF

MARBLES, SPARS, GEMMS, ORES, AND MINERALS.

THOU who ſhalt ſtop, where *Thames'* tranſlucent wave
Shines a broad Mirror through the ſhadowy Cave ;
Where ling'ring drops from min'ral Roofs diſtil,
And pointed Cryſtals break the ſparkling Rill,
Unpoliſh'd

NOTES.

On his Grotto] The improving and finiſhing his Grott was the favourite amuſement of his declining Years ; and the beauty of his poetic genius, in the diſpoſition and ornaments of this romantic receſs, appears to as much advantage as in his beſt contrived Poems.

Unpoliſh'd Gemms no ray on Pride beſtow,
And latent Metals innocently glow:
Approach. Great NATURE ſtudiouſly behold!
And eye the Mine without a wiſh for Gold.
Approach: But awful! Lo! th' Aegerian Grott,
Where, nobly-penſive, ST. JOHN ſate and thought;
Where *Britiſh* ſighs from dying WYNDHAM ſtole,
And the bright flame was ſhot through MARCHMONT's Soul.
Let ſuch, ſuch only, tread this ſacred Floor,
Who dare to love their Country, and be poor.

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 6. in the MS.

You ſee that Iſland's wealth, where, only free,
Earth to her entrails feels not Tyranny.

i. e. Britain is the only place on the globe which feels not Tyranny even to its very entrails. Alluding to the condemnation of Criminals to the Mines, one of the inflictions of civil juſtice in moſt Countries. The thought was exceeding natural and proper in this place, where the Poet was deſcribing a Grotto incruſted and adorned with all ſorts of Minerals collected by the means of commerce from the four quarters of the Globe.

VER. 11. *Where Britiſh ſighs from dying Wyndham ſtole,*] In his MS. it was thus,

To Wyndham's breaſt the patriot paſſions ſtole,

which made the whole allude to a certain Anecdote of not much conſequence to any but the parties concerned.

NOTES.

VER. 9. *Aegerian Grott,*] Alluding to Numa's projecting his ſyſtem of politics in this Grott, aſſiſted, as he gave out, by the Goddeſs Aegeria.

TO MRS. M. B. ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

OH be thou bleſt with all that Heav'n can ſend,
Long Health, long Youth, long Pleaſure, and a Friend:
Not with thoſe Toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and Vanities that tire.
With added years if Life bring nothing new,
But like a Sieve let ev'ry bleſſing through,
Some joy ſtill loſt, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, ſome ſad Reflection more;
Is that a Birth-day? 'tis alas! too clear,
'Tis but the Fun'ral of the former year.
Let Joy or Eaſe, let Affluence or Content,
And the gay Conſcience of a life well ſpent,
Calm ev'ry thought, inſpirit ev'ry grace,
Glow in thy heart, and ſmile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a Pain, a Trouble, or a Fear;
Till Death unfelt that tender frame deſtroy,
In ſome ſoft Dream, or Extaſy of Joy,
Peaceful ſleep out the Sabbath of the Tomb,
And wake to Raptures in a Life to come.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 15. Originally thus in the MS.

And oh ſince Death muſt that fair frame deſtroy,
Die, by ſome ſudden Extaſy of Joy;
In ſome ſoft dream may thy mild ſoul remove,
And be thy lateſt gaſp a ſigh of Love.

TO MR. THOMAS SOUTHERN,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, MDCCXLII.

RESIGN'D to live, prepar'd to die,
With not one ſin, but Poetry,
This day Tom's fair account has run
(Without a blot) to eighty one.
Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays
A table, with a cloth of bays;
And Ireland, mother of ſweet ſingers,
Preſents her harp ſtill to his fingers.
The feaſt, his tow'ring genius marks
In yonder wild gooſe and the larks!
The muſhrooms ſhew his wit was ſudden!
And for his judgment, lo a pudden!
Roaſt beef, though old, proclaims him ſtout,
And grace, although a bard, devout.
May Tom, whom heav'n ſent down to raiſe
The price of prologues and of plays,

Be

NOTES.

VER. 6. *A table,*] Mr. Southern was invited to dine on his birth-day with this Nobleman, who had prepared for him the entertainment of which the bill of fare is here ſet down.

VER. 8. *Preſents her harp*] The Harp is generally wove on the Iriſh Linen; ſuch as Table-cloths, etc.

VER. 16. *The price of prologues and of plays,*] This alludes to a ſtory Mr. Southern told of Dryden, about the ſame time, to Mr. P. and Mr. W.—When Southern firſt wrote for the Stage, Dryden was ſo famous for his Prologues, that the Players would act nothing without that decoration. His uſual price till then had been four guineas: But when Southern came to him for the Prologue he had beſpoke, Dryden told him he muſt have ſix guineas for it;

Be ev'ry birth-day more a winner,
Digeſt his thirty-thouſandth dinner;
Walk to his grave without reproach,
And ſcorn a raſcal and a coach.

NOTES.

it; "which (ſaid he) young man, is out of no diſreſpect to you, but the Players have had "my goods too cheap."—We now look upon theſe *Prologues* with the ſame admiration that the Virtuoſi do on the Apothecaries pots painted by Raphael.—As Southern raiſed the price of Dryden's *Prologues*, ſo he raiſed the price of his own *Plays*, being the firſt who brought the Bookſellers to give 100l. for the copy of a Play.

EPITAPHS.

HIS SALTEM ACCUMULEM DONIS, ET FUNGAR INANI
MUNERE! VIRG.

I.

ON CHARLES EARL OF DORSET,

IN THE CHURCH OF WITHYAM IN SUSSEX.

DORSET, the Grace of Courts, the Muſes' Pride,
Patron of Arts, and Judge of Nature, dy'd.
The ſcourge of Pride, though ſanctify'd or great,
Of Fops in Learning, and of Knaves in State:
Yet ſoft his Nature, though ſevere his Lay,
His Anger moral, and his Wiſdom gay.
Bleſt Satiriſt! who touch'd the Mean ſo true,
As ſhow'd, Vice had his hate and pity too.

Bleſt

NOTES.

Epitaphs.] Theſe little compoſitions far exceed any thing we have of the ſame kind from other hands; yet, if we except the *Epitaph on the young Duke of Buckingham*, and perhaps one or two more, they are not of equal force with the reſt of our Author's writings. The Nature of the compoſition itſelf is delicate; and generally it was a taſk impoſed on him; though he rarely complied with requeſts of this nature, but where the ſubject was worthy of his pen; as we may ſee by the ſmall number of theſe poems.

For random praiſe the Work would ne'er be done:
Each Mother aſks it for her bonny Son:
Each Widow aſks it for the beſt of Men;
For him ſhe weeps, for him ſhe weds agen.

Yet when theſe elegiac movements came freely from the heart, he mourns in ſuch ſtrains as ſhew he was equally a maſter of this kind of Compoſition with every other he undertook, as the following lines in the *Epiſtle to Jervas* may witneſs; which would have made the fineſt Epitaph in the world:

Call round her Tomb each object of deſire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire:
Bid her be all that cheers or ſoftens life,
The tender ſiſter, daughter, friend, and wife:
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
Then view this marble, and be vain no more!

Bleſt Courtier! who could King and Country pleaſe,
Yet ſacred keep his Friendſhips, and his Eaſe.
Bleſt Peer! his great Forefathers ev'ry grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his Race;
Where other BUCKHURSTS, other DORSETS ſhine,
And Patriots ſtill, or Poets, deck the Line.

II.

ON SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL,

ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL SECRETARIES OF STATE TO KING WILLIAM III. WHO HAVING RESIGNED HIS PLACE, DIED IN HIS RETIREMENT AT EASTHAMSTED, IN BERKSHIRE, M DCC XVI.

A Pleaſing Form; a firm, yet cautious Mind;
Sincere, though prudent; conſtant, yet reſign'd:
Honour unchang'd, a Principle profeſt,
Fix'd to one ſide, but mod'rate to the reſt:
An honeſt Courtier, yet a Patriot too;
Juſt to his Prince, and to his Country true:
Fill'd with the Senſe of Age, the Fire of Youth,
A Scorn of Wrangling, yet a Zeal for Truth;
A gen'rous Faith, from Superſtition free;
A Love to Peace, and Hate of Tyranny;
Such this Man was; who now, from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.

III.

ON THE HON. SIMON HARCOURT,

ONLY SON OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR HARCOURT; AT THE CHURCH OF STANTON-HARCOURT IN OXFORDSHIRE, MDCCXX.

TO this ſad Shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near,
Here lies the Friend moſt lov'd, the Son moſt dear:
Who ne'er knew Joy, but Friendſhip might divide,
Or gave his Father Grief but when he dy'd.
How vain is Reaſon, Eloquence how weak!
If *Pope* muſt tell what HARCOURT cannot ſpeak.
Oh let thy once-lov'd Friend inſcribe thy Stone,
And, with a Father's ſorrows, mix his own!

IV.

ON JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

JACOBUS CRAGGS
REGI MAGNAE BRITANNIAE A SECRETIS
ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIAE:
VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR
ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.
OB. FEB. XIV. MDCCXX.

Stateſman, yet Friend to Truth! of Soul ſincere,
In Action faithful, and in Honour clear!
Who broke no Promiſe, ſerv'd no private End,
Who gain'd no Title, and who loſt no Friend,
Ennobled by Himſelf, by All approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muſe he lov'd.

V.

INTENDED FOR MR. ROWE, IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

THY Reliques, Rowe, to this fair Urn we truſt
And ſacred, place by Dryden's awful duſt:
Beneath a rude and nameleſs ſtone he lies,
To which thy Tomb ſhall guide inquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle ſhade, and endleſs reſt!
Bleſt in thy Genius, in thy Love too bleſt!
One grateful woman to thy fame ſupplies
What a whole thankleſs land to his denies.

VARIATIONS.

He altered it much for the better, as it now ſtands on the Monument in the Abbey, erected to Rowe and his Daughter.

Thy Reliques, Rowe! to this ſad ſhrine we truſt,
And near thy Shakespear place thy honour'd buſt.
Oh, next him, ſkill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt paſſion more ſincere;
To nobler ſentiment to fire the brave,
For never Briton more diſdain'd a ſlave.
Peace to thy gentle ſhade, and endleſs reſt;
Bleſt in thy genius, in thy love too bleſt!
And bleſt, that timely from our ſcene remov'd,
Thy ſoul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.

To theſe ſo mourn'd in death, ſo lov'd in life!
The childleſs parent, and the widow'd wife,
With Tears inſcribes this monumental ſtone,
That holds their aſhes and expects her own.

NOTES.

Ver. 3. *Beneath a rude*] The Tomb of Mr. Dryden was erected upon this hint by the Duke of Buckingham; to which was originally intended this Epitaph,

This Sheffield *rais'd. The ſacred Duſt below*
Was Dryden *once: The reſt who does not know?*

which the Author ſince changed into the plain inſcription now upon it, being only the name of that great Poet.

J. DRYDEN.
Natus Aug. 9. 1631. Mortuus Maij 1. 1700.
JOANNES SHEFFIELD DUX BUCKINGHAMIENSIS POSUIT. P.

VI.

ON MRS. CORBET,

WHO DIED OF A CANCER IN HER BREAST.

HERE reſts a Woman, good without pretence,
Bleſt with plain Reaſon, and with ſober Senſe;
No Conqueſts ſhe, but o'er herſelf, deſir'd,
No Arts eſſay'd, but not to be admir'd.
Paſſion and Pride were to her ſoul unknown,
Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, ſo compos'd a mind;
So firm, yet ſoft; ſo ſtrong, yet ſo refin'd;
Heav'n, as its pureſt gold, by Tortures try'd!
The Saint ſuſtain'd it, but the Woman dy'd.

VII.

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE HONOURABLE ROBERT DIGBY, AND OF HIS SISTER MARY, ERECTED BY THEIR FATHER THE LORD DIGBY, IN THE CHURCH OF SHERBORNE IN DORSETSHIRE, MDCCXXVII.

GO! fair example of untainted youth,
Of modeſt wiſdom, and pacific truth:
Compos'd in ſuff'rings, and in joy ſedate,
Good without noiſe, without pretenſion great.
Juſt of thy word, in ev'ry thought ſincere,
Who knew no Wiſh but what the world might hear:
Of ſofteſt manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind:

Go

Go live! for Heav'n's Eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy Moral to Divine.
And thou, bleſt Maid! attendant on his doom,
Penſive haſt follow'd to the ſilent tomb,
Steer'd the ſame courſe to the ſame quiet ſhore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then, where only bliſs ſincere is known!
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!
Yet take theſe Tears, Mortality's relief,
And till we ſhare your joys, forgive our grief:
Theſe little rites, a Stone, a Verſe receive;
'Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give!

VIII.

ON SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, MDCCXXIII.

KNELLER, by Heav'n and not a Maſter taught,
Whoſe Art was Nature, and whoſe Pictures Thought;
Now for two Ages having ſnatch'd from fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
Lies crown'd with Princes honours, Poets lays,
Due to his Merit, and brave Thirſt of praiſe.
Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and, dying, fears herſelf may die.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 7. Imitated from the famous Epitaph on Raphael.

Raphael, timuit, quo ſoſpite, vinci
Rerum magna parens, et moriente, mori. P.

IX.

ON GENERAL HENRY WITHERS,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, MDCCXXIX.

HERE, WITHERS, reſt! thou braveſt, gentleſt mind,
Thy Country's friend, but more of human kind.
Oh born to Arms! O Worth in Youth approv'd!
O ſoft Humanity, in Age belov'd!
For thee the hardy Vet'ran drops a tear,
And the gay Courtier feels the ſigh ſincere.
WITHERS, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy Martial ſpirit, or thy ſocial love!
Amidſt Corruption, Luxury, and Rage,
Still leave ſome ancient Virtues to our age:
Nor let us ſay (thoſe Engliſh glories gone)
The laſt true Briton lies beneath this ſtone.

X.

ON MR. ELIJAH FENTON,

AT EASTHAMSTED IN BERKS, MDCCXXX.

THIS modeſt Stone, what few vain Marbles can,
May truly ſay, Here lies an honeſt Man:
A Poet, bleſt beyond the Poet's fate,
Whom Heav'n kept ſacred from the Proud and Great:
Foe to loud Praiſe, and Friend to learned Eaſe,
Content with Science in the Vale of Peace.
Calmly he look'd on either Life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temp'rate feaſt roſe ſatisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

XI.

ON MR. GAY,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, MDCCXXXII.

OF Manners gentle, of Affections mild;
In Wit, a Man; Simplicity, a Child:
With native Humour temp'ring virtuous Rage,
Form'd to delight at once and laſh the age:
Above Temptation, in a low Eſtate,
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the Great:
A ſafe Companion, and an eaſy Friend,
Unblam'd through Life, lamented in thy End.
Theſe are Thy Honours! not that here thy Buſt
Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy duſt;
But that the Worthy and the Good ſhall ſay,
Striking their penſive boſoms—*Here* lies GAY.

NOTES.

VER. 12. *Here lies Gay.*] i. e. in the hearts of the good and worthy.—Mr. Pope told me his conceit in this line was not generally underſtood. For, by peculiar ill luck, the *formulary* expreſſion which makes the beauty, miſleads the Reader into a ſenſe which takes it quite away.

XII.

INTENDED FOR SIR ISAAC NEWTON,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

ISAACUS NEWTONUS:

Quem Immortalem

Teſtantur *Tempus, Natura, Coelum:*

Mortalem

Hoc marmor fatetur.

Nature and Nature's Laws lay hid in Night:
GOD ſaid, *Let Newton be!* and all was Light.

NOTES.

and all was Light.] It had been better—*and there was Light*,—as more conformable to the reality of the *fact*, and to the *alluſion* whereby it is celebrated.

XIII.

ON DR. FRANCIS ATTERBURY, BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

WHO DIED IN EXILE AT PARIS, MDCCXXXII.

[HIS ONLY DAUGHTER HAVING EXPIRED IN HIS ARMS, IMMEDIATELY AFTER SHE ARRIVED IN FRANCE TO SEE HIM.]

DIALOGUE.

SHE.

YES, we have liv'd—one pang, and then we part!
May Heav'n, dear Father! now have all thy Heart.
Yet ah! how once we lov'd, remember ſtill,
Till you are duſt like me.

HE.

Dear Shade! I will:
Then mix this duſt with thine—O ſpotleſs Ghoſt!
O more than Fortune, Friends, or Country loſt!
Is there on Earth one care, one wiſh beſide?
Yes—SAVE MY COUNTRY, HEAV'N,
—He ſaid, and dy'd.

NOTES.

Save my Country, Heav'n,] Alluding to the Biſhop's frequent uſe and application of the expiring words of the famous *Father* PAUL, in his prayer for the ſtate, ESTO PERPETUA. With what propriety the Biſhop applied it at his trial, and is here made to refer to it in his laſt moments, they will underſtand who know what conformity there was in the lives of the Prelate and the Monk. The character of our Countryman is well known. And that of the Father may be told in very few words. He was profoundly ſkilled in all divine and human learning: He employed his whole life in the ſervice of the *State*, againſt the unjuſt encroachments of the *Church*. He was modeſt, humble, and forgiving, candid, patient, and juſt; free from all prejudices of party, and all the projects of ambition; in a word, the happieſt compound of Science, Wiſdom, and Virtue.

XIV.

ON EDMUND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

WHO DIED IN THE NINETEENTH YEAR OF HIS AGE, M DCC XXXV.

IF modeſt Youth, with cool Reflection crown'd,
And ev'ry op'ning Virtue blooming round,
Could ſave a Parent's juſteſt Pride from fate,
Or add one Patriot to a ſinking ſtate;
This weeping marble had not aſk'd thy Tear,
Or ſadly told, how many Hopes lie here!
The living Virtue now had ſhone approv'd,
The Senate heard him, and his Country lov'd.
Yet ſofter Honours, and leſs noiſy Fame
Attend the ſhade of gentle BUCKINGHAM:
In whom a Race, for Courage fam'd and Art,
Ends in the milder Merit of the Heart;
And Chiefs or Sages long to Britain giv'n,
Pays the laſt Tribute of a Saint to Heav'n.

XV.

FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

HEROES and KINGS! your diſtance keep:
In peace let one poor Poet ſleep,
Who never flatter'd Folks like you:
Let Horace bluſh, and Virgil too.

ANOTHER, ON THE SAME.

UNDER this Marble, or under this Sill,
Or under this Turf, or e'en what they will;
Whatever an Heir, or a Friend in his ſtead,
Or any good creature ſhall lay o'er my head,
Lies one who ne'er car'd, and ſtill cares not a pin
What they ſaid, or may ſay, of the mortal within:
But, who living and dying, ſerene ſtill and free,
Truſts in GOD, that as well as he was, he ſhall be.

MEMOIRS

OF THE EXTRAORDINARY

LIFE, WORKS, AND DISCOVERIES

OF

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

INTRODUCTION.

IN the Reign of Queen ANNE, (which, notwithſtanding thoſe happy Times which ſucceeded, every Engliſhman may remember) thou mayeſt poſſibly, gentle Reader, have ſeen a certain venerable Perſon who frequented the outſide of the palace of St. James's, and who, by the Gravity of his Deportment and Habit, was generally taken for a decayed Gentleman of Spain. His ſtature was tall, his viſage long, his complexion olive, his brows were black and even, his eyes hollow yet piercing, his noſe inclined to aquiline, his beard neglected and mixed with grey: All this contributed to ſpread a ſolemn Melancholy over his countenance. Pythagoras was not more ſilent, Pyrrho more motionleſs, nor Zeno more auſtere. His wig was black and ſmooth as the plumes of a Raven, and hung as ſtraight as the hair of a River God riſing from the water. His Cloak ſo completely covered his whole perſon, that whether or no he had any other clothes (much leſs any linen) under it, I ſhall not ſay; but his Sword appeared a full yard behind him, and his manner of wearing it was ſo ſtiff, that it ſeemed grown to his Thigh. His whole figure was ſo utterly unlike any thing of this world, that it was not natural for any man to aſk him a queſtion without bleſſing himſelf firſt. Thoſe who never ſaw a *Jeſuit*, took him for one, and others believed him ſome *High Prieſt of the Jews*.

But under this macerated form was concealed a Mind replete with Science, burning with a zeal of benefiting his fellow-creatures, and filled with an honeſt conſcious pride, mixt with a ſcorn of doing or ſuffering the leaſt thing beneath the dignity of a Philoſopher. Accordingly he had a ſoul that would not let him

him accept of any offers of Charity, at the ſame time that his body ſeemed but too much to require it. His lodging was in a ſmall chamber up four pair of ſtairs, where he regularly paid for what he had when he eat or drank; and he was often obſerved wholly to abſtain from both. He declined ſpeaking to any one, except the Queen, or her firſt Miniſter, to whom he attempted to make ſome applications; but his real buſineſs or intentions were utterly unknown to all men. Thus much is certain, that he was obnoxious to the Queen's Miniſtry; who, either out of Jealouſy or Envy, had him ſpirited away, and carried abroad as a dangerous perſon, without any regard to the known Laws of the Kingdom.

One day, as this Gentleman was walking about dinner-time alone in the Mall, it happened that a Manuſcript dropt from under his cloak, which my ſervant picked up, and brought to me. It was written in the Latin tongue, and contained many moſt profound ſecrets, in an unuſual turn of reaſoning and ſtyle. The firſt leaf was inſcribed with theſe words, *Codicillus, ſeu Liber Memorialis, Martini Scribleri.* The Book was of ſo wonderful a nature, that it is incredible what a deſire I conceived that moment to be acquainted with the Author, who I clearly perceived was ſome great Philoſopher in diſguiſe. I ſeveral times endeavoured to ſpeak to him, which he as often induſtriouſly avoided. At length I found an opportunity (as he ſtood under the Piazza by the Dancing-room in St. James's) to acquaint him in the Latin tongue, that his Manuſcript was fallen into my hands; and ſaying this, I preſented it to him, with great Encomiums on the learned Author. Hereupon he took me aſide, ſurveyed me over with a fixt attention, and opening the claſps of the Parchment cover, ſpoke (to my great ſurprize) in Engliſh, as follows;

" Courteous

" Courteous ſtranger, whoever thou art, I embrace thee as my
" beſt friend; for either the Stars and my Art are deceitful, or
" the deſtined time is come which is to manifeſt Martinus Scrib-
" lerus to the world, and thou the perſon choſen by fate for this
" taſk. What thou ſeeſt in me is a body exhauſted by the
" labours of the mind. I have found in Dame Nature not indeed
" an unkind, but a very coy Miſtreſs: Watchful nights, anxious
" days, ſlender meals, and endleſs labours, muſt be the lot of all
" who purſue her, through her labyrinths and meanders. My
" firſt vital air I drew in this iſland (a ſoil fruitful of Philoſophers)
" but my complexion is become aduſt, and my body arid, by
" viſiting lands (as the Poet has it) *alio ſub ſole calentes*. I have,
" through my whole life, paſſed under ſeveral diſguiſes and un-
" known names, to ſcreen myſelf from the envy and malice
" which mankind expreſs againſt thoſe who are poſſeſſed of the
" *Arcanum Magnum*. But at preſent I am forced to take Sanctuary
" in the Britiſh Court, to avoid the Revenge of a cruel Spaniard,
" who has purſued me almoſt through the whole terraqueous
" globe. Being about four years ago in the City of Madrid in
" queſt of natural knowledge, I was informed of a Lady who
" was marked with a Pomegranate upon the inſide of her right
" Thigh, which bloſſomed, and, as it were, ſeemed to ripen in
" the due ſeaſon. Forthwith was I poſſeſſed with an inſatiable
" curioſity to view this wonderful Phenomenon. I felt the ardor
" of my paſſion increaſe as the ſeaſon advanced, till, in the
" month of July, I could no longer contain. I bribed her
" Duenna, was admitted to the bath, ſaw her undreſs'd, and the
" wonder diſplayed. This was ſoon after diſcovered by the
" huſband, who finding ſome letters I had writ to the Duenna,
" containing expreſſions of a doubtful meaning, ſuſpected me of
" a crime moſt alien from the Purity of my Thoughts. Incon-
" tinently I left Madrid by the advice of friends, have been

 " purſued,

" purſued, dogged, and way-laid through ſeveral Nations, and
" even now ſcarce think myſelf ſecure within the ſacred walls of
" this Palace. It has been my good fortune to have ſeen all the
" grand Phenomena of Nature, excepting an Earthquake, which
" I waited for in Naples three years in vain; and now by means
" of ſome Britiſh ſhip (whoſe Colours no Spaniard dare ap-
" proach *) I impatiently expect a ſafe paſſage to Jamaica, for
" that benefit. To thee, my Friend, whom Fate has marked for
" my Hiſtoriographer, I leave theſe my Commentaries, and others
" of my works. No more—be faithful and impartial."

He ſoon after performed his promiſe, and left me the Commentaries, giving me alſo further lights by many Conferences; when he was unfortunately ſnatched away (as I before related) by the jealouſy of the Queen's Miniſtry.

Though I was thus to my eternal grief deprived of his converſation, he for ſome years continued his Correſpondence, and communicated to me many of his Projects for the benefit of mankind. He ſent me ſome of his Writings, and recommended to my care the recovery of others, ſtraggling about the world, and aſſumed by other men. The laſt time I heard from him was on occaſion of his Strictures on the Dunciad: ſince when, ſeveral years being elapſed, I have reaſon to believe this excellent perſon is either dead, or carried by his vehement thirſt of knowledge into ſome remote, or perhaps undiſcovered Region of the world. In either caſe, I think it a debt no longer to be delayed, to reveal what I know of this Prodigy of Science, and to give the hiſtory of his life, and of his extenſive merits to mankind; in which I dare promiſe the Reader, that whenever he begins to think any one Chapter dull, the ſtyle will be immediately changed in the next.

* This marks the time when the Introduction was written.

MEMOIRS OF MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

BOOK I. CHAP. I.

OF THE PARENTAGE AND FAMILY OF SCRIBLERUS, HOW HE WAS BEGOT, WHAT CARE WAS TAKEN OF HIM BEFORE HE WAS BORN, AND WHAT PRODIGIES ATTENDED HIS BIRTH.

IN the City of Munſter in Germany, lived a grave and learned Gentleman, by Profeſſion an Antiquary; who, among all his invaluable Curioſities, eſteemed none more highly, than a Skin of the true Pergamenian Parchment, which hung at the upper end of his hall. On this was curiouſly traced the ancient Pedigree of the *Scribleri*, with all their Alliances and collateral Relations, (among which were reckoned Albertus Magnus, Paracelſus

Memoirs.] Mr. Pope, Dr. Arbuthnot, and Dr. Swift, in conjunction, formed the project of a ſatire *on the abuſes of human learning*; and to make it the better received, propoſed to execute it in the manner of Cervantes (the original author of this ſpecies of ſatire) under a continued narrative of feigned adventures. They had obſerved that thoſe *abuſes* ſtill kept their ground againſt all that the ableſt and graveſt Authors could ſay to diſcredit them; they concluded therefore, the force of ridicule was wanting to quicken their diſgrace; and ridicule was here in its place, when the abuſes had been already detected by ſober reaſoning; and *Truth* in no danger to ſuffer by the *premature* uſe of ſo powerful an inſtrument. But the ſeparation of our Author and his friends, which ſoon after happened, with the death of one, and the infirmities of the other, put a final period to their deſign, when they had only drawn out an imperfect eſſay towards it, under the title of the *Firſt Book of the Memoirs of Scriblerus.*

Moral ſatire never loſt more than in the defeat of this project; in the execution of which, each of this illuſtrious triumvirate would have found exerciſe for his own peculiar talent; beſides conſtant employment for thoſe they all had in common. Dr. Arbuthnot was ſkilled in every thing which related to *ſcience*; Mr. Pope was a maſter in the *fine arts*; and Dr. Swift excelled in the *knowledge of the world.* WIT they had all in equal meaſure, and in a meaſure ſo large, that no age perhaps ever produced three men, to whom *Nature* had more bountifully beſtowed it, or in whom *Art* had brought it to higher perfection.

Paracelſus Bombaſtus, and the famous Scaligers, in old time Princes of Verona) and deduced even from the times of the Elder Pliny to Cornelius Scriblerus: for ſuch was the name of this venerable Perſonage; whoſe glory it was, that, by the ſingular Virtue of the Women, not one had a Head of a different Caſt from his family.

His wife was a Lady of ſingular beauty, whom not for that reaſon only he eſpouſed, but becauſe ſhe was undoubted daughter either of the great Scriverius, or of Gaſpar Barthius. It happened on a time, the ſaid Gaſpar made a viſit to Scriverius at Harlem, taking with him a comely Lady of his acquaintance, who was ſkilful in the Greek Tongue, of whom the learned Scriverius became ſo enamoured, as to inebriate his friend, and be familiar with his Miſtreſs. I am not ignorant of what [a] Columeſius affirms, that the learned Barthius was not ſo overtaken, but he perceived it; and in Revenge ſuffered this unfortunate Gentlewoman to be drowned in the Rhine at her return. But Mrs. Scriblerus (the Iſſue of that Amour) was a living proof of the falſehood of this report. Dr. Cornelius was further induced to his marriage, from the certain information that the aforeſaid Lady, the mother of his wife, was related to Cardan on the father's ſide, and to Aldrovandus on the mother's: Beſides which, her Anceſtors had been profeſſors of Phyſick, Aſtrology, or Chemiſtry, in German Univerſities, from generation to generation.

With this fair Gentlewoman had our Doctor lived in a comfortable Union for about ten years: But this our ſober and orderly pair, without any natural infirmity, and with a conſtant and frequent compliance to the chief duty of conjugal life, were

[a] Columeſius relates this from Iſaac Voſſius, in his Opuſcul. p. 102. P.

were yet unhappy, in that Heaven had not bleſſed them with any iſſue. This was the utmoſt grief to the good man; eſpecially conſidering what exact Precautions and Methods he had uſed to procure that Bleſſing: for he never had cohabitation with his ſpouſe, but he pondered on the Rules of the Ancients, for the generation of Children of Wit. He ordered his diet according to the preſcription of Galen, confining himſelf and his Wife for almoſt the whole firſt year to [b] Goat's Milk and Honey. It unfortunately befel her, when ſhe was about four months gone with child, to long for ſomewhat, which that Author inveighs againſt as prejudicial to the underſtanding of the infant. This her huſband thought fit to deny her, affirming it was better to be childleſs, than to become the Parent of a Fool. His Wife miſcarried; but as the Abortion proved only a female Foetus, he comforted himſelf, that had it arrived to perfection, it would not have anſwered his account; his heart being wholly fixed upon the learned Sex. However he diſdained not to treaſure up the Embryo in a Vial, among the curioſities of his family.

Having diſcovered that Galen's preſcription could not determine the ſex, he forthwith betook himſelf to Ariſtotle. Accordingly he with-held the nuptial embrace when the wind was in any point of the South; this [c] Author aſſerting that the groſſneſs and moiſture of the ſoutherly winds occaſion the procreation of females, and not of males. But he redoubled his diligence when the wind was at Weſt, a wind on which that great Philoſopher beſtowed the Encomiums of Fatner of the Earth, Breath of the Elyſian Fields, and other glorious Elogies. For our learned man was clearly of opinion, that the Semina out of which Animals are

[b] Galen. Lib. de Cibis boni et mali ſucci, cap. 3. P.

[c] Arift. xiv. Sect. Prob. 5. P.

are produced, are Animalcula ready formed, and received in with the Air [d].

Under theſe regulations, his wife, to his unexpreſſible joy, grew pregnant a ſecond time; and (what was no ſmall addition to his happineſs) he juſt then came to the poſſeſſion of a conſiderable Eſtate by the death of her Uncle, a wealthy Jew who reſided at London. This made it neceſſary for him to take a journey to England; nor would the care of his poſterity let him ſuffer his Wife to remain behind him. During the voyage, he was perpetually taken up on the one hand, how to employ his great Riches; and on the other, how to educate his Child. He had already determined to ſet apart ſeveral annual Sums for the recovery of *Manuſcripts*, the effoſſion of *Coins*, the procuring of *Mummies*; and for all thoſe curious diſcoveries by which he hoped to become (as himſelf was wont to ſay) a ſecond *Peireſkius* [e]. He had already chalked out all poſſible ſchemes for the improvement of a male child, yet was ſo far prepared for the worſt that could happen, that before the nine months were expired, he had compoſed two Treatiſes of Education; the one he called, *A Daughter's Mirrour*, and the other *A Son's Monitor*.

This is all we can find relating to Martinus, while he was in his Mother's womb, excepting that he was entertained there with a Concert of Muſick once in twenty-four hours, according to the Cuſtom of the Magi: and that on a [f] particular day, he was obſerved

[d] Religion of Nature, Sect. v. Parag. 15. P. The ſerioufneſs with which this ſtrange opinion, on ſo myſterious a point, is advanced, very well deſerved this ſtroke of ridicule.

[e] There was a great deal of trifling pedantry and curioſity in that great man's character.

[f] Ramſay's Cyrus. P. It was with judgment, that the Authors rather choſe to ridicule the modern relator of this ridiculous practice, than the Ancients, from whence he took it. As it is a ſure inſtance of folly, when amongſt the many excellent things which may be learned from Antiquity, we find a modern Writer only picking out their abſurdities.

ſerved to leap and kick exceedingly, which was on the firſt of April, the birth-day of the great *Baſilius Valentinus*.

The Truth of this, and every preceding Fact, may be depended upon, being taken literally from the Memoirs. But I muſt be ſo ingenuous as to own, that the accounts are not ſo certain of the exact time and place of his birth. As to the firſt, he had the common frailty of old men, to conceal his age: as to the ſecond, I only remember to have heard him ſay, that he firſt ſaw the light in St. Giles's Pariſh. But in the inveſtigation of this point, Fortune hath favoured our diligence: For one day as I was paſſing by the *Seven Dials*, I overheard a diſpute concerning the place of Nativity of a great Aſtrologer, which each man alleged to have been in his own ſtreet. The circumſtances of the time, and the deſcription of the perſon, made me imagine it might be that univerſal Genius whoſe life I am writing. I returned home, and having maturely conſidered their ſeveral arguments, which I found to be of equal weight, I quieted my curioſity with this natural concluſion, that he was born in ſome point common to all the ſeven ſtreets; which muſt be that on which the column is now erected. And it is with infinite pleaſure that I ſince find my Conjecture confirmed, by the following paſſage in the Codicil to Mr. Neale's Will.

I appoint my Executors to engrave the following Inſcription on the Column in the Centre of the ſeven ſtreets which I erected.

LOC. NAT. INCLVT. PHILOS. MAR. SCR.

But Mr. Neale's Order was never performed, becauſe the Executors durſt not adminiſter.

Nor was the Birth of this great man unattended with Prodigies: He himſelf has often told me, that on the night before he was born, Mrs. Scriblerus dreamed ſhe was brought to bed

of a huge *Ink-horn*, out of which iſſued ſeveral large ſtreams of Ink, as it had been a fountain. This dream was by her huſband thought to ſignify, that the child ſhould prove a very voluminous Writer. Likewiſe a [g] *Crab-tree* that had been hitherto barren, appeared on a ſudden laden with a vaſt quantity of Crabs: This ſign alſo the old gentleman imagined to be a prognoſtic of the acuteneſs of his Wit. A great ſwarm of [h] *Waſps* played round his Cradle without hurting him, but were very troubleſome to all in the room beſides: This ſeemed a certain preſage of the effects of his Satire. A Dunghill was ſeen within the ſpace of one night to be covered all over with *Muſhrooms*: This ſome interpreted to promiſe the infant great fertility of fancy, but no long duration to his works; but the Father was of another opinion.

But what was of all moſt wonderful, was a thing that ſeemed a monſtrous *Fowl*, which juſt then dropt through the ſky-light, near his wife's apartment. It had a large body, two little diſproportioned wings, a prodigious tail, but no head. As its colour was white, he took it at firſt ſight for a Swan, and was concluding his ſon would be a Poet: but on a nearer view, he perceived it to be ſpeckled with black, in the form of letters; and that it was indeed a Paper Kite which had broke its leaſh by the impetuoſity of the wind. His back was armed with the Art Military, his belly was filled with Phyſick, his wings were the wings of Quarles and Withers, the ſeveral Nodes of his voluminous tail were diverſified with ſeveral branches of Science; where the Doctor beheld with great joy a knot of Logic, a knot of Metaphyſick, a knot of Caſuiſtry, a knot of Polemical Divinity, and a knot of Common Law, with a *Lanthorn* of *Jacob Behmen*.

There

[g] Virgil's Laurel. Donat. P.

[h] Plato, Lucan, etc. P.

There went a Report in the family, that, as ſoon as he was born, he uttered the voice of nine ſeveral animals: he cried like a Calf, bleated like a Sheep, chattered like a Magpye, grunted like a Hog, neighed like a Foal, croaked like a Raven, mewed like a Cat, gabbled like a Gooſe, and brayed like an Aſs. And the next morning he was found playing in his bed with two Owls, which came down the chimney. His Father greatly rejoiced at all theſe ſigns, which betokened the variety of his Eloquence, and the extent of his Learning; but he was more particularly pleaſed with the laſt, as it nearly reſembled what happened at the birth of Homer [1].

CHAP. II.

THE SPEECH OF CORNELIUS OVER HIS SON, AT THE HOUR OF HIS BIRTH.

NO ſooner was the cry of the Infant heard, but the old gentleman ruſhed into the room, and ſnatching it in his arms, examined every limb with attention. He was infinitely pleaſed to find, that the child had the Wart of Cicero, the wry neck of Alexander, knots upon his legs like Marius, and one of them ſhorter than the other like Ageſilaus. The good Cornelius alſo hoped he would come to ſtammer like Demoſthenes, in order to be as eloquent; and in time arrive at many other defects of famous men. He held the child ſo long, that the Midwife, grown out of all patience, ſnatched it from his arms, in order to ſwaddle it. "Swaddle him!" (quoth he) "far be it from me to ſubmit to "ſuch a pernicious Cuſtom! Is not my ſon a Man? and is not "Man

[1] Vid. Euſtath. in Odyſſ. l. xii. ex Alex. Paphio, et Leo. Allat. de patr. Hom. p. 45. P.

" Man the Lord of the Univerſe? Is it thus you uſe this Mo-
" narch at his firſt arrival in his dominions, to manacle and
" ſhackle him hand and foot? Is this what you call to be free-
" born? If you have no regard to his natural Liberty, at leaſt
" have ſome to his natural Faculties. Behold with what agility he
" ſpreadeth his Toes, and moveth them with as great variety as his
" Fingers! a power, which in the ſmall circle of a year may be
" totally aboliſhed, by the enormous confinement of ſhoes and
" ſtockings. His Ears (which other animals turn with great ad-
" vantage towards the ſonorous object) may, by the miniſtry of
" ſome accurſed Nurſe, for ever lie flat and immoveable. Not
" ſo the Ancients, they could move them at pleaſure, and ac-
" cordingly are often deſcribed *arrectis auribus*." " What a de-
" vil" (quoth the Midwife) " would you have your ſon move his
" Ears like a Drill?" " Yes, fool," (ſaid he) " why ſhould he not
" have the perfection of a Drill, or of any other animal?" Mrs.
Scriblerus, who lay all this while fretting at her huſband's diſ-
courſe, at laſt broke out to this purpoſe. " My Dear, I have had
" many diſputes with you upon this ſubject before I was a
" month gone: We have but one child, and cannot afford to
" throw him away upon experiments. I'll have my boy bred up
" like other gentlemen, at home, and always under my own
" eye." All the Goſſips with one voice, cried " Ay, ay;" but
Cornelius broke out in this manner. " What, bred at home!
" Have I taken all this pains for a creature that is to lead the in-
" glorious life of a Cabbage, to ſuck the nutritious juices from
" the ſpot where he was firſt planted? No; to perambulate this
" terraqueous Globe is too ſmall a Range; were it permitted, he
" ſhould at leaſt make the tour of the whole Syſtem of the Sun.
" Let other Mortals pore upon Maps, and ſwallow the legends of
" lying

" lying travellers; the ſon of Cornelius ſhall make his own Legs
" his Compaſſes; with thoſe he ſhall meaſure Continents, Iſlands,
" Capes, Bays, Streights, and Iſthmus's: He ſhall himſelf take
" the altitude of the higheſt mountains, from the peak of Derby
" to the peak of Tenariff; when he has viſited the top of Taurus,
" Imaus, Caucaſus, and the famous Ararat, where Noah's Ark
" firſt moored, he may take a ſlight view of the ſnowy Riphae-
" ans; nor would I have him neglect Athos and Olympus, re-
" nowned for poetical fictions. Thoſe that vomit fire will deſerve
" a more particular attention: I will therefore have him obſerve
" with great care Veſuvius, Etna, the burning mountain of Java,
" but chiefly Hecla, the greateſt rarity in the Northern Regions.
" Then he may likewiſe contemplate the wonders of the Mem-
" phitic cave. When he has dived into the bowels of the earth,
" and ſurveyed the works of Nature under ground, and in-
" ſtructed himſelf fully in the nature of Vulcanos, Earthquakes,
" Thunders, Tempeſts, and Hurricanes, I hope he will bleſs the
" world with a more exact ſurvey of the deſerts of Arabia and
" Tartary, than as yet we are able to obtain: Then will I have
" him croſs the ſeven Gulphs, meaſure the currents in the fif-
" teen famous Streights, and ſearch for thoſe fountains of freſh
" water that are at the bottom of the Ocean."—At theſe laſt words Mrs. Scriblerus fell into a trembling: the deſcription of this terrible Scene made too violent an impreſſion upon a woman in her condition, and threw her into a ſtrong hyſteric Fit; which might have proved dangerous, if Cornelius had not been puſhed out of the room by the united force of the women.

CHAP. III.

SHEWING WHAT BEFEL THE DOCTOR'S SON AND HIS SHIELD, ON THE DAY OF THE CHRISTENING.

THE day of the Chriſtening being come, and the houſe filled with Goſſips, the Levity of whoſe converſation ſuited but ill with the Gravity of Dr. Cornelius, he caſt about how to paſs this day more agreeably to his character; that is to ſay, not without ſome *Profitable Conference*, nor wholly without obſervance of ſome *Ancient Cuſtom*.

He remembered to have read in Theocritus, that the Cradle of Hercules was a Shield; and being poſſeſſed of an antique *Buckler* which he held as a moſt ineſtimable Relick, he determined to have the infant laid therein, and in that manner brought into the Study, and to be ſhewn to certain learned men of his acquaintance.

The regard he had for this Shield, had cauſed him formerly to compile a Diſſertation concerning it[k], proving from the ſeveral properties, and particularly the colour of the Ruſt, the exact chronology thereof.

With this Treatiſe, and a moderate Supper, he propoſed to entertain his Gueſts; though he had alſo another deſign, to have their aſſiſtance in the calculation of his Son's *Nativity*.

He therefore took the Buckler out of a Caſe, (in which he always kept it, leſt it might contract any modern ruſt) and entruſted it to his Houſe-maid, with orders, that when the company was come ſhe ſhould lay the Child carefully in it, covered with a mantle of blue Sattin.

The

[k] See the Diſſertation on Dr. Woodward's Shield.

The Guests were no sooner seated, but they entered into a warm Debate about the *Triclinium* and the manner of *Decubitus* of the Ancients, which Cornelius broke off in this manner:

"This day, my Friends, I propose to exhibit my Son before "you; a Child not wholly unworthy of inspection, as he is "descended from a Race of Virtuosi. Let the Physiognomists "examine his Features; let the Chirographists behold his Palm; "but above all let us consult for the calculation of his Nativity. "To this end, as the Child is not vulgar, I will not present him "unto you in a vulgar manner. He shall be cradled in my "Ancient Shield, so famous through the Universities of Europe. "You all know how I have purchased that invaluable piece of "Antiquity at the great (though indeed inadequate) expence of all "the Plate of our family, how happily I carried it off, and how "triumphantly I transported it hither, to the inexpressible grief "of all Germany. Happy in every circumstance, but that it "broke the heart of the great Melchior Insipidus!"

Here he stopped his Speech, upon sight of the Maid, who entered the room with the Child: He took it in his arms and proceeded:

"Behold then my Child, but first behold the Shield: Behold "this Rust,—or rather let me call it this precious Erugo,—be-"hold this beautiful Varnish of Time,—this venerable Verdure "of so many Ages——"

In speaking these words, he slowly lifted up the Mantle which covered it, inch by inch; but at every inch he uncovered, his cheeks grew paler, his hand trembled, his nerves failed, till on sight of the whole, the Tremor became universal: The Shield and the Infant both dropt to the ground, and he had only strength enough to cry out, "O God! my Shield, my Shield!"

The

The Truth was, the Maid (extremely concerned for the reputation of her own cleanlineſs, and her young maſter's honour) had ſcoured it as clean as her Andirons [1].

Cornelius ſunk back on a chair, the Gueſts ſtood aſtoniſhed, the infant ſqualled, the maid ran in, ſnatched it up again in her arms, flew into her miſtreſs's room, and told what had happened. Down ſtairs in an inſtant hurried all the Goſſips, where they found the Doctor in a Trance: Hungary water, Hartſhorn, and the confuſed noiſe of ſhrill voices, at length awakened him: when opening his eyes, he ſaw the Shield in the hands of the Houſe-maid. "O Woman! Woman!" he cried (and ſnatched it violently from her) "was it to thy ignorance that this Relick "owes its ruin? Where, where is the beautiful Cruſt that "covered thee ſo long? where thoſe Traces of Time, and *Fingers* "as it were of Antiquity? Where all thoſe beautiful obſcurities, "the cauſe of much delightful diſputation, where doubt and "curioſity went hand in hand, and eternally exerciſed the ſpe-"culations of the learned? All this the rude Touch of an "ignorant woman hath done away! The *curious Prominence* at the "belly of that figure, which ſome taking for the *Cuſpis* of a "ſword, denominated a Roman Soldier; others accounting the "*Inſignia Virilia*, pronounced to be one of the *Dii Termini*; behold "ſhe hath cleaned it in like ſhameful ſort, and ſhewn to be the "head of a Nail. O my Shield! my Shield! well may I ſay "with Horace, *non bene relicta Parmula.*"

The Goſſips, not at all enquiring into the cauſe of his ſorrow, only aſked if the Child had no hurt? and cried, "Come, come, "all is well; what has the woman done but her duty? a tight "cleanly wench I warrant her; what a ſtir a man makes about "a *Baſon*,

[1] Poor Vadius, long with learned ſpleen devour'd,
Can taſte no pleaſure ſince his Shield was ſcour'd.

" a *Baſon*, that an hour ago, before this labour was beſtowed " upon it, a Country Barber would not have hung at his ſhop " door." " A *Baſon!*" (cried another) " no ſuch matter, 'tis nothing " but a paultry old *Sconce*, with the nozzle broke off." The learned Gentlemen, who till now had ſtood ſpeechleſs, hereupon looking narrowly on the Shield, declared their Aſſent to this latter opinion; and deſired Cornelius to be comforted, aſſuring him it was a *Sconce* and no other. But this, inſtead of comforting, threw the Doctor into ſuch a violent Fit of paſſion, that he was carried off groaning and ſpeechleſs to bed; where, being quite ſpent, he fell into a kind of ſlumber.

CHAP. IV.

OF THE SUCTION AND NUTRITION OF THE GREAT SCRIBLERUS IN HIS INFANCY, AND OF THE FIRST RUDIMENTS OF HIS LEARNING.

AS ſoon as Cornelius awaked, he raiſed himſelf on his elbow, and caſting his eye on Mrs. Scriblerus, ſpoke as follows. " Wiſely was it ſaid by Homer, that in the Cellar of Jupiter are " two barrels, the one of good, the other of evil, which he never " beſtows on Mortals ſeparately, but conſtantly mingles them " together. Thus at the ſame time hath Heaven bleſſed me with " the birth of a Son, and afflicted me with the ſcouring of my " Shield. Yet let us not repine at his Diſpenſations, who gives, " and who takes away; but rather join in prayer, that the Ruſt " of Antiquity which he hath been pleaſed to take from my " Shield, may be added to my Son; and that ſo much of it, as " it is my purpoſe he ſhall contract in his Education, may never " be deſtroyed by any modern poliſhing."

He could no longer bear the ſight of the Shield, but ordered it ſhould be removed for ever from his eyes. It was not long after purchaſed by Dr. Woodward, who, by the aſſiſtance of Mr. Kemp, incruſted it with a new Ruſt, and is the ſame whereof a Cut hath been engraved, and exhibited to the great Contentation of the learned.

Cornelius now began to regulate the Suction of his Child. Seldom did there paſs a day without diſputes between him and the Mother, or the Nurſe, concerning the nature of Aliment. The poor woman never dined but he denied her ſome diſh or other, which he judged prejudicial to her milk. One day ſhe had a longing deſire to a piece of beef, and as ſhe ſtretched her hand towards it, the old gentleman drew it away, and ſpoke to this effect. "Had'ſt thou read the Ancients, O Nurſe, thou "would'ſt prefer the welfare of the Infant which thou nouriſheſt, "to the indulging of an irregular and voracious Appetite. "Beef, it is true, may confer a Robuſtneſs on the limbs of my "ſon, but will hebetate and clog his Intellectuals." While he ſpoke this, the Nurſe looked upon him with much anger, and now and then caſt a wiſhful eye upon the Beef.——"Paſſion" (continued the Doctor, ſtill holding the diſh) "throws the mind "into too violent a fermentation; it is a kind of Fever of the "ſoul, or, as Horace expreſſes it, a *Short Madneſs*. Conſider, "Woman, that this day's Suction of my ſon may cauſe him to "imbibe many ungovernable Paſſions, and in a manner ſpoil "him for the temper of a Philoſopher. Romulus, by ſucking a "Wolf, became of a fierce and ſavage diſpoſition; and were I to "breed ſome Ottoman Emperor, or Founder of a Military Com-"monwealth, perhaps I might indulge thee in this carnivorous "Appetite."—— What, interrupted the Nurſe, Beef ſpoil the Underſtanding? that's fine indeed——how then could our Parſon

preach

preach as he does upon Beef, and Pudding too, if you go to that? Don't tell me of your Ancients, had not you almoſt killed the poor babe with a diſh of Demonial black Broth?—" Lacedemo-
" nian black Broth, thou would'ſt ſay, (replied Cornelius) but I
" cannot allow the ſurfeit to have been occaſioned by that diet,
" ſince it was recommended by the Divine Lycurgus. No, Nurſe,
" thou muſt certainly have eaten ſome meats of ill digeſtion the
" day before, and that was the real cauſe of his diſorder. Con-
" ſider, Woman, the different Temperaments of different Na-
" tions: What makes the Engliſh phlegmatic and melancholy,
" but Beef? what renders the Welch ſo hot and choleric, but
" Cheeſe and Leeks? the French derive their levity from their
" Soups, Frogs, and Muſhrooms: I would not let my Son dine
" like an Italian, leſt like an Italian he ſhould be jealous and
" revengeful: The warm and ſolid diet of Spain may be more
" beneficial, as it might indue him with a profound Gravity, but
" at the ſame time he might ſuck in with their food their into-
" lerable Vice of Pride. Therefore, Nurſe, in ſhort, I hold it
" requiſite to deny you at preſent, not only Beef, but likewiſe
" whatſoever any of thoſe Nations eat." During this ſpeech, the Nurſe remained pouting and marking her plate with the knife, nor would ſhe touch a bit during the whole dinner. This the old Gentleman obſerving, ordered that the Child, to avoid the riſque of imbibing ill humours, ſhould be kept from her breaſt all that day, and be fed with Butter, mixed with Honey, according to a Preſcription he had met with ſomewhere in Euſtathius upon Homer. This indeed gave the Child a great looſeneſs, but he was not concerned at it, in the opinion that whatever harm it might do his body, would be amply recompenced by the improvements of his underſtanding. But from thenceforth he inſiſted every day upon a particular diet to be obſerved by the

Nurſe; under which having been long uneaſy, ſhe at laſt parted from the family, on his ordering her for dinner the *Paps* of a *Sow* with Pig; taking it as the higheſt indignity, and a direct Inſult upon her Sex and Calling.

Four years of young Martin's life paſſed away in ſquabbles of this nature. Mrs. Scriblerus conſidered it was now time to inſtruct him in the fundamentals of Religion, and to that end took no ſmall pains in teaching him his *Catechiſm*. But Cornelius looked upon this as a tedious way of Inſtruction, and therefore employed his head to find out more pleaſing methods, the better to induce him to be fond of learning. He would frequently carry him to the *Puppet-ſhow* of the Creation of the world, where the Child with exceeding delight gained a notion of the Hiſtory of the Bible. His firſt rudiments in prophane hiſtory were acquired by ſeeing of *Raree-ſhows*, where he was brought acquainted with all the Princes of Europe. In ſhort, the old Gentleman ſo contrived it, to make every thing contribute to the improvement of his knowledge, even to his very Dreſs. He invented for him a Geographical ſuit of clothes, which might give him ſome hints of that Science, and likewiſe ſome knowledge of the Commerce of different Nations. He had a French Hat with an African Feather, Holland Shirts and Flanders Lace, Engliſh Cloth lined with Indian Silk, his Gloves were Italian, and his Shoes were Spaniſh: He was made to obſerve this, and daily catechis'd thereupon, which his Father was wont to call "Travelling "at home." He never gave him a Fig or an Orange but he obliged him to give an account from what Country it came. In Natural Hiſtory he was much aſſiſted by his Curioſity in *Sign-Poſts*, inſomuch that he hath often confeſſed he owed to them the knowledge of many Creatures which he never found ſince in any Author, ſuch as White Lions, Golden Dragons, etc. He once thought

thought the ſame of Green Men, but had ſince found them mentioned by Kercherus, and verified in the Hiſtory of William of Newbury [a].

His diſpoſition to the Mathematicks was diſcovered very early, by his drawing [b] parallel lines on his bread and butter, and interſecting them at equal Angles, ſo as to form the whole Superficies into Squares. But in the midſt of all theſe Improvements, a ſtop was put to his learning the *Alphabet*, nor would he let him proceed to Letter D, till he could truly and diſtinctly pronounce C in the ancient manner, at which the Child unhappily boggled for near three months. He was alſo obliged to delay his learning to *write*, having turned away the Writing-Maſter becauſe he knew nothing of Fabius's Waxen Tables.

Cornelius having read and ſeriouſly weighed the methods by which the famous Montaigne was educated [c], and reſolving in ſome degree to exceed them, reſolved he ſhould ſpeak and learn nothing but the learned Languages, and eſpecially the Greek; in which he conſtantly eat and drank, according to Homer. But what moſt conduced to his eaſy attainment of this Language, was his love of Ginger-bread; which his Father obſerving, cauſed it to be ſtampt with the Letters of the Greek Alphabet; and the child the very firſt day eat as far as Iota. By his particular application to this language above the reſt, he attained ſo great a proficiency therein, that Gronovius ingenuouſly confeſſes he durſt not confer with this child in Greek at eight years old,

[a] Gul. Neubrig. Book i. ch. 27. P.

[b] Paſcal's Life.—Locke of Educ. etc. P.——There are ſome extravagant lies told of the excellent Paſcal's amazing genius for Mathematics in his early youth; and ſome trifling directions given for the introduction to Knowledge in Mr. Locke's book of Education.

[c] Who was taught Latin in his nurſe's arms, and not ſuffered to hear a word of his mother-tongue, till he could ſpeak the other perfectly.

old [d], and at fourteen he compoſed a Tragedy in the ſame language, as the younger [e] Pliny had done before him.

He learned the Oriental Languages of Erpenius, who reſided ſome time with his father for that purpoſe. He had ſo early reliſh for the Eaſtern way of writing, that even at this time he compoſed (in imitation of it) the *Thouſand and One Arabian Tales*, and alſo the *Perſian Tales*, which have been ſince tranſlated into ſeveral languages, and lately into our own with particular elegance, by Mr. Ambroſe Philips. In this work of his Childhood, he was not a little aſſiſted by the hiſtorical Traditions of his *Nurſe*.

CHAP. V.

A DISSERTATION UPON PLAY-THINGS.

HERE follow the Inſtructions of Cornelius Scriblerus concerning the Plays and Play-things to be uſed by his ſon Martin.

" *Play* was invented by the *Lydians* as a remedy againſt *Hunger*.
" Sophocles ſays of Palamedes, that he invented *Dice* to ſerve
" ſometimes inſtead of a dinner. It is therefore wiſely contrived
" by Nature, that Children, as they have the keeneſt *Appetites*, are
" moſt addicted to *Plays*. From the ſame cauſe, and from the un-
" prejudiced and incorrupt ſimplicity of their minds it proceeds,
" that the Plays of the Ancient Children are preſerved more en-
" tire

[d] So Montaigne ſays of his Latin—George Bucanan et Mark Antoine Muret, mes precepteurs domeſtiques, m'ont dit ſouvent que j'avois ce langage en mon enfance ſi preſt et ſi à main qu'ils craignoient à m'accoſter.——Somme, nous nous latinizames tant, qu'il en regorgea juſque à nos villages tout autour, ou il y a encores, et ont pris pied par l'uſage, pluſieurs appellations Latines d'Artiſans et d'outils. [e] Plin. Epiſt. Lib. 7. P.

" tire than any other of their Cuſtoms[f]. In this matter I would " recommend to all who have any concern in my Son's Educa- " tion, that they deviate not in the leaſt from the primitive and " ſimple Antiquity.

" To ſpeak firſt of the *Whiſtle*, as it is the firſt of all Play-things. " I will have it exactly to correſpond with the ancient *Fiſtula*, " and accordingly to be compoſed *ſeptem paribus disjuncta cicutis.*

" I heartily wiſh a diligent ſearch may be made after the true " *Crepitaculum*, or *Rattle* of the Ancients, for that (as *Archytas Ta-* " *rentinus* was of opinion) kept the children from breaking " Earthen Ware. The *China* cups in theſe days are not at all the " ſafer for the modern *Rattles;* which is an evident proof how " far their *Crepitacula* exceeded ours.

" I would not have Martin as yet to ſcourge a *Top*, till I am " better informed whether the *Trochus* which was recommended " by *Cato* be really our preſent *Top*, or rather the *Hoop* which the " Boys drive with a ſtick. Neither *Croſs* and *Pile*, nor *Ducks* and " *Drakes* are quite ſo ancient as *Handy-dandy*, though Macrobius " and St. Auguſtine take notice of the firſt, and Minutius Foelix " deſcribes the latter; but *Handy-dandy* is mentioned by Ariſtotle, " Plato, and Ariſtophanes.

" The Play which the Italians call *Cinque*, and the French " *Mourre*, is extremely ancient; it was played at by *Hymen* and *Cupid* " at the Marriage of *Pſyché*, and termed by the Latins, *digitis micare.*

" Julius Pollux deſcribes the *Omilla*, or *Chuck-farthing;* though " ſome will have our modern *Chuck-farthing* to be nearer the " *Aphetinda* of the Ancients. He alſo mentions the *Baſilinda*, " or *King I am*; and *Myinda*, or *Hoopers-Hide.*

" But

[f] Dr. Arbuthnot uſed to ſay, that notwithſtanding all the Boaſts of the ſafe conveyance of *Tradition*; it was no where preſerved pure and uncorrupt but amongſt School-boys; whoſe Games and Plays are delivered down invariably the ſame, from one generation to another.

" But the *Chytrindra* deſcribed by the ſame Author is certainly " not our *Hot-cockle*; for that was by pinching and not by ſtriking; " though there are good authors who affirm the *Rathapygiſmus* to " be yet nearer the modern *Hot-cockles*. My ſon Martin may uſe " either of them indifferently, they being equally antique.

" *Building of Houſes*, and *Riding upon Sticks*, have been uſed by " Children in all ages; *Aedificare caſas*, *equitare in arundine longa*. " Yet I much doubt whether the Riding upon Sticks did not " come into uſe after the age of the *Centaurs*.

" There is one Play which ſhews the gravity of ancient Edu- " cation, called the *Acinetinda*, in which children contended who " could longeſt *ſtand ſtill*. This we have ſuffered to periſh en- " tirely; and, if I might be allowed to gueſs, it was certainly " firſt loſt among the *French*.

" I will permit my Son to play at *Apodidaſcinda*, which can be " no other than our *Puſs in a Corner*.

" Julius Pollux in his ninth book ſpeaks of the *Melolonthe* or " the *Kite*; but I queſtion whether the Kite of Antiquity was the " ſame with ours: And though the Ορτυλοκοπία or *Quail-fighting* is " what is moſt taken notice of, they had doubtleſs *Cock-matches* " alſo, as is evident from certain ancient Gems and Relievo's.

" In a word, let my ſon Martin diſport himſelf at any Game " truly Antique, except one, which was invented by a people " among the Thracians, who hung up one of their Companions " in a Rope, and gave him a Knife to cut himſelf down; which " if he failed in, he was ſuffered to hang till he was dead; " and this was only reckoned a ſort of joke. I am utterly againſt " this, as barbarous and cruel.

" I cannot conclude, without taking notice of the beauty of " the *Greek* names, whoſe Etymologies acquaint us with the

" nature

" nature of the ſports; and how infinitely, both in ſenſe and " ſound, they excel our barbarous names of Plays."

Notwithſtanding the foregoing Injunctions of Dr. Cornelius, he yet condeſcended to allow the Child the uſe of ſome few modern Play-things; ſuch as might prove of any benefit to his mind, by inſtilling an early notion of the Sciences. For example, he found that *Marbles* taught him *Percuſſion* and the *Laws of Motion*; *Nut-crackers* the uſe of the *Leaver*; *Swinging* on the ends of a Board, the *Balance*; *Bottle-ſcrews* the *Vice*; *Whirligigs* the *Axis in Peritrochia*; *Bird-cages* the *Pulley*; and *Tops* the *Centrifugal* motion.

Others of his ſports were carried further to improve his tender ſoul even in Virtue and Morality. We ſhall only inſtance one of the moſt uſeful and inſtructive, *Bob-cherry*, which teaches at once two noble Virtues, Patience and Conſtancy; the firſt in adhering to the purſuit of one end, the latter in bearing a diſappointment.

Beſides all theſe, he taught him as a diverſion, an odd and ſecret manner of *Stealing*, according to the Cuſtom of the Lacedaemonians; wherein he ſucceeded ſo well, that he practiſed it to the day of his death.

CHAP. VI.

OF THE GYMNASTICS, IN WHAT EXERCISES MARTINUS WAS EDUCATED; SOMETHING CONCERNING MUSICK, AND WHAT SORT OF A MAN HIS UNCLE WAS.

NOR was Cornelius leſs careful in adhering to the rules of the pureſt Antiquity, in relation to the *Exerciſes* of his Son. He was ſtript, powdered, and anointed, but not conſtantly bathed, which occaſioned many heavy complaints of the Laundreſs about dirtying his linen. When he played at Quoits, he was al-

lowed his Breeches and Stockings; becauſe the *Diſcoboli* (as Cornelius well knew) were naked to the middle only. The Mother often contended for modern Sports, and common Cuſtoms; but this was his conſtant reply, "Let a Daughter be the care of her "Mother, but the Education of a Son ſhould be the delight of "his Father."

It was about this time, he heard, to his exceeding content, that the *Harpaſtus* of the Ancients was yet in uſe in *Cornwall*, and known there by the name of *Hurling*. He was ſenſible the common *Foot-ball* was a very imperfect imitation of that exerciſe; and thought it neceſſary to ſend Martin into the Weſt, to be initiated in that truly ancient and manly part of the *Gymnaſticks*. The poor boy was ſo unfortunate as to return with a broken leg. This Cornelius looked upon but as a ſlight ailment, and promiſed his Mother he would inſtantly cure it: He ſlit a green Reed, and caſt the Knife upward, then tying the two parts of the Reed to the disjointed place, pronounced theſe words [g], *Daries, daries, aſtataries, diſſunapiter; huat, hanat, huat, iſta, piſta, fiſta, domi abo, damnauſtra.* But finding, to his no ſmall aſtoniſhment, that this had no effect, in five days he condeſcended to have it ſet by a modern Surgeon.

Mrs. Scriblerus, to prevent him from expoſing her Son to the like dangerous Exerciſes for the future, propoſed to ſend for a Dancing-Maſter, and to have him taught the Minuet and Rigadoon. "Dancing (quoth Cornelius) I much approve, for *Socrates* "ſaid the beſt Dancers were the beſt Warriors; but not thoſe "ſpecies of Dancing which you mention: They are certainly "Corruptions of the Comic and Satiric Dance, which were ut-"terly diſliked by the founder Ancients. Martin ſhall learn the "Tragic

[g] Plin. Hiſt. Nat. lib. xvii. in fine. *Carmen contra luxata membra, cujus verba inſerere non equidem ſerio auſim, quanquam a Catone prodita.* Vid. *Caton. de re ruſt.* c. 160. P.

" Tragic Dance only, and I will ſend all over Europe, till I find " an Antiquary able to inſtruct him in the *Saltatio Pyrrhica*. " [h] Scaliger, from whom my ſon is lineally deſcended, boaſts to " have performed this warlike Dance in the preſence of the Em- " peror, to the great admiration of all Germany. What would " he ſay, could he look down and ſee one of his poſterity ſo ig- " norant, as not to know the leaſt ſtep of that noble kind of " *Saltation?*"

The poor Lady was at laſt enured to bear all theſe things with a laudable patience, till one day her huſband was ſeized with a new thought. He had met with a ſaying, that " *Spleen*, *Garter*, " and *Girdle* are the three impediments to the *Curſus*." Therefore Pliny (lib. xi. cap. 37.) ſays, that ſuch as excel in that exerciſe have their *Spleen* cauterized. " My Son (quoth Cornelius) runs " but heavily; therefore I will have this operation performed " upon him immediately. Moreover it will cure that immode- " rate Laughter to which I perceive he is addicted: For Laugh- " ter (as the ſame author hath it, ibid.) is cauſed by the bigneſs " of the Spleen." This deſign was no ſooner hinted to Mrs. Scriblerus, but ſhe burſt into tears, wrung her hands, and in- ſtantly ſent to his brother Albertus, begging him for the love of God to make haſte to her Huſband.

Albertus was a diſcreet man, ſober in his opinions, clear of Pedantry, and knowing enough both in Books and in the World, to preſerve a due regard for whatever was uſeful or excellent, whether ancient or modern: If he had not always the authority, he had at leaſt the art, to divert Cornelius from many extravagan- cies.

[h] Scalig. Poetic. l. i. c. 9. *Hanc ſaltationem Pyrrhicam, nos ſaepe et diu, juſſu Bonifacii patrui, coram Divo Maximiliano, non ſine ſtupore totius Germaniae, repraeſentavimus. Quo tempore vox illa Imperatoris, Hic puer aut thoracem pro pelle aut pro cunis habuit.* P.

cies. It was well he came ſpeedily, or Martin could not have boaſted the entire Quota of his Viſcera. " What does it ſignify " (quoth Albertus) whether my Nephew excells in the *Curſus* or " not? Speed is often a ſymptom of Cowardice, witneſs Hares " and Deer."——" Do not forget Achilles (quoth Cornelius) I " know that Running has been condemned by the proud Spar- " tans, as uſeleſs in war; and yet Demoſthenes could ſay, Ἀνὴρ ὁ " φεὺγων κὴ πάλιν μαχήσεῖαι; a thought which the Engliſh Hudi- " bras has well rendered,

For he that runs may fight again,
Which he can never do that's ſlain."

" That's true (quoth Albertus) but pray conſider on the other ſide " that Animals [i] ſpleened grow extremely ſalacious, an experi- " ment well known in dogs." Cornelius was ſtruck with this, and replied gravely; " If it be ſo, I will defer the Operation, for " I will not encreaſe the powers of my Son's body at the expence " of thoſe of his mind. I am indeed diſappointed in moſt of my " projects, and fear I muſt ſit down at laſt contented with ſuch " methods of Education as modern barbarity affords. Happy " had it been for us all, had we lived in the age of Auguſtus! " Then my Son might have heard the Philoſophers diſpute in " the Porticos of the Palaeſtra, and at the ſame time formed his " Body and his Underſtanding." " It is true (replied Albertus) " we have no *Exedra* for the Philoſophers, adjoining to our Ten- " nis-Courts; but there are Alehouſes where he will hear very " notable argumentations: Though we come not up to the An- " cients in the *Tragic-dance*, we excel them in the κυβιστικὴ, or the " art of *Tumbling*. The Ancients would have beat us at *Quoits*, " but not ſo much at the *Jaculum* or *pitching the Bar*. The [k] *Pu-* " *gilatus*

[i] Blackmore's Eſſay on the Spleen. P.

[k] Fiſty-Cuffs. P.

" *gilatus* is in as great perfection in England as in old Rome, and " the *Corniſh-Hug* in the [l] *Luctus* is equal to the *volutatoria* of the " Ancients." " You could not (anſwered Cornelius) have pro- " duced a more unlucky inſtance of modern folly and barbarity, " than what you ſay of the *Jaculum*. [m] The Cretans wiſely for- " bid their ſervants Gymnaſtics, as well as Arms; and yet your " modern Footmen exerciſe themſelves daily in the *Jaculum* at the " corner of *Hyde-Park*, whilſt their enervated Lords are lolling in " their chariots (a ſpecies of Vectitation ſeldom uſed among the " Ancients, except by old men.)" " You ſay well (quoth Al- " bertus) and we have ſeveral other kinds of Vectitation un- " known to the Ancients; particularly flying Chariots, where " the people may have the benefit of this exerciſe at the ſmall " expence of a farthing. But ſuppoſe (which I readily grant) " that the Ancients excelled us almoſt in every thing, yet why " this ſingularity? your Son muſt take up with ſuch maſters as " the preſent age affords; we have Dancing-maſters, Writing- " maſters, and Muſick-maſters."

The bare mention of *Muſick* threw Cornelius into a paſſion. " How can you dignify (quoth he) this modern fidling with the " name of Muſick? Will any of your beſt Hautboys encounter " a Wolf now-a-days with no other arms but their Inſtruments, " as did that ancient piper Pythocaris? Have ever wild Boars, " Elephants, Deer, Dolphins, Whales, or Turbots, ſhewed the " leaſt emotion at the moſt elaborate ſtrains of your modern " Scrapers, all which have been, as it were, tamed and human- " ized by ancient Muſicians? Does not [a] Aelian tell us how the " Libyan Mares were excited to horſing by Muſick? (which ought " in

[l] Wreſtling. P.
[m] Ariſtot. politic. lib. ii. cap. 3. P.
[a] Aelian Hiſt. Animal. lib. xi. cap. 18. and lib. xii. cap. 44. P.

" in truth to be a caution to modeſt Women againſt frequent-
" ing Operas; and conſider, Brother, you are brought to this
" dilemma, either to give up the virtue of the Ladies, or the
" power of your Muſick.) Whence proceeds the degeneracy
" of our Morals? Is it not from the loſs of ancient Muſick,
" by which (ſays Ariſtotle) they taught all the Virtues? Elſe
" might we turn Newgate into a College of Dorian Muſicians,
" who ſhould teach moral virtues to thoſe people. Whence
" comes it that our preſent diſeaſes are ſo ſtubborn? whence is
" it that I daily deplore my ſciatical pains? Alas! becauſe we
" have loſt their true cure by the melody of the Pipe. All this
" was well known to the Ancients, as [b] Theophraſtus aſſures us,
" (whence [c] Caelius calls it *loca dolentia decantare)* only indeed ſome
" ſmall remains of this ſkill are preſerved in the cure of the Ta-
" rantula. Did not [d] Pythagoras ſtop a company of drunken
" Bullies from ſtorming a civil houſe, by changing the ſtrain of
" the Pipe to the ſober Spondaeus? and yet your modern Muſi-
" cians want art to defend their windows from common Nickers.
" It is well known, that when the Lacedaemonian Mob were up,
" they [e] commonly ſent for a Leſbian Muſician to appeaſe them,
" and they immediately grew calm, as ſoon as they heard Ter-
" pander ſing: Yet I don't believe that the Pope's whole band of
" Muſick, though the beſt of this age, could keep his Holineſs's
" Image from being burnt on a fifth of November." " Nor
" would Terpander himſelf (replied Albertus) at Billingſgate,
" nor Timotheus at Hockley in the Hole, have any manner of
" effect, nor both of them together bring [f] Horneck to common
" civility."

[b] Athenaeus, lib. xiv. P.
[c] Lib. de ſanitate tuenda, cap. 2. P.
[d] Quintilian, lib. i. cap. 10. P.
[e] Suidas in Timotheo. P.
[f] Horneck, a ſcurrilous Scribler, who wrote a weekly paper, called *the High German Doctor.*

" civility." " That's a groſs miſtake, (ſaid Cornelius very warmly) " and to prove it ſo, I have here a ſmall Lyra of my own, framed, " ſtrung, and tuned after the ancient manner. I can play ſome " fragments of Leſbian tunes, and I wiſh I were to try them up- " on the moſt paſſionate creatures alive."—" You never had a " better opportunity, (ſays Albertus ;) for yonder are two Apple- " women ſcolding, and juſt ready to uncoif one another." With that Cornelius, undreſſed as he was, jumps out into his Balcony, his Lyra in hand, in his ſlippers, with his breeches hanging down to his ankles, a ſtocking upon his head, and waiſtcoat of murrey-coloured ſattin upon his body: He touched his Lyra with a very unuſual ſort of an Harpegiatura, nor were his hopes fruſtrated. The odd Equipage, the uncouth Inſtrument, the ſtrangeneſs of the Man and of the Muſick, drew the ears and the eyes of the whole Mob that were got about the two female Champions, and at laſt of the Combatants themſelves. They all approached the Balcony, in as cloſe attention as Orpheus's firſt Audience of Cattle, or that of an Italian Opera, when ſome favourite air is juſt awakened. This ſudden effect of his Muſick encouraged him mightily, and it was obſerved he never touched his Lyre in ſuch a truly chromatic and enharmonic manner as upon that occaſion. The mob laughed, ſung, jumped, danced, and uſed many odd geſtures, all which he judged to be cauſed by the various ſtrains and modulations. " Mark (quoth he) in this, the power of the Ionian, " in that, you ſee the effect of the Aeolian." But in a little time they began to grow riotous, and threw ſtones: Cornelius then withdrew, but with the greateſt Air of Triumph in the world. " Brother" (ſaid he) " do you obſerve I have mixed un- " awares too much of the *Phrygian*; I might change it to the *Ly-*

" *dian*,

" *dian*, and ſoften their riotous tempers: But it is enough:
" learn from this Sample to ſpeak with veneration of ancient
" Muſick. If this Lyre in my unſkilful hands can perform ſuch
" wonders, what muſt it not have done in thoſe of a Timotheus
" or a Terpander?" Having ſaid this, he retired with the utmoſt Exultation in himſelf, and Contempt of his Brother; and, it is ſaid, behaved that night with ſuch unuſual haughtineſs to his family, that they all had reaſon to wiſh for ſome ancient Tibicen to calm his Temper.

CHAP. VII.

RHETORICK, LOGICK, AND METAPHYSICKS.

CORNELIUS having (as hath been ſaid) many ways been diſappointed in his attempts of improving the bodily Forces of his ſon, thought it now high time to apply to the Culture of his Internal faculties. He judged it proper in the firſt place to inſtruct him in *Rhetorick*. But herein we ſhall not need to give the Reader any account of his wonderful progreſs, ſince it is already known to the learned world by his Treatiſe on this ſubject: I mean the admirable Diſcourſe Περὶ Βάθους, which he wrote at this time, but concealed from his Father, knowing his extreme partiality for the Ancients. It lay by him concealed, and perhaps forgot among the great multiplicity of other Writings, till, about the year 1727, he ſent it us to be printed, with many additional examples, drawn from the excellent live Poets of this preſent age. We proceed therefore to *Logick* and *Metaphyſicks*.

The wiſe Cornelius was convinced, that theſe being *Polemical* Arts, could no more be learned alone, than Fencing or Cudgel-playing. He thought it therefore neceſſary to look out for ſome

Youth of pregnant parts, to be a ſort of humble Companion to his ſon in thoſe ſtudies. His good fortune directed him to one of the moſt ſingular endowments, whoſe name was Conradus Crambe, who by the father's ſide was related to the *Crouches* of Cambridge, and his mother was couſin to Mr. *Swan*, Gameſter and Punſter of the City of London. So that from both parents he drew a natural diſpoſition to ſport himſelf with *Words*, which as they are ſaid to be the counters of wiſe Men, and ready money of Fools, Crambe had great ſtore of caſh of the latter ſort. Happy Martin in ſuch a Parent, and ſuch a Companion! What might not he atchieve in Arts and Sciences!

Here I muſt premiſe a general obſervation of great benefit to mankind. That there are many people who have the uſe only of one Operation of the Intellect, though, like ſhort-ſighted men, they can hardly diſcover it themſelves: They can form *ſingle apprehenſions*[s], but have neither of the other two faculties, the *judicium* or *diſcurſus*. Now as it is wiſely ordered, that people deprived of one ſenſe, have the others in more perfection, ſuch people will form ſingle Ideas with a great deal of vivacity; and happy were it indeed if they would confine themſelves to ſuch, without forming *judicia*, much leſs *argumentations*.

Cornelius quickly diſcovered, that theſe two laſt operations of the Intellect were very weak in Martin, and almoſt totally extinguiſhed in Crambe; however he uſed to ſay, that Rules of Logick are Spectacles to a purblind underſtanding, and therefore he reſolved to proceed with his two pupils.

Martin's

[s] When Dr. Mead once urged to our Author the Authority of Patrick the Dictionary-maker, againſt the latinity of the expreſſion, *amor publicus*, which he had uſed in an inſcription, he replied, that he would allow a Dictionary-maker to underſtand a ſingle word, but not two words put together.

Martin's underſtanding was ſo totally immerſed in *ſenſible objects*, that he demanded examples from Material things of the abſtracted Ideas of Logick: As for Crambe, he contented himſelf with the Words, and when he could but form ſome conceit upon them, was fully ſatisfied. Thus Crambe would tell his Inſtructor, that All men were not *ſingular*; that Individuality could hardly be predicated of any man, for it was commonly ſaid that a man *is* not the ſame he *was*, that madmen are *beſide themſelves*, and drunken men *come to themſelves*; which ſhows, that few men have that moſt valuable logical endowment, Individuality[h]. Cornelius told Martin that a ſhoulder of mutton was an individual, which Crambe denied, for he had ſeen it cut into commons: That's true (quoth the Tutor) but you never ſaw it cut into ſhoulders of mutton: If it could (quoth Crambe) it would be the moſt lovely individual of the Univerſity. When he was told a *ſubſtance* was that which was *ſubject to accidents*; then Soldiers (quoth Crambe) are the moſt ſubſtantial people in the world. Neither would he allow it to be a good definition of *accident*, that it could be *preſent* or *abſent without the deſtruction of the ſubject*; ſince there are a great many accidents that deſtroy the ſubject, as burning does a houſe, and death a man. But as to that, Cornelius informed him, that there was a *natural death*, and a *logical death*; that though a man after his natural death was not capable of the leaſt pariſh-office, yet he might ſtill keep his Stall amongſt the logical predicaments.

Cornelius

[h] "But if it be poſſible for the ſame man to have diſtinct incommunicable conſciouſneſs "at different times, it is without doubt the ſame man would at different times make different "perſons. Which we ſee is the ſenſe of mankind in not puniſhing the mad man for the "ſober man's actions, nor the ſober man for what the mad man did, thereby making them "two perſons; which is ſomewhat explained by our way of ſpeaking in *Engliſh*, when they "ſay ſuch an one *is not himſelf*, or *is beſides himſelf*." *Locke's Eſſay on Human Underſtanding*, B. ii. c. 27.

Cornelius was forced to give Martin ſenſible images; thus calling up the Coachman, he aſked him what he had ſeen in the Bear-garden? the man anſwered, he ſaw two men fight a prize; one was a fair man, a Serjeant in the Guards; the other black, a Butcher; the Serjeant had red Breeches, the Butcher blue; they fought upon a Stage about four o'clock, and the Serjeant wounded the Butcher in the leg. "Mark" (quoth Cornelius) "how the fellow runs through the predicaments. Men, *ſubſtan-*"*tia*; two, *quantitas*; fair and black, *qualitas*; Serjeant and "Butcher, *relatio*; wounded the other, *actio et paſſio*; fighting, "*ſitus*; Stage, *ubi*; two o'Clock, *quando*; blue and red Breeches, "*habitus*." At the ſame time he warned Martin, that what he now *learned* as a Logician, he muſt *forget* as a natural Philoſopher; that though he now taught them that accidents inhered in the ſubject, they would find in time there was no ſuch thing; and that colour, taſte, ſmell, heat, and cold, were not in the things, but only phantaſms of our brains. He was forced to let them into this ſecret, for Martin could not conceive how a habit of dancing inhered in a dancing-maſter, when he did not dance; nay, he would demand the Characteriſticks of Relations: Crambe uſed to help him out by telling him, a Cuckold, a loſeing Gameſter, a man that had not dined, a young Heir that was kept ſhort by his father, might be all known by their countenance; that, in this laſt caſe, the Paternity and Filiation leave very ſenſible impreſſions in the *relatum* and *correlatum*. The greateſt difficulty was when they came to the Tenth predicament: Crambe affirmed, that his *habitus* was more a ſubſtance than he was; for his clothes could better ſubſiſt without him, than he without his clothes.

Martin ſuppoſed an *Univerſal Man* to be like a Knight of the

Shire, or a Burgeſs of a Corporation, that repreſented a great many Individuals. His Father aſked him, if he could not frame the Idea of an Univerſal Lord Mayor? Martin told him, that, never having ſeen but one Lord Mayor, the Idea of that Lord Mayor always returned to his mind; that he had great difficulty to abſtract a Lord Mayor from his Fur Gown, and Gold Chain; nay, that the Horſe he ſaw the Lord Mayor ride upon not a little diſturbed his imagination. On the other hand Crambe, to ſhew himſelf of a more penetrating genius, ſwore that he could frame a conception of a Lord Mayor not only without his Horſe, Gown, and Gold Chain, but even without Stature, Feature, Colour, Hands, Head, Feet, or any Body; which he ſuppoſed was the abſtract of a Lord Mayor[1]. Cornelius told him, that he was a lying Raſcal; that an *Univerſale* was not the object of imagination, and that there was no ſuch thing in reality, or *a parte Rei*. But I can prove (quoth Crambe) that there are *Clyſters a parte Rei*, but *Clyſters* are *Univerſales; ergo*. Thus I prove my Minor. *Quod aptum eſt ineſſe multis*, is an *univerſale* by definition: but every clyſter before it is adminiſtered has that quality; therefore every clyſter is an *univerſale*.

He alſo found fault with the Advertiſements, that they were not ſtrict logical *definitions*: In an advertiſement of a Dog ſtolen or ſtrayed, he ſaid it ought to begin thus, *An irrational animal* of the *Genus caninum*, etc. Cornelius told them, that though thoſe advertiſements were not framed according to the exact rules of logical

[1] This is not a fair repreſentation of what is ſaid in the *Eſſay on Human Underſtanding*, concerning *general and abſtract Ideas*. But ſerious Writers have done that Philoſopher the ſame injuſtice with theſe wanton Wits; who employed this ridicule in compliment to the ſentiments of Lord Bolingbroke, who in his Metaphyſics, or *firſt Philoſophy*, borrows the reaſoning of thoſe ſerious Writers againſt *general and abſtract Ideas*.

logical definitions, being only *deſcriptions* of things *numero differentibus*, yet they contained a faint image of the *praedicabilia*, and were highly ſubſervient to the common purpoſes of life; often diſcovering things that were loſt, both animate and inanimate. *An Italian Greyhound, of a mouſe-colour, a white ſpeck in the neck, lame of one leg, belongs to ſuch a Lady.* Greyhound, *genus*; mouſe-coloured, etc. *differentia;* lame of one leg, *accidens;* belongs to ſuch a Lady, *proprium.*

Though I am afraid I have tranſgreſſed upon my Reader's patience already, I cannot help taking notice of one thing, more extraordinary than any yet mentioned; which was Crambe's *Treatiſe of Syllogiſms.* He ſuppoſed, that a Philoſopher's brain was like a great Foreſt, where Ideas ranged like animals of ſeveral kinds; that thoſe Ideas copulated, and engendered Concluſions; that when thoſe of different Species copulate, they bring forth monſters or abſurdities; that the *Major* is the male, the *Minor* the female, which copulate by the Middle Term, and engender the Concluſion. Hence they are called the *praemiſſa*, or Predeceſſors of the Concluſion; and it is properly ſaid by the Logicians *quod pariant ſcientiam, opinionem*, they *beget* ſcience, opinion, etc. Univerſal Propoſitions are Perſons of quality; and therefore in Logick they are ſaid to be of the firſt *Figure.* Singular Propoſitions are private perſons, and therefore placed in the third or laſt figure, or rank. From thoſe principles all the rules of Syllogiſms naturally follow.

I. That there are only three Terms, neither more nor leſs; for to a child there can be only one father and one mother.

II. From univerſal premiſſes there follows an univerſal concluſion, as if one ſhould ſay, that perſons of quality always beget perſons of quality.

III. From the ſingular premiſſes follows only a ſingular concluſion; that is, if the parents be only private people, the iſſue muſt be ſo likewiſe.

IV. From particular propoſitions nothing can be concluded, becauſe the *Individua vaga* are (like whoremaſters and common ſtrumpets) barren.

V. There cannot be more in the concluſion than was in the premiſſes, that is, children can only inherit from their parents.

VI. The concluſion follows the weaker part, that is, children inherit the diſeaſes of their parents.

VII. From two negatives nothing can be concluded, for from divorce or ſeparation there can come no iſſue.

VIII. The medium cannot enter the concluſion, that being logical inceſt.

IX. An hypothetical propoſition is only a contract, or a promiſe of marriage; from ſuch therefore there can ſpring no real iſſue.

X. When the premiſſes or parents are neceſſarily joined (or in lawful wedlock) they beget lawful iſſue; but contingently joined, they beget baſtards.

So much for the Affirmative propoſitions; the Negative muſt be deferred to another occaſion.

Crambe uſed to value himſelf upon this Syſtem, from whence he ſaid one might ſee the propriety of the expreſſion, *ſuch a one has a barren imagination*; and how common is it for ſuch people to *adopt* concluſions that are not the iſſue of their premiſſes? therefore as an Abſurdity is a *Monſter*, a Falſity is a *Baſtard*; and a true Concluſion that followeth not from the premiſſes, may properly be ſaid to be *adopted*. But then what is an Enthymem? (quoth Cornelius.) Why, an Enthymem (replied Crambe) is when the

Major

Major is indeed married to the Minor, but the Marriage *kept ſecret*.

METAPHYSICKS were a large field in which to exerciſe the Weapons *Logick* had put into their hands. Here Martin and Crambe uſed to engage like any prize-fighters, before their Father and his other Learned Companions of the Sympoſiacks. And as Prize-fighters will agree to lay aſide a buckler, or ſome ſuch defenſive weapon, ſo would Crambe promiſe not to uſe *ſimpliciter et ſecundum quid*, provided Martin would part with *materialiter et formaliter*: But it was found, that without the help of the defenſive armour of thoſe Diſtinctions, the arguments cut ſo deep, that they fetched blood at every ſtroke. Their *Theſes* were picked out of Suarez, Thomas Aquinas, and other learned writers on thoſe ſubjects. I ſhall give the Reader a taſte of ſome of them.

I. If the Innate Deſire of the knowledge of Metaphyſicks was the cauſe of the Fall of Adam; and the *Arbor Porphyriana*, the Tree of Knowledge of good and evil? *affirmed*.

II. If tranſcendental goodneſs could be truly predicated of the Devil? *affirmed*.

III. Whether one, or many be firſt? or if one doth not ſuppoſe the notion of many? *Suarez*.

IV. If the deſire of news in mankind be *appetitus innatus*, not *elicitus*? *affirmed*.

V. Whether there is in human underſtandings potential falſities? *affirmed*.

VI. Whether God loves a *poſſible Angel* better than an *actually-exiſtent ſkye*? *denied*.

VII. If Angels paſs from one extreme to another without going through the middle? *Aquinas*.

VIII. If Angels know things more clearly in a morning? *Aquinas*.

IX. Whether

IX. Whether every Angel hears what one Angel ſays to another? *denied. Aquinas.*

X. If temptation be *proprium quarto modo* of the Devil? *denied. Aquinas.*

XI. Whether one Devil can illuminate another? *Aquinas.*

XII. If there would have been any females born in the ſtate of Innocence? *Aquinas.*

XIII. If the Creation was finiſhed in ſix days, becauſe ſix is the moſt perfect number; or if ſix be the moſt perfect number, becauſe the Creation was finiſhed in ſix days? *Aquinas.*

There were ſeveral others, of which in the courſe of the life of this learned Perſon we may have occaſion to treat; and one particularly that remains undecided to this day; it was taken from the learned Suarez.

XIV. *An praeter* eſſe reale *actualis eſſentiae ſit aliud* eſſe neceſſarium *quo res actualiter exiſtat?* In Engliſh thus. Whether beſides the real being of actual being, there be any other being neceſſary to cauſe a thing to be?

This brings into my mind a Project to baniſh Metaphyſicks out of Spain, which it was ſuppoſed might be effectuated by this method: That no-body ſhould uſe any Compound or Decompound of the Subſtantial Verbs, but as they are read in the common conjugations: for every body will allow, that if you debar a Metaphyſician from *ens, eſſentia, entitas, ſubſtantia*, etc. there is an end of him.

Crambe regretted extremely, that *Subſtantial Forms*, a race of harmleſs beings, which had laſted for many years, and afforded a comfortable ſubſiſtence to many poor Philoſophers, ſhould be now hunted down like ſo many Wolves, without the poſſibility of a retreat. He conſidered that it had gone much harder with

them than with *Eſſences*, which had retired from the *Schools* into the *Apothecaries Shops*, where ſome of them had been advanced into the degree of *Quinteſſences*. He thought there ſhould be a retreat for poor *ſubſtantial forms*, amongſt the Gentlemen-uſhers at court; and that there were indeed *ſubſtantial forms*, ſuch as *forms of Prayer*, and *forms of Government*, without which the things themſelves could never long ſubſiſt. He alſo uſed to wonder that there was not a reward for ſuch as could find out a *fourth Figure* in *Logick*, as well as for thoſe who ſhould diſcover the *Longitude*.

CHAP. VIII.

ANATOMY.

CORNELIUS, it is certain, had a moſt ſuperſtitious veneration for the Ancients; and if they contradicted each other, his Reaſon was ſo pliant and ductile, that he was always of the opinion of the laſt he read. But he reckoned it a point of honour never to be vanquiſhed in a diſpute; from which quality he acquired the Title of the *Invincible Doctor*. While the Profeſſor of Anatomy was demonſtrating to his ſon the ſeveral kinds of *Inteſtines*, Cornelius affirmed that there were only two, the *Colon* and the *Aichos*, according to Hippocrates, who it was impoſſible could ever be miſtaken. It was in vain to aſſure him this error proceeded from want of accuracy in dividing the whole Canal of the Guts: Say what you pleaſe (he replied) this is both mine and Hippocrates's opinion. You may with equal reaſon (anſwered the Profeſſor) affirm, that a man's Liver hath five Lobes, and deny the Circulation of the blood. Ocular demonſtration (ſaid Cornelius) ſeems to be on your ſide, yet I ſhall not

not give it up. Show me any viſcus of a human body, and I will bring you a monſter that differs from the common rule in the ſtructure of it. If Nature ſhews ſuch variety in the ſame age, why may ſhe not have extended further in ſeveral ages? Produce me a man now of the age of an Antediluvian; of the ſtrength of Samſon, or the ſize of the Giants. If in the whole, why not in parts of the body, may it not be poſſible the preſent generation of men may differ from the Ancients? The Moderns have perhaps lengthened the channel of the guts by Gluttony, and diminiſhed the liver by hard Drinking. Though it ſhall be demonſtrated that modern blood circulates, yet I will believe with Hippocrates, that the blood of the Ancients had a flux and reflux from the heart, like a Tide. Conſider how Luxury hath introduced new diſeaſes, and with them not improbably altered the whole Courſe of the Fluids. Conſider how the current of mighty Rivers, nay the very channels of the Ocean are changed from what they were in ancient days; and can we be ſo vain to imagine, that the Microcoſm of the human body alone is exempted from the fate of all things? I queſtion not but plauſible Conjectures may be made even as to the Time when the blood firſt began to circulate.—Such diſputes as theſe frequently perplexed the Profeſſor to that degree, that he would now and then in a paſſion leave him in the middle of a Lecture, as he did at this time.

There unfortunately happened ſoon after, an unuſual accident, which retarded the proſecution of the ſtudies of Martin. Having purchaſed the body of a Malefactor, he hired a Room for its diſſection near the Peſt-fields in St. Giles's, at a little diſtance from Tyburn-Road. Crambe (to whoſe care this body was committed) carried it thither about twelve a clock at night in a Hackney-coach, few Houſe-keepers being very willing to let their lodgings to ſuch

kind

kind of Operators. As he was ſoftly ſtalking up ſtairs in the dark, with the dead man in his arms, his burthen had like to have ſlipped from him, which he (to ſave from falling) graſped ſo hard about the belly, that it forced the wind through the *Anus*, with a noiſe exactly like the *Crepitus* of a living man. Crambe (who did not comprehend how this part of the Animal Economy could remain in a dead man) was ſo terrified that he threw down the body, ran up to his maſter, and had ſcarce breath to tell him what had happened. Martin, with all his Philoſophy, could not prevail upon him to return to his Poſt.—You may ſay what you pleaſe (quoth Crambe) no man alive ever broke wind more naturally; nay, he ſeemed to be mightily relieved by it.—The rolling of the corpſe down ſtairs made ſuch a noiſe that it awaked the whole houſe. The maid ſhrieked, the landlady cried out Thieves; but the landlord, in his ſhirt as he was, taking a candle in one hand, and a drawn ſword in the other, ventured out of the Room. The maid, with only a ſingle petticoat, ran up ſtairs, but ſpurning at the dead body, fell upon it in a ſwoon. Now the landlord ſtood ſtill and liſtened, then he looked behind him, and ventured down in this manner one ſtair after another, till he came where lay his maid, as dead, upon another corpſe unknown. The wife ran into the ſtreet, and cried out Murder! the Watch ran in, while Martin and Crambe, hearing all this uproar, were coming down ſtairs. The Watch imagined they were making their eſcape, ſeized them immediately, and carried them to a neighbouring Juſtice; where, upon ſearching them, ſeveral kind of knives and dreadful weapons were found upon them. The Juſtice firſt examined Crambe.—What is your Name? ſays the Juſtice. I have acquired (quoth Crambe) no great Name as yet; they call me Crambe or Crambo, no matter which, as to myſelf; tho' it may be ſome diſpute to poſterity.—What is yours and

your Maſter's profeſſion? "It is our buſineſs to imbrue our "hands in blood; we cut off the heads, and pull out the hearts "of thoſe that never injured us; we rip up big-bellied women, "and tear children limb from limb." Martin endeavoured to interrupt him; but the Juſtice, being ſtrangely aſtoniſhed with the frankneſs of Crambe's Confeſſion, ordered him to proceed; upon which he made the following Speech:

"May it pleaſe your Worſhip, as touching the body of this "man, I can anſwer each head that my accuſers alledge againſt "me, to a hair. They have hitherto talked like num-ſculls "without brains; but if your Worſhip will not only give ear, "but regard me with a favourable eye, I will not be brow-"beaten by the ſupercilious looks of my adverſaries, who now "ſtand cheek by jowl by your Worſhip. I will prove to their "faces, that their foul mouths have not opened their lips with-"out a falſity; though they have ſhowed their teeth as if they "would bite off my noſe. Now, Sir, that I may fairly ſlip my "neck out of the collar, I beg this matter may not be ſlightly "ſkinned over. Though I have no man here to back me, I will "unboſom myſelf, ſince Truth is on my ſide, and ſhall give "them their bellies full, though they think they have me upon "the hip. Whereas they ſay I came into their lodgings, with "arms, and murdered this man without their Privity, I declare "I had not the leaſt finger in it; and ſince I am to ſtand upon "my own legs, nothing of this matter ſhall be left till I ſet it "upon a right foot. In the vein I am in, I cannot for my heart's "blood and guts bear this uſage: I ſhall not ſpare my lungs to "defend my good name: I was ever reckoned a good liver; and "I think I have the bowels of compaſſion. I aſk but juſtice, and "from the crown of my head to the ſole of my foot I ſhall ever "acknowledge myſelf your Worſhip's humble Servant."

The Juſtice ſtared, the Landlord and Landlady lifted up their eyes, and Martin fretted, while Crambe talked in this rambling incoherent manner; till at length Martin begged to be heard. It was with great difficulty that the Juſtice was convinced, till they ſent for the Finiſher of human laws, of whom the Corpſe had been purchaſed; who looking near the left ear, knew his own work, and gave Oath accordingly.

No ſooner was Martin got home, but he fell into a paſſion at Crambe. "What Demon," he cried, "hath poſſeſſed thee, that "thou wilt never forſake that impertinent cuſtom of punning? "Neither my counſel nor my example have thus miſled thee; "thou governeſt thyſelf by moſt erroneous Maxims." Far from it (anſwers Crambe) my life is as orderly as my Dictionary, for by my Dictionary I order my life. I have made a Kalendar of radical words for all the ſeaſons, months, and days of the year: Every day I am under the dominion of a certain Word: but this day in particular I cannot be miſled, for I am governed by one that rules all ſexes, ages, conditions, nay all animals rational and irrational. Who is not governed by the word *Led?* Our Noblemen and Drunkards are pimp-led, Phyſicians and Pulſes fee-led, their Patients and Oranges pil-led, a New-married Man and an Aſs are bride-led, an Old-married Man and a Pack-horſe ſad-led, Cats and Dice are rat-led, Swine and Nobility are ſty-led, a Coquet and a Tinder-box are ſpark-led, a Lover and a Blunderer are grove-led. And that I may not be tedious—Which thou art (replied Martin, ſtamping with his foot) which thou art, I ſay, beyond all human toleration. Such an unnatural, unaccountable, uncoherent, unintelligible, unprofitable —— There it is now! (interrupted Crambe) this is your day for *Uns*. Martin could bear no longer—however, compoſing his Countenance, Come hither, he cried, there are five pounds, ſeventeen ſhillings and

nine-pence: thou haſt been with me eight months, three weeks, two days, and four hours. Poor Crambe upon the receipt of his Salary fell into tears, flung the money upon the ground, and burſt forth in theſe words:——O Cicero, Cicero! if to pun be a crime, 'tis a crime I have learned from thee: O Bias, Bias! if to pun be a crime, by thy example was I bias'd.—Whereupon Martin (conſidering that one of the greateſt of Orators, and even a Sage of Greece had punned) heſitated, relented, and reinſtated Crambe in his Service.

CHAP. IX.

HOW MARTINUS BECAME A GREAT CRITIC.

IT was a moſt peculiar Talent in Martinus, to convert every Trifle into a ſerious thing, either in the way of Life, or in Learning. This can no way be better exemplified, than in the effect which the Puns of Crambe had on the Mind and Studies of Martinus. He conceived, that ſomewhat of a like Talent to this of Crambe, of *aſſembling parallel ſounds*, either *ſyllables*, or *words*, might conduce to the Emendation and Correction of *Ancient Authors*, if applied to their Works, with the ſame *diligence*, and the ſame *liberty*. He reſolved to try firſt upon Virgil, Horace, and Terence; concluding, that, if the *moſt correct* Authors could be ſo ſerved with any reputation to the Critic, the amendment and alteration of *all the reſt* would eaſily follow; whereby a new, a vaſt, nay boundleſs Field of Glory would be opened to the true and *abſolute Critic*.

This Specimen on Virgil he has given us, in the Addenda to his Notes on the Dunciad. His Terence and Horace are in every body's hands, under the names of Richard B—ley, and Francis

H—re. And we have convincing proofs that the late Edition of Milton publiſhed in the name of the former of theſe, was in truth the Work of no other than our Scriblerus.

CHAP. X.

OF MARTINUS'S UNCOMMON PRACTICE OF PHYSICK, AND HOW HE APPLIED HIMSELF TO THE DISEASES OF THE MIND.

BUT it is high time to return to the Hiſtory of the Progreſs of Martinus in the Studies of Phyſick, and to enumerate ſome at leaſt of the many Diſcoveries and Experiments he made therein.

One of his firſt was his method of inveſtigating latent Diſtempers, by the ſagacious Quality of *Setting-Dogs* and *Pointers*. The ſucceſs, and the Adventures that befel him, when he walked with theſe Animals, to ſmell them out in the Parks and public places about London, are what we would willingly relate; but that his own Account, together with a *Liſt of thoſe Gentlemen and Ladies* at whom they made a *Full ſet*, will be publiſhed in time convenient. There will alſo be added the Repreſentation, which, on occaſion of one diſtemper which was become almoſt epidemical, he thought himſelf obliged to lay before both Houſes of Parliament, intitled, *A Propoſal for a General Flux*, to exterminate at one blow the P—x out of this kingdom.

But being weary of all practice on *foetid Bodies*; from a certain niceneſs of Conſtitution (eſpecially when he attended Dr. Woodward through a Twelvemonths courſe of Vomition) he determined to leave it off entirely, and to apply himſelf only to diſeaſes of the *Mind*. He attempted to find out Specificks for all the

Paſſions;

Paſſions; and as other Phyſicians throw their Patients into ſweats, vomits, purgations, etc. he caſt them into Love, Hatred, Hope, Fear, Joy, Grief, etc. And indeed the great Irregularity of the Paſſions in the Engliſh Nation, was the chief motive that induced him to apply his whole ſtudies, while he continued among us, to the Diſeaſes of the Mind.

To this purpoſe he directed, in the firſt place, his late acquired ſkill in *Anatomy*. He conſidered *Virtues* and *Vices* as certain Habits which proceed from the natural Formation and Structure of particular parts of the body. A Bird flies becauſe it has Wings, a Duck ſwims becauſe it is web-footed: and there can be no queſtion but the aduncity of the pounces and beaks of the Hawks, as well as the length of the fangs, the ſharpneſs of the teeth, and the ſtrength of the crural and maſſeter-muſcles [a] in Lions and Tygers, are the cauſe of the great and habitual Immorality of thoſe Animals.

1ſt, He obſerved, that the Soul and Body mutually operate upon each other, and therefore if you deprive the Mind of the outward Inſtruments whereby ſhe uſually expreſſeth that Paſſion, you will in time abate the Paſſion itſelf, in like manner as Caſtration abates Luſt.

2dly, That the Soul in mankind expreſſeth every Paſſion by the Motion of ſome particular *Muſcles*.

3dly, That all Muſcles grow ſtronger and thicker by being *much uſed*; therefore the habitual Paſſions may be diſcerned in particular perſons by the *ſtrength* and *bigneſs* of the Muſcles uſed in the expreſſion of that Paſſion.

4thly, That a Muſcle may be ſtrengthened or weakened by weakening or ſtrengthening the force of its Antagoniſt. These things premiſed, he took notice,

That

[a] Μασσητῆρες μῦες.

That *complaiſance*, *humility*, *aſſent*, *approbation*, and *civility*, were expreſſed by nodding the head and bowing the body forward: on the contrary, *diſſent*, *diſlike*, *refuſal*, *pride*, and *arrogance*, were marked by toſſing the head, and bending the body backwards: which two Paſſions of *aſſent* and *diſſent* the Latins rightly expreſſed by the words *adnuere*, and *abnuere*. Now he obſerved, that complaiſant and civil people had the Flexors of the head very ſtrong; but in the proud and inſolent there was a great over-balance of ſtrength in the Extenſors of the Neck and the Muſcles of the Back, from whence they perform with great facility the motion of *toſſing*, but with great difficulty that of *bowing*, and therefore have juſtly acquired the Title of *ſtiff-necked:* In order to reduce ſuch perſons to a juſt balance, he judged that the pair of Muſcles called *Recti interni*, the Maſtoidal, with other flexors of the head, neck, and body, muſt be ſtrengthened; their Antagoniſts, the *Splenii Complexi*, and the Extenſors of the Spine weakened: For which purpoſe Nature herſelf ſeems to have directed mankind to correct this Muſcular Immorality by tying ſuch fellows *Neck and Heels*.

Contrary to this, is the pernicious Cuſtom of Mothers, who aboliſh the natural Signature of Modeſty in their Daughters, by teaching them *toſſing* and *bridling*, rather than the baſhful poſture of *ſtooping*, and *hanging down the head*. Martinus charged all huſbands to take notice of the *Poſture of the Head* of ſuch as they courted to Matrimony, as that upon which their future happineſs did much depend.

Flatterers, who have the flexor Muſcles ſo ſtrong, that they are always bowing and cringing, he ſuppoſed might in ſome meaſure be corrected by being tied down upon a Tree by the back, like the children of the Indians; which doctrine was ſtrongly confirmed by his obſerving the ſtrength of the *levatores Scapulae:*

This

This Muſcle is called the Muſcle of *patience*, becauſe in that affection of Mind people ſhrug and raiſe up the ſhoulder to the tip of the ear. This Muſcle alſo he obſerved to be exceedingly ſtrong and large in *Henpecked Huſbands*, in *Italians*, and in *Engliſh Miniſters*.

In purſuance of his Theory, he ſuppoſed the *conſtrictors* of the *Eye-lids* muſt be ſtrengthened in the ſupercilious, the *abductors* in drunkards and contemplative men, who have the ſame ſteddy and grave motion of the eye. That the *buccinators* or blowers up of the *cheeks*, and the *dilators* of the *Noſe*, were too ſtrong in Cholerick people; and therefore Nature here again directed us to a remedy, which was to correct ſuch extraordinary dilatation by *pulling by the Noſe*.

The rolling amorous Eye, in the paſſion of Love, might be corrected by frequently looking through glaſſes. Impertinent fellows that jump upon Tables, and cut capers, might be cured by relaxing medicines applied to the *Calves* of their *Legs*, which in ſuch people are too ſtrong.

But there were two caſes which he reckoned extremely difficult. Firſt, *Affectation*, in which there were ſo many Muſcles of the bum, thighs, belly, neck, back, and the whole body, all in a falſe tone, that it required an impracticable multiplicity of applications.

The ſecond caſe was immoderate *Laughter:* When any of that riſible ſpecies were brought to the Doctor, and when he conſidered what an infinity of Muſcles theſe laughing Raſcals threw into a convulſive motion at the ſame time; whether we regard the ſpaſms of the Diaphragm and all the muſcles of reſpiration, the horrible *rictus* of the mouth, the diſtortion of the low r jaw, the criſping of the noſe, twinkling of the eyes, or ſpherical convexity of the cheeks, with the tremulous ſuccuſſion of the whole human body: when he conſidered, I ſay, all this, he uſed to cry out, *Caſus plane deplorabilis!* and give ſuch Patients over.

THE

CHAP. XI.

THE CASE OF A YOUNG NOBLEMAN AT COURT, WITH THE DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION FOR THE SAME.

AN eminent Inſtance of Martin's Sagacity in diſcovering the Diſtempers of the Mind, appeared in the caſe of a young Nobleman at Court, who was obſerved to grow extremely affected in his ſpeech, and whimſical in all his behaviour. He began to aſk odd queſtions, talk in verſe to himſelf, ſhut himſelf up from his friends, and be acceſſible to none but Flatterers, Poets, and Pick-pockets; till his Relations and old Acquaintance judged him to be ſo far gone, as to be a fit Patient for the Doctor.

As ſoon as he had heard and examined all the ſymptoms, he pronounced his diſtemper to be *Love*.

His friends aſſured him, that they had with great care obſerved all his motions, and were perfectly ſatisfied there was no Woman in the caſe. Scriblerus was as poſitive that he was deſperately in love with ſome perſon or other. "How can that be?" (ſaid his Aunt, who came to aſk the advice) "when he converſes "almoſt with none but himſelf?" Say you ſo? he replied, why then he is in love with himſelf, one of the moſt common caſes in the world. I am aſtoniſhed people do not enough attend this Diſeaſe, which has the ſame cauſes and ſymptoms, and admits of the ſame cure with the other: eſpecially ſince here the caſe of the Patient is the more helpleſs and deplorable of the two, as this unfortunate paſſion is more blind than the other. There are people, who diſcover from their very youth a moſt amorous inclination to themſelves; which is unhappily nurſed by ſuch

Mothers, as, with their good will, would never ſuffer their children to be *croſſed in love*. Eaſe, luxury, and idleneſs, blow up this flame as well as the other: Conſtant opportunities of converſation with the perſon beloved (the greateſt of incentives) are here impoſſible to be prevented. Bawds and pimps in the other love, will be perpetually doing kind offices, ſpeaking a good word for the party, and carrying about Billet-doux. Therefore I aſk you, Madam, if this Gentleman has not been much frequented by Flatterers, and a ſort of people who bring him dedications and verſes? "O Lord! Sir," (quoth the Aunt) "the "houſe is haunted with them."—There it is (replied Scriblerus) thoſe are the bawds and pimps that go between a man and himſelf. Are there no civil Ladies, that tell him he dreſſes well, has a gentlemanly air, and the like? "Why truly, Sir, my Nephew "is not aukward."—Look you, Madam, this is a misfortune to him: In former days theſe ſort of lovers were happy in one reſpect, that they never had any rivals, but of late they have all the Ladies ſo.—Be pleaſed to anſwer a few queſtions more. Whom does he generally talk of? Himſelf, quoth the Aunt.—Whoſe wit and breeding does he moſt commend? His own, quoth the Aunt. —Whom does he write letters to? Himſelf.—Whom does he dream of? All the dreams I ever heard were of himſelf.—Whom is he ogling yonder? Himſelf in his looking-glaſs.—Why does he throw back his head in that languiſhing poſture? Only to be bleſt with a ſmile of himſelf as he paſſes by.—Does he ever ſteal a kiſs from himſelf, by biting his lips? Oh continually, till they are perfect vermilion.—Have you obſerved him to uſe Familiarities with any body? "With none but himſelf: he often "embraces himſelf with folded arms, he claps his hand often "upon his hip, nay ſometimes thruſts it into his breaſt."

Madam, ſaid the Doctor, all theſe are ſtrong ſymptoms; but there remain a few more. Has this amorous gentleman preſented himſelf with any Love-toys; ſuch as gold Snuff-boxes, repeating Watches, or Tweezer-caſes? thoſe are things that in time will ſoften the moſt obdurate heart. "Not only ſo" (ſaid the Aunt) "but he bought the other day a very fine brilliant diamond "Ring for his own wearing."—Nay, if he has accepted of this Ring, the intrigue is very forward indeed, and it is high time for friends to interpoſe.—Pray, Madam, a word or two more: Is he jealous that his acquaintance do not behave themſelves with reſpect enough? will he bear jokes and innocent freedoms? "By no means; a familiar appellation makes him angry; if you "ſhake him a little roughly by the hand, he is in a rage; but "if you chuck him under the chin, he will return you a box "on the ear."—Then the caſe is plain: he has the true Pathognomick ſign of Love, *Jealouſy*; for no body will ſuffer his miſtreſs to be treated at this rate. Madam, upon the whole, this Caſe is extremely dangerous. There are ſome people who are far gone in this paſſion of ſelf-love; but then they keep a *very ſecret Intrigue* with themſelves, and hide it from all the world beſides. But this Patient has not the leaſt care of the Reputation of his Beloved, he is downright ſcandalous in his behaviour with himſelf; he is enchanted, bewitched, and almoſt paſt cure. However, let the following methods be tried upon him.

Firſt, let him *** *Hiatus*. *** Secondly, let him wear a Bob-wig. Thirdly, ſhun the company of flatterers, nay of ceremonious people, and of all Frenchmen in general. It would not be amiſs if he travelled over England in a Stage-coach, and made the Tour of Holland in a Trackſcoute. Let him return the Snuff-boxes, Tweezer-caſes (and particularly the Diamond Ring) which he has received from himſelf. Let ſome knowing friend repreſent

to him the many vile Qualities of this Miſtreſs of his: let him be ſhewn, that her Extravagance, Pride, and Prodigality, will infallibly bring him to a morſel of bread: Let it be proved, that he has been falſe to himſelf, and if Treachery is not a ſufficient cauſe to diſcard a Miſtreſs, what is? In ſhort, let him be made to ſee that no mortal beſides himſelf either loves or can ſuffer this Creature. Let all Looking-glaſſes, poliſhed Toys, and even clean Plates be removed from him, for fear of bringing back the admired object. Let him be taught to put off all thoſe tender airs, affected ſmiles, languiſhing looks, wanton toſſes of the head, coy motions of the body, that mincing gait, ſoft tone of voice, and all that enchanting woman-like behaviour, that has made him the charm of his own eyes, and the object of his own adoration. Let him ſurprize the Beauty he adores at a diſadvantage, ſurvey himſelf naked, diveſted of artificial charms, and he will find himſelf a forked ſtradling Animal, with bandy legs, a ſhort neck, a dun hide, and a pot-belly. It would be yet better, if he took a ſtrong purge once a week, in order to contemplate himſelf in that condition: at which time it will be convenient to make uſe of the Letters, Dedications, etc. aboveſaid. Something like this has been obſerved by Lucretius and others to be a powerful remedy in the caſe of Women. If all this will not do, I muſt e'en leave the poor man to his deſtiny. Let him *marry himſelf*, and when he is condemned eternally to himſelf, perhaps he may run to the next pond to get rid of himſelf, the Fate of moſt violent Self-lovers.

CHAP. XII.

HOW MARTINUS ENDEAVOURED TO FIND OUT THE SEAT OF THE SOUL, AND OF HIS CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE FREE-THINKERS.

IN this Deſign of Martin to inveſtigate the Diſeaſes of the Mind, he thought nothing ſo neceſſary as an Enquiry after the *Seat* of the *Soul*; in which at firſt he laboured under great uncertainties. Sometimes he was of opinion that it lodged in the Brain, ſometimes in the Stomach, and ſometimes in the Heart. Afterwards he thought it abſurd to confine that ſovereign Lady to one apartment, which made him infer that ſhe ſhifted it according to the ſeveral functions of life: The Brain was her Study, the Heart her State-room, and the Stomach her Kitchen. But as he ſaw ſeveral Offices of life went on at the ſame time, he was forced to give up this Hypotheſis alſo. He now conjectured it was more for the dignity of the Soul to perform ſeveral operations by her little Miniſters, the *Animal Spirits*, from whence it was natural to conclude, that ſhe reſides in different parts according to different Inclinations, Sexes, Ages, and Profeſſions. Thus in Epicures he ſeated her in the mouth of the Stomach, Philoſophers have her in the Brain, Soldiers in their Heart, Women in their Tongues, Fidlers in their Fingers, and Rope-dancers in their Toes. At length he grew fond of the *Glandula Pinealis*, diſſecting many ſubjects to find out the different Figure of this Gland, from whence he might diſcover the cauſe of the different Tempers in mankind. He ſuppoſed that in factious and reſtleſs-ſpirited people he ſhould find it ſharp and pointed, allowing no room for the Soul to repoſe herſelf; that in quiet Tempers it was flat, ſmooth, and ſoft, affording to the Soul as it were

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an eaſy cuſhion. He was confirmed in this by obſerving, that Calves and Philoſophers, Tygers and Stateſmen, Foxes and Sharpers, Peacocks and Fops, Cock-Sparrows and Coquets, Monkeys and Players, Courtiers and Spaniels, Moles and Miſers, exactly reſemble one another in the conformation of the *Pineal Gland.* He did not doubt likewiſe to find the ſame reſemblance in Highwaymen and Conquerors: In order to ſatisfy himſelf in which, it was, that he purchaſed the body of one of the firſt Species (as hath been before related) at Tyburn, hoping in time to have the happineſs of one of the latter too, under his Anatomical knife.

We muſt not omit taking notice here, that theſe Enquiries into the *Seat* of the *Soul* gave occaſion to his firſt correſpondence with the ſociety of *Free-Thinkers*, who were then in their infancy in England, and ſo much taken with the promiſing endowments of Martin, that they ordered their Secretary to write him the following Letter.

To the learned Inquiſitor into Nature, MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS: *The Society of* Free-Thinkers *greeting.*

Grecian Coffee-Houſe, May 7.

IT is with unſpeakable joy we have heard of your inquiſitive Genius, and we think it great pity that it ſhould not be better employed, than in looking after that Theological Non-entity commonly called the *Soul:* Since after all your enquiries, it will appear you have loſt your labour in ſeeking the Reſidence of ſuch a Chimera, that never had being but in the brains of ſome dreaming Philoſophers. Is it not *Demonſtration* to a perſon of your Senſe, that, ſince *you cannot find it*, there is *no ſuch thing?* In order to ſet ſo hopeful a Genius right in this matter, we have ſent you an anſwer to the ill-grounded Sophiſms of thoſe crack-brained fellows,

fellows, and likewiſe an eaſy *mechanical explication* of *Perception* or *Thinking*.

[a] One of their chief Arguments is, that *Self-conſciouſneſs* cannot inhere in any ſyſtem of Matter, becauſe all matter is made up of ſeveral diſtinct beings, which never can make up one individual thinking Being.

This is eaſily anſwered by a familiar inſtance. In every *Jack* there is a *meat-roaſting* Quality, which neither reſides in the fly, nor in the weight, nor in any particular wheel of the Jack, but is the reſult of the whole compoſition: So in an Animal, the Self-conſciouſneſs is not a real Quality inherent in one Being (any more than meat-roaſting in a Jack) but the reſult of ſeveral Modes or Qualities in the ſame ſubject. As the fly, the wheels, the chain, the weight, the cords, etc. make one Jack, ſo the ſeveral parts of the body make one Animal. As perception, or conſciouſneſs, is ſaid to be inherent in this Animal, ſo is meat-roaſting ſaid to be inherent in the Jack. As ſenſation, reaſoning, volition, memory, etc. are the ſeveral Modes of thinking; ſo roaſting of beef, roaſting of mutton, roaſting of pullets, geeſe, turkeys, etc. are the ſeveral Modes of meat-roaſting. And as the general Quality of meat-roaſting, with its ſeveral modifications as to beef, mutton, pullets, etc. does not inhere in any one part of the Jack; ſo neither does Conſciouſneſs, with its ſeveral Modes of ſenſation, intellection, volition, etc. inhere in any one, but is the reſult from the mechanical compoſition of the whole Animal.

Juſt ſo, the Quality or Diſpoſition of a Fiddle to play tunes, with the ſeveral Modifications of this *tune-playing* quality in playing

[a] This whole Chapter is an inimitable ridicule on *Collins*'s arguments againſt *Clarke*, to prove the Soul to be only a Quality.

ing of Preludes, Sarabands, Jigs, and Gavotts, are as much real qualities in the Inſtrument, as the Thought or the Imagination is in the mind of the Perſon that compoſes them.

The Parts (ſay they) of an animal body are perpetually changed, and the fluids which ſeem to be the ſubject of conſciouſneſs, are in a perpetual circulation; ſo that the ſame Individual particles do not remain in the Brain; from whence it will follow, that the idea of individual Conſciouſneſs muſt be conſtantly tranſlated from one particle of matter to another, whereby the particle A, for example, muſt not only be conſcious, but conſcious that it is the ſame being with the particle B that went before.

We anſwer, this is only a fallacy of the imagination, and is to be underſtood in no other ſenſe than that maxim of the Engliſh Law, that the *King never dies*. This power of thinking, ſelf-moving, and governing the whole Machine, is communicated from every Particle to its immediate Succeſſor; who, as ſoon as he is gone, immediately takes upon him the government, which ſtill preſerves the Unity of the whole Syſtem.

They make a great noiſe about this Individuality: how a man is conſcious to himſelf that he is the ſame Individual he was twenty years ago; notwithſtanding the flux ſtate of the Particles of matter that compoſe his body. We think this is capable of a very plain anſwer, and may be eaſily illuſtrated by a familiar example.

Sir John Cutler had a pair of black worſted ſtockings, which his maid darned ſo often with ſilk, that they became at laſt a pair of ſilk ſtockings. Now ſuppoſing thoſe ſtockings of Sir John's endued with ſome degree of Conſciouſneſs at every particular darning, they would have been ſenſible, that they were the ſame individual pair of ſtockings, both before and after the darning;

darning; and this ſenſation would have continued in them through all the ſucceſſion of darnings: and yet after the laſt of all, there was not perhaps one thread left of the firſt pair of ſtockings, but they were grown to be ſilk ſtockings, as was ſaid before.

And whereas it is affirmed, that every animal is conſcious of ſome individual ſelf-moving, ſelf-determining principle; it is anſwered, that, as in a Houſe of Commons all things are determined by a *Majority*, ſo it is in every Animal ſyſtem. As that which determines the Houſe is ſaid to be the reaſon of the whole aſſembly; it is no otherwiſe with thinking Beings, who are determined by the greater force of ſeveral particles; which, like ſo many unthinking Members, compoſe one thinking Syſtem.

And whereas it is likewiſe objected, that Puniſhments cannot be juſt that are not inflicted upon the ſame individual, which cannot ſubſiſt without the notion of a ſpiritual ſubſtance: We reply, that this is no greater difficulty to conceive, than that a Corporation, which is likewiſe a flux body, may be puniſhed for the faults, and liable to the debts, of their Predeceſſors.

We proceed now to explain, by the ſtructure of the Brain, the ſeveral Modes of thinking. It is well known to Anatomiſts, that the Brain is a Congeries of Glands, that ſeparate the finer parts of the blood, called Animal Spirits; that a Gland is nothing but a Canal of a great length, variouſly intorted and wound up together. From the Arietation and Motion of the Spirits in thoſe Canals, proceed all the different ſorts of Thoughts. Simple Ideas are produced by the motion of the Spirits in one Simple Canal; when two of theſe Canals diſembogue themſelves into one, they make what we call a Propoſition; and when two of theſe propoſitional Canals empty themſelves into a third, they

form a Syllogiſm, or a Ratiocination. Memory is performed in a diſtinct apartment of the Brain, made up of veſſels ſimilar, and like ſituated to the ideal, propoſitional, and ſyllogiſtical veſſels in the primary parts of the brain. After the ſame manner it is eaſy to explain the other Modes of thinking; as alſo why ſome people think ſo wrong and perverſely, which proceeds from the bad configuration of thoſe Glands. Some, for example, are born without the propoſitional or ſyllogiſtical Canals; in others, that reaſon ill, they are of unequal capacities; in dull fellows, of too great a length, whereby the motion of the Spirits is retarded; in trifling genius's, weak and ſmall; in the over-refining ſpirits, too much intorted and winding; and ſo of the reſt.

We are ſo much perſuaded of the truth of this our Hypotheſis, that we have employed one of our Members, a great Virtuoſo at Nuremberg, to make a ſort of an Hydraulick Engine, in which a chemical liquor reſembling blood, is driven through elaſtic channels reſembling arteries and veins, by the force of an Embolus like the heart, and wrought by a pneumatick Machine of the nature of the lungs, with ropes and pullies, like the nerves, tendons, and muſcles: And we are perſuaded that this our artificial Man will not only walk, and ſpeak, and perform moſt of the outward actions of the animal life, but (being wound up once a week) will perhaps reaſon as well as moſt of your Country Parſons.

We wait with the utmoſt impatience for the honour of having you a Member of our Society, and beg leave to aſſure you that we are, etc.

What return Martin made to this obliging Letter we muſt defer to another occaſion: let it ſuffice at preſent to tell, that Crambe

Crambe was in a great rage at them, for ſtealing (as he thought) a hint from his *Theory of Syllogiſms*, without doing him the honour ſo much as to mention him. He adviſed his Maſter by no means to enter into their Society, unleſs they would give him ſufficient ſecurity, to bear him harmleſs from any thing that might happen after this preſent life.

CHAP. XIII.

OF THE SECESSION OF MARTINUS, AND SOME HINT OF HIS TRAVELS.

IT was in the year 1699 that Martin ſet out on his *Travels*. Thou wilt certainly be very curious to know what they were. It is not yet time to inform thee. But what hints I am at liberty to give, I will.

Thou ſhalt know then, that in his firſt Voyage he was carried by a proſperous Storm, to a Diſcovery of the Remains of the ancient *Pygmaean* Empire.

That in his ſecond, he was happily ſhipwrecked on the Land of the *Giants*, now the moſt humane people in the world.

That in his third Voyage, he diſcovered a whole Kingdom of *Philoſophers*, who govern by the *Mathematics*; with whoſe admirable Schemes and Projects he returned to benefit his own dear Country; but had the misfortune to find them rejected by the envious Miniſters of *Queen Anne*, and himſelf ſent treacherouſly away.

And hence it is, that in his fourth Voyage he diſcovers a Vein of Melancholy proceeding almoſt to a Diſguſt of his Species; but above all, a mortal Deteſtation to the whole flagitious Race of *Miniſters*, and a final Reſolution not to give in any *Memorial* to

the *Secretary of State*, in order to ſubject the Lands he diſcovered to the *Crown* of *Great Britain*.

Now if, by theſe hints, the Reader can help himſelf to a further diſcovery of the Nature and Contents of theſe Travels, he is welcome to as much light as they afford him; I am obliged, by all the ties of honour, not to ſpeak more openly.

But if any man ſhall ſee ſuch very extraordinary Voyages, into ſuch very extraordinary Nations, which manifeſt the moſt diſtinguiſhing marks of a Philoſopher, a Politician, and a Legiſlator; and can imagine them to belong to a *Surgeon of a Ship*, or a *Captain of a Merchantman*, let him remain in his Ignorance.

And whoever he be that ſhall further obſerve, in every page of ſuch a book, that cordial *Love* of *Mankind*, that inviolable *Regard* to *Truth*, that *Paſſion* for his *dear Country*, and that particular attachment to the excellent Princeſs Queen *Anne*; ſurely that man deſerves to be pitied, if by all thoſe viſible Signs and Characters, he cannot diſtinguiſh and acknowledge the Great *Scriblerus* [a].

CHAP. XIV.

OF THE DISCOVERIES AND WORKS OF THE GREAT SCRIBLERUS, MADE AND TO BE MADE, WRITTEN AND TO BE WRITTEN, KNOWN AND UNKNOWN.

HERE therefore, at this great Period, we end our firſt Book. And here, O Reader, we entreat thee utterly to forget all thou haſt hitherto read, and to caſt thy eyes only forward to that boundleſs Field the next ſhall open unto thee; the fruits of which (if thine, or our ſins do not prevent) are to ſpread and multiply over this our work, and over all the face of the earth.

In

[a] *Gulliver's Travels* were firſt planned out for a part of Scriblerus's Memoirs.

In the mean time, know what thou oweſt, and what thou yet mayeſt owe, to this excellent Perſon, this Prodigy of our Age; who may well be called, *The Philoſopher of Ultimate Cauſes*, ſince by a Sagacity peculiar to himſelf, he hath diſcovered Effects in their very Cauſe; and without the trivial helps of Experiments, or Obſervations, hath been the Inventor of moſt of the modern Syſtems and Hypotheſes.

He hath enriched Mathematicks with many preciſe and geometrical *Quadratures* of the *Circle*. He firſt diſcovered the *Cauſe* of *Gravity* †, and the inteſtine *Motion* of *Fluids*.

To him we owe all the obſervations of the *Parallax* of the *Pole-Star*, and all the new *Theories* of the *Deluge*.

He it was, that firſt taught the right uſe ſometimes of the *Fuga Vacui*, and ſometimes of the *Materia Subtilis*, in reſolving the grand Phenomena of Nature.

He it was that firſt found out the *Palpability* of *Colours*; and by the delicacy of his Touch, could diſtinguiſh the different Vibrations of the heterogeneous Rays of Light.

His were the Projects of *Perpetuum Mobiles*, *Flying Engines*, and *Pacing Saddles*; the Method of diſcovering the *Longitude* by *Bomb-Veſſels*, and of encreaſing the *Trade-Wind* by vaſt plantations of *Reeds* and *Sedges*.

I ſhall mention only a few of his Philoſophical and Mathematical Works.

1. A complete Digeſt of the Laws of Nature, with a Review of thoſe that are obſolete or repealed, and of thoſe that are ready to be renewed and put in force.

2. A Mechanical Explication of the Formation of the Univerſe, according to the Epicurean Hypotheſis.

3. An

† See this folly expoſed in the note to ver. 643, in the ivth B. of the *Dunciad*.

3. An Inveſtigation of the Quantity of real Matter in the Univerſe, with the proportion of the ſpecifick Gravity of ſolid Matter to that of fluid.

4. Microſcopical Obſervations of the Figure and Bulk of the conſtituent Parts of all fluids. A Calculation of the proportion in which the Fluids of the Earth decreaſe, and of the period in which they will be totally exhauſted.

5. A Computation of the Duration of the Sun, and how long it will laſt before it be burned out.

6. A Method to apply the Force ariſing from the immenſe Velocity of *Light* to mechanical purpoſes.

7. An anſwer to the queſtion of a curious Gentleman; How long a *New Star* was lighted up before its appearance to the Inhabitants of our Earth? To which is ſubjoined a Calculation, how much the Inhabitants of the *Moon* eat for Supper, conſidering that they paſs a Night equal to fifteen of our natural days.

8. A Demonſtration of the natural Dominion of the Inhabitants of the Earth over thoſe of the Moon, if ever an intercourſe ſhould be opened between them. With a propoſal of a *Partition-Treaty*, among the earthly Potentates, in caſe of ſuch diſcovery.

9. Tide-Tables, for a Comet, that is to approximate towards the Earth.

10. The number of the Inhabitants of London determined by the Reports of the Gold-finders, and the Tonnage of their Carriages; with allowance for the extraordinary quantity of the *Ingeſta* and *Egeſta* of the people of England, and a deduction of what is left under dead walls, and dry ditches.

It will from hence be evident, how much all his Studies were directed to the univerſal Benefit of Mankind. Numerous have been

been his Projects to this end, of which *Two* alone will be ſufficient to ſhow the amazing Grandeur of his Genius. The firſt was a Propoſal, by a general contribution of all Princes, to pierce the firſt cruſt or *Nucleus* of this our *Earth*, quite through, to the next concentrical Sphere. The advantage he propoſed from it was, to find the *Parallax* of the *Fixt Stars*; but chiefly to refute Sir Iſaac Newton's Theory of *Gravity*, and Mr. Halley's of the *Variations*. The ſecond was, to build *Two Poles* to the *Meridian*, with immenſe Light-houſes on the top of them; to ſupply the defect of Nature, and to make the Longitude as eaſy to be calculated as the Latitude. Both theſe he could not but think very practicable, by the Power of all the Potentates of the World.

May we preſume after theſe to mention, how he deſcended from the ſublime to the beneficial parts of Knowledge, and particularly his extraordinary practice of *Phyſick*. From the Age, Complexion, or Weight of the perſon given, he contrived to preſcribe at a diſtance, as well as at a Patient's bed-ſide. He taught the way to many modern Phyſicians, to cure their Patients by *Intuition*, and to others to cure *without looking on them at all*. He projected a Menſtruum to diſſolve the Stone, made of Dr. Woodward's *Univerſal Deluge-water*. His was alſo the device to relieve Conſumptive or Aſthmatic perſons, by bringing freſh Air out of the Country to Town, by pipes of the nature of the Recipients of Air-pumps: And to introduce the native Air of a man's country into any other in which he ſhould travel, with a ſeaſonable Intromiſſion of ſuch Steams as were moſt familiar to him; to the inexpreſſible comfort of many Scotſmen, Laplanders, and white Bears.

In *Phyſiognomy*, his penetration is ſuch, that from the *Picture* only of any perſon, he can write his *Life*; and from

the features of the Parents, draw the Portrait of any Child that is to be born.

Nor hath he been ſo enrapt in theſe Studies, as to neglect the Polite Arts of Painting, Architecture, Muſick, Poetry, etc. It was he that gave the firſt hint to our modern *Painters*, to improve the *Likeneſs* of their Portraits by the uſe of ſuch *Colours* as would faithfully and conſtantly accompany the *Life*, not only in its preſent ſtate, but in all its alterations, decays, age, and death itſelf.

In *Architecture*, he builds not with ſo much regard to preſent ſymmetry or conveniency, as with a Thought well worthy a true lover of Antiquity, to wit, the noble effect the Building will have to poſterity, when it ſhall fall and become a Ruin.

As to *Muſic*, I think Heidegger has not the face to deny that he has been much beholden to his Scores.

In *Poetry*, he hath appeared under a hundred different names, of which we may one day give a Catalogue.

In *Politicks*, his Writings are of a peculiar Caſt, for the moſt part Ironical, and the Drift of them often ſo delicate and refined as to be miſtaken by the vulgar. He once went ſo far, as to write a Perſuaſive to people to eat their own Children, which was ſo little underſtood as to be taken in ill part[c]. He has often written againſt Liberty in the name of *Freeman* and *Algernon Sidney*, in vindication of the Meaſures of *Spain* under that of *Raleigh*, and in praiſe of *Corruption* under thoſe of *Cato* and *Publicola*.

It is true, that at his laſt departure from England, in the Reign of Queen *Anne*, apprehending leſt any of theſe might be perverted to the Scandal of the weak, or Encouragement of the flagitious, he caſt them all, without mercy, into a Bog-houſe near

[c] Swift's ironical tract on that ſubject.

near *St. James*'s. Some however have been with great diligence recovered, and fiſhed up with a hook and line, by the Miniſterial Writers, which make at preſent the great Ornaments of their works.

Whatever he judged beneficial to Mankind, he conſtantly communicated (not only during his ſtay among us, but ever ſince his abſence) by ſome method or other, in which Oſtentation had no part. With what incredible Modeſty he concealed himſelf is known to numbers of thoſe to whom he addreſſed ſometimes Epiſtles, ſometimes Hints, ſometimes whole Treatiſes, Advices to Friends, Projects of Firſt Miniſters, Letters to Members of Parliament, Accounts to the Royal Society, and innumerable others.

All theſe will be vindicated to the true Author, in the Courſe of theſe Memoirs. I may venture to ſay they cannot be unacceptable to any, but to thoſe, who will appear too much concerned as *Plagiaries*, to be admitted as *Judges*. Wherefore we warn the Public, to take particular notice of all ſuch as manifeſt any indecent Paſſion at the appearance of this Work, as Perſons moſt certainly involved in the Guilt.

The END of the FIRST BOOK.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ:

OR, OF THE ART OF

SINKING IN POETRY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXXVII.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ.

CHAP. I.

IT hath been long (my dear Countrymen) the ſubject of my concern and ſurprize, that whereas numberleſs Poets, Critics, and Orators have compiled and digeſted the Art of ancient Poeſy, there hath not riſen among us one perſon ſo public-ſpirited, as to perform the like for the Modern. Although it is univerſally known, that our every-way induſtrious Moderns, both in the Weight of their writings, and in the Velocity of their judgments, do ſo infinitely excel the ſaid Ancients.

Nevertheleſs, too true it is, that while a plain and direct road is paved to their ὕψος, or Sublime; no track has been yet chalked out, to arrive at our Βάθος, or Profund. The Latins, as they came between the Greeks and Us, make uſe of the word *Altitudo*, which implies equally height and depth. Wherefore conſidering with no ſmall grief, how many promiſing Genius's of this age are wandering (as I may ſay) in the dark without a guide, I have undertaken this arduous but neceſſary taſk, to lead them as it were by the hand, and ſtep by ſtep, the gentle down-hill way to the Bathos; the bottom, the end, the central point, the *non plus ultra*, of true Modern Poeſy!

When I conſider (my dear Countrymen) the extent, fertility, and populouſneſs of our Lowlands of Parnaſſus, the flouriſhing ſtate of our Trade, and the plenty of our Manufacture; there are two reflections which adminiſter great occaſion of ſurprize: The one, that all dignities and honours ſhould be beſtowed upon

the

the exceeding few meager inhabitants of the Top of the mountain; the other, that our own nation ſhould have arrived to that pitch of greatneſs it now poſſeſſes, without any regular ſyſtem of Laws. As to the firſt, it is with great pleaſure I have obſerved of late the gradual decay of Delicacy and Refinement among mankind, who are become too reaſonable to require that we ſhould labour with infinite pains to come up to the taſte of theſe Mountaineers, when they without any may condeſcend to ours. But as we now have an unqueſtionable Majority on our ſide, I doubt not but we ſhall ſhortly be able to level theſe Highlanders, and procure a further vent for our own product, which is already ſo much reliſhed, encouraged, and rewarded, by the Nobility and Gentry of Great Britain.

Therefore, to ſupply our former defect, I purpoſe to collect the ſcattered Rules of our Art into regular Inſtitutes, from the example and practice of the deep Genius's of our nation; imitating herein my predeceſſors the Maſter of Alexander, and the Secretary of the renowned Zenobia. And in this my undertaking I am the more animated, as I expect more ſucceſs than has attended even thoſe great Critics; ſince their Laws (though they might be good) have ever been ſlackly executed, and their Precepts (however ſtrict) obeyed only by fits, and by a very ſmall number.

At the ſame time I intend to do juſtice upon our neighbours, inhabitants of the upper Parnaſſus; who, taking advantage of the riſing ground, are perpetually throwing down rubbiſh, dirt and ſtones upon us, never ſuffering us to live in peace. Theſe men, while they enjoy the cryſtal ſtream of Helicon, envy us our common water, which (thank our ſtars) though it is ſomewhat muddy, flows in much greater abundance. Nor is this the greateſt injuſtice that we have to complain of; for though

though it is evident that we never made the leaſt attempt or inroad into their territories, but lived contented in our native ſens; they have often not only committed Petty Larcenies upon our borders, but driven the country, and carried off at once whole Cartloads of our manufacture; to reclaim ſome of which ſtolen goods is part of the deſign of this Treatiſe.

For we ſhall ſee in the courſe of this work, that our greateſt Adverſaries have ſometimes deſcended towards us; and doubtleſs might now and then have arrived at the Bathos itſelf, had it not been for that miſtaken opinion they all entertained, that the Rules of the Ancients were equally neceſſary to the Moderns; than which there cannot be a more grievous Error, as will be amply proved in the following diſcourſe.

And indeed when any of theſe have gone ſo far, as by the light of their own Genius to attempt *new* Models, it is wonderful to obſerve, how nearly they have approached us in thoſe particular pieces; though in their others they differed *toto coelo* from us.

CHAP. II.

THAT THE BATHOS, OR PROFUND, IS THE NATURAL TASTE OF MAN, AND IN PARTICULAR, OF THE PRESENT AGE.

THE Taſte of the Bathos is implanted by Nature itſelf in the ſoul of man; till, perverted by cuſtom or example, he is taught, or rather compelled, to reliſh the Sublime. Accordingly, we ſee the unprejudiced minds of Children delight only in ſuch productions, and in ſuch images, as our true modern writers ſet before them. I have obſerved how faſt the general

Taſte

Taſte is returning to this firſt Simplicity and Innocence; and if the intent of all Poetry, be to divert and inſtruct, certainly that kind which diverts and inſtructs the *greateſt number*, is to be preferred. Let us look round among the Admirers of Poetry, we ſhall find thoſe who have a taſte of the Sublime to be very few; but the Profund ſtrikes univerſally, and is adapted to every capacity. 'Tis a fruitleſs undertaking to write for men of a nice and foppiſh Guſto, whom after all it is almoſt impoſſible to pleaſe; and 'tis ſtill more chimerical to write for Poſterity, of whoſe Taſte we cannot make any judgment, and whoſe Applauſe we can never enjoy. It muſt be confeſſed our wiſer authors have a preſent end,

Et prodeſſe volunt et delectare Poetae.

Their true deſign is Profit or Gain; in order to acquire which, 'tis neceſſary to procure applauſe by adminiſtering pleaſure to the reader: From whence it follows demonſtrably, that their productions muſt be ſuited to the *preſent* Taſte. And I cannot but congratulate our age on this peculiar felicity, that though we have made indeed great progreſs in all other branches of Luxury, we are not yet debauched with any high Reliſh in Poetry, but are in this one Taſte leſs nice than our anceſtors. If an Art is to be eſtimated by its ſucceſs, I appeal to experience whether there have not been, in proportion to their number, as many ſtarving good Poets, as bad ones.

Nevertheleſs, in making Gain the principal end of our Art, far be it from me to exclude any great Genius's of *Rank* or *Fortune* from diverting themſelves this way. They ought to be praiſed no leſs than thoſe Princes, who paſs their vacant hours in ſome ingenious mechanical or manual Art. And to ſuch as theſe, it would be ingratitude not to own, that our Art has been often infinitely indebted.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

THE NECESSITY OF THE BATHOS, PHYSICALLY CONSIDERED.

FURTHERMORE, it were great cruelty and injuſtice, if all ſuch Authors as cannot write in the other way, were prohibited from writing at all. Againſt this I draw an argument from what ſeems to me an undoubted phyſical Maxim, That Poetry is a natural or morbid Secretion from the Brain. As I would not ſuddenly ſtop a cold in the head, or dry up my neighbour's Iſſue, I would as little hinder him from neceſſary writing. It may be affirmed with great truth, that there is hardly any human creature paſt childhood, but at one time or other has had ſome Poetical Evacuation, and, no queſtion, was much the better for it in his health: ſo true is the ſaying, *Naſcimur Poetae*. Therefore is the deſire of Writing properly termed *Pruritus*, the "Titil-"lation of the Generative Faculty of the Brain," and the Perſon is ſaid to conceive; now ſuch as conceive muſt bring forth. I have known a man thoughtful, melancholy and raving for divers days, who forthwith grew wonderfully eaſy, lightſome and cheerful, upon a diſcharge of the peccant humour, in exceeding purulent Metre. Nor can I queſtion, but abundance of untimely deaths are occaſioned for want of this laudable vent of unruly paſſions: yea, perhaps, in poor wretches, (which is very lamentable) for mere want of pen, ink, and paper! From hence it follows, that a ſuppreſſion of the very worſt Poetry is of dangerous conſequence to the State. We find by experience, that the ſame humours which vent themſelves in ſummer in Ballads and Sonnets, are condenſed by the winter's cold into Pamphlets and Speeches for and againſt the Miniſtry: Nay, I know not but

many times a piece of Poetry may be the moſt innocent compoſition of a Miniſter himſelf.

It is therefore manifeſt that *Mediocrity* ought to be allowed, yea indulged, to the good Subjects of England. Nor can I conceive how the world has ſwallowed the contrary as a Maxim, upon the ſingle authority of that [a] Horace? Why ſhould the golden Mean, the quinteſſence of all Virtues, be deemed ſo offenſive in this Art? or Coolneſs or Mediocrity be ſo amiable a quality in a Man, and ſo deteſtable in a Poet?

However, far be it from me to compare theſe Writers with thoſe great Spirits, who are born with a *Vivacité de peſanteur*, or (as an Engliſh Author calls it) an "Alacrity of ſinking;" and who by ſtrength of Nature alone can excel. All I mean is to evince the Neceſſity of Rules to theſe leſſer Genius's, as well as the Uſefulneſs of them to the greater.

CHAP. IV.

THAT THERE IS AN ART OF THE BATHOS, OR PROFUND.

WE come now to prove, that there is an Art of Sinking in Poetry. Is there not an Architecture of Vaults and Cellars, as well as of lofty Domes and Pyramids? Is there not as much ſkill and labour in making Dikes, as in raiſing Mounts? Is there not an Art of Diving as well as of Flying? And will any ſober practitioner affirm, that a diving Engine is not of ſingular uſe in making him long-winded, aſſiſting his ſight, and furniſhing him with other ingenious means of keeping under water?

If

[a] *Mediocribus eſſe poetis*
Non dii, non homines, etc. Hor. P.

If we ſearch the Authors of Antiquity, we ſhall find as few to have been diſtinguiſhed in the true Profund, as in the true Sublime. And the very ſame thing (as it appears from Longinus) had been imagined of that, as now of this: namely, that it was entirely the Gift of Nature. I grant that to excel in the Bathos a Genius is requiſite; yet the Rules of Art muſt be allowed ſo far uſeful, as to add weight, or, as I may ſay, hang on lead, to facilitate and enforce our deſcent, to guide us to the moſt advantageous declivities, and habituate our imagination to a depth of thinking. Many there are that can fall, but few can arrive at the felicity of falling gracefully; much more for a man who is amongſt the loweſt of the Creation, at the very bottom of the Atmoſphere, to deſcend beneath himſelf, is not ſo eaſy a taſk unleſs he calls in Art to his aſſiſtance. It is with the Bathos as with ſmall Beer, which is indeed vapid and inſipid, if left at large, and let abroad; but being by our Rules confined and well ſtopt, nothing grows ſo frothy, pert, and bouncing.

The Sublime of Nature is the Sky, the Sun, Moon, Stars, etc. The Profund of Nature is Gold, Pearls, precious Stones, and the Treaſures of the Deep, which are ineſtimable as unknown. But all that lies between theſe, as Corn, Flower, Fruits, Animals, and Things for the meer uſe of Man, are of mean price, and ſo common as not to be greatly eſteemed by the curious. It being certain that any thing, of which we know the true uſe, cannot be invaluable: Which affords a ſolution, why Common Senſe hath either been totally deſpiſed, or held in ſmall repute, by the greateſt modern Critics and Authors.

CHAP. V.

OF THE TRUE GENIUS FOR THE PROFUND, AND BY WHAT IT IS CONSTITUTED.

AND I will venture to lay it down, as the firſt Maxim and Corner-Stone of this our Art; that whoever would excel therein, muſt ſtudiouſly avoid, deteſt, and turn his head from all the ideas, ways, and workings of that peſtilent Foe to Wit, and Deſtroyer of fine Figures, which is known by the Name of *Common Senſe*. His buſineſs muſt be to contract the true *Gout de travers;* and to acquire a moſt happy, uncommon, unaccountable Way of Thinking.

He is to conſider himſelf as a Groteſque painter, whoſe works would be ſpoiled by an imitation of nature, or uniformity of deſign. He is to mingle bits of the moſt various, or diſcordant kinds, landſcape, hiſtory, portraits, animals, and connect them with a great deal of flouriſhing, by heads or tails, as it ſhall pleaſe his imagination, and contribute to his principal end, which is to glare by ſtrong oppoſition of colours, and ſurprize by contrariety of images,

Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni. Hor.

His deſign ought to be like a labyrinth, out of which no body can get clear but himſelf. And ſince the great Art of Poetry is to mix Truth with Fiction, in order to join the *Credible* with the *Surprizing;* our author ſhall produce the Credible, by painting Nature in her loweſt ſimplicity; and the Surprizing, by contradicting common opinion. In the very manners he will affect the *Marvellous;* he will draw Achilles with the patience of Job; a Prince talking like a Jack-pudding; a Maid of honour ſelling

bargains; a Footman ſpeaking like a philoſopher; and a fine Gentleman like a ſcholar. Whoever is converſant in modern Plays, may make a moſt noble collection of this kind, and at the ſame time, form a complete body of *modern Ethics and Morality*.

Nothing ſeemed more plain to our great authors than that the world had long been weary of *natural things*. How much the contrary are formed to pleaſe, is evident from the univerſal applauſe daily given to the admirable entertainments of Harlequin and Magicians on our ſtage. When an audience behold a coach turned into a wheel-barrow, a conjurer into an old woman, or a man's head where his heels ſhould be; how are they ſtruck with tranſport and delight? Which can only be imputed to this cauſe, that each object is changed into that which hath been ſuggeſted to them by their own low ideas before.

He ought therefore to render himſelf maſter of this happy and *anti-natural* way of thinking to ſuch a degree, as to be able, on the appearance of any object, to furniſh his imagination with ideas infinitely *below* it. And his eyes ſhould be like unto the wrong end of a perſpective glaſs, by which all the objects of nature are leſſened.

For example; when a true genius looks upon the Sky, he immediately catches the idea of a piece of blue luteſtring, or a child's mantle.

[b] *The Skies, whoſe ſpreading volumes ſcarce have room,*
Spun thin, and wove in nature's fineſt loom,
The new-born world in their ſoft lap embrac'd,
And all around their ſtarry mantle caſt.

If he looks upon a tempeſt, he ſhall have an image of a troubled bed, and deſcribe a ſucceeding calm in this manner:

The

[b] Prince Arthur, p. 41, 42.

[c] *The Ocean, joy'd to ſee the tempeſt fled,*
New lays his waves, and ſmooths his ruffled bed.

The Triumphs and Acclamations of the Angels, at the Creation of the Univerſe, preſent to his imagination "the Rejoicings "of the Lord Mayor's Day;" and he beholds thoſe glorious beings celebrating the Creator, by huzzaing, making illuminations, and flinging ſquibs, crackers, and ſky-rockets.

[d] *Glorious Illuminations, made on high,*
By all the ſtars and planets of the ſky,
In juſt degrees, and ſhining order plac'd,
Spectators charm'd, and the bleſt dwelling grac'd.
Through all th' enlighten'd air ſwift fireworks flew,
Which with repeated ſhouts glad Cherubs threw.
Comets aſcended with their ſweeping train,
Then fell in ſtarry ſhow'rs and glitt'ring rain.
In air ten thouſand meteors blazing hung,
Which from th' eternal battlements were flung.

If a man who is violently fond of *Wit*, will ſacrifice to that paſſion his friend or his God, would it not be a ſhame, if he who is ſmit with the love of the *Bathos* ſhould not ſacrifice to it all other tranſitory regards? You ſhall hear a zealous Proteſtant Deacon invoke a Saint, and modeſtly beſeech her to do more for us than Providence:

[e] *Look down, bleſs'd ſaint, with pity then look down,*
Shed on this land thy kinder influence,
And guide us through the miſts of providence,
In which we ſtray.

Neither

[c] Prince Arthur, p. 14. [d] P. 50. [e] A. Philips on the death of Queen Mary.

N. B. In order to do Juſtice to theſe great Poets, our Citations are taken from the beſt, the laſt, and moſt correct Editions of their Works. That which we uſe of Prince Arthur, is in *Duodecimo*, 1714. The fourth Edition reviſed. P.

Neither will he, if a goodly Simile come in his way, ſcruple to affirm himſelf an eye-witneſs of things never yet beheld by man, or never in exiſtence; as thus,

[f] *Thus have I ſeen in Araby the bleſs'd,*
A Phoenix couch'd upon her fun'ral neſt.

But to convince you that nothing is ſo great which a marvellous genius, prompted by this laudable zeal, is not able to leſſen; hear how the moſt ſublime of all Beings is repreſented in the following images:

FIRST HE IS A PAINTER.

[g] *Sometimes the Lord of Nature in the air,*
Spreads forth his clouds, his ſable canvas, where
His pencil, dipp'd in heav'nly colour bright,
Paints his fair rain-bow, charming to the ſight.

NOW HE IS A CHEMIST.

[h] *Th' Almighty Chemiſt does his work prepare,*
Pours down his waters on the thirſty plain,
Digeſts his light'ning, and diſtils his rain.

NOW HE IS A WRESTLER.

[i] *Me in his griping arms th' Eternal took,*
And with ſuch mighty force my body ſhook,
That the ſtrong graſp my members ſorely bruis'd,
Broke all my bones, and all my ſinews loos'd.

NOW A RECRUITING OFFICER.

[k] *For clouds, the ſun-beams levy freſh ſupplies,*
And raiſe recruits of vapours, which ariſe
Drawn from the ſeas, to muſter in the ſkies.

Now

[f] Anon.
[g] Blackm. opt. edit. duod. 1716. p. 172.
[h] Blackm. Pſ. civ. p. 263.
[i] P. 75.
[k] P. 170.

NOW A PEACEABLE GUARANTEE.

[l] *In leagues of peace the neighbours did agree,*
And to maintain them, God was Guarantee.

THEN HE IS AN ATTORNEY.

[m] *Job, as a vile offender, God indites,*
And terrible decrees againſt me writes.
God will not be my advocate,
My cauſe to manage or debate.

IN THE FOLLOWING LINES HE IS A GOLDBEATER.

[n] *Who the rich metal beats, and then, with care,*
Unfolds the golden leaves, to gild the fields of air.

THEN A FULLER.

[o] *—— th' exhaling reeks that ſecret riſe,*
Born on rebounding ſun-beams through the ſkies,
Are thicken'd, wrought, and whiten'd, till they grow
A heav'nly fleece.

A MERCER, OR PACKER.

[p] *Didſt thou one end of air's wide curtain hold,*
And help the Bales of Aether to unfold;
Say, which cerulean pile was by thy hand unroll'd?

A BUTLER.

[q] *He meaſures all the drops with wondrous ſkill,*
Which the black clouds, his floating Bottles, fill.

AND A BAKER.

[r] *God in the wilderneſs his table ſpread,*
And in his airy Ovens bak'd their bread.

CHAP.

[l] Blackm. p. 70. [m] P. 61. [n] P. 181. [o] P. 18. [p] P. 174.
[q] P. 131. [r] Blackm. Song of Moſes, p. 218.

CHAP. VI.

OF THE SEVERAL KINDS OF GENIUS'S IN THE PROFUND, AND THE MARKS AND CHARACTERS OF EACH.

I Doubt not but the reader, by this Cloud of examples, begins to be convinced of the truth of our aſſertion, that the Bathos is an *Art*; and that the Genius of no mortal whatever, following the mere ideas of Nature, and unaſſiſted with an habitual, nay laborious peculiarity of thinking, could arrive at images ſo wonderfully low and unaccountable. The great author, from whoſe treaſury we have drawn all theſe inſtances (the Father of the Bathos, and indeed the Homer of it) has, like that immortal Greek, confined his labours to the greater Poetry, and thereby left room for others to acquire a due ſhare of praiſe in inferior kinds. Many painters who could never hit a noſe or an eye, have with felicity copied a ſmall-pox, or been admirable at a toad or a red-herring. And ſeldom are we without genius's for *Still-life*, which they can work up and ſtiffen with incredible accuracy.

An univerſal Genius riſes not in an age; but when he riſes, armies riſe in him! he pours forth five or ſix Epic Poems with greater facility, than five or ſix pages can be produced by an elaborate and ſervile copier after Nature or the Ancients. It is affirmed by Quintilian, that the ſame genius which made Germanicus ſo great a General, would with equal application have made him an excellent Heroic Poet. In like manner, reaſoning from the affinity there appears between Arts and Sciences, I doubt not but an active catcher of butterflies, a careful and fanciful pattern-drawer, an induſtrious collector of ſhells, a laborious and

tuneful bag-piper, or a diligent breeder of tame rabbits, might ſeverally excel in their reſpective parts of the Bathos.

I ſhall range theſe confined and leſs copious Genius's under proper claſſes, and (the better to give their pictures to the reader) under the names of *Animals* of ſome ſort or other; whereby he will be enabled, at the firſt ſight of ſuch as ſhall daily come forth, to know to what kind to refer, and with what Authors to compare them.

1. The *Flying Fiſhes:* Theſe are writers who now and then riſe upon their fins, and fly out of the Profund; but their wings are ſoon dry, and they drop down to the bottom. G. S. A. H. C. G.

2. The *Swallows* are authors that are eternally ſkimming and fluttering up and down, but all their agility is employed to *catch flies*. L. T. W. P. Lord H.

3. The *Oſtridges* are ſuch, whoſe heavineſs rarely permits them to raiſe themſelves from the ground; their wings are of no uſe to lift them up; and their motion is between flying and walking; but then they run very faſt. D. F. L. E. The Hon. E. H.

4. The *Parrots* are they that repeat *another's* words, in ſuch a hoarſe odd voice, as makes them ſeem their *own*. W. B. W. H. C. C. The Reverend D. D.

5. The *Didappers* are authors that keep themſelves long out of ſight, under water, and come up now and then where you leaſt expected them. L. W. G. D. Eſq; The Hon. Sir W. Y.

6. The *Porpoiſes* are unwieldy and big; they put all their numbers into a great turmoil and tempeſt, but whenever they appear in plain light (which is ſeldom) they are only ſhapeleſs and ugly monſters. I. D. C. G. I. O.

7. The *Frogs* are ſuch as can neither walk nor fly, but can *leap* and *bound* to admiration: They live generally in the bottom of a ditch, and make a great noiſe whenever they thruſt their heads above water. E. W. I. M. Eſq; T. D. Gent.

8. The *Eels* are obſcure authors, that wrap themſelves up in their own mud, but are mighty nimble and pert. L. W. L. T. P. M. General C.

9. The *Tortoiſes* are ſlow and chill, and, like paſtoral writers, delight much in gardens: they have for the moſt part a fine embroidered Shell, and underneath it, a heavy lump. A. P. W. B. L. E. The Right Hon. E. of S.

Theſe are the chief *Characteriſticks* of the *Bathos*, and in each of theſe kinds we have the comfort to be bleſſed with ſundry and manifold choice Spirits in this our Iſland.

CHAP. VII.

OF THE PROFUND, WHEN IT CONSISTS IN THE THOUGHT.

WE have already laid down the Principles upon which our author is to proceed, and the manner of forming his Thought by familiarizing his mind to the loweſt objects; to which it may be added, that Vulgar Converſation will greatly contribute. There is no queſtion but the Garret or the Printer's boy may often be diſcerned in the compoſitions made in ſuch ſcenes and company; and much of Mr. Curl himſelf has been inſenſibly infuſed into the works of his learned writers.

The Phyſician, by the ſtudy and inſpection of urine and ordure, approves himſelf in the ſcience; and in like ſort ſhould our au-

thor accuſtom and exerciſe his imagination upon the dregs of nature.

This will render his thoughts truly and fundamentally low, and carry him many fathoms beyond Mediocrity. For, certain it is (though ſome lukewarm heads imagine they may be ſafe by temporizing between the extremes) that where there is not a Triticalneſs or Mediocrity in the Thought, in can never be ſunk into the genuine and perfect Bathos, by the moſt elaborate low Expreſſion: It can, at moſt, be only carefully obſcured, or metaphorically debaſed. But 'tis the Thought alone that ſtrikes, and gives the whole that ſpirit, which we admire and ſtare at. For inſtance, in that ingenious piece on a lady's drinking the Bath-waters:

[s] *She drinks! She drinks! Behold the matchleſs dame!*
To her 'tis water, but to us 'tis flame:
Thus fire is water, water fire by turns,
And the ſame ſtream at once both cools and burns.

What can be more eaſy and unaffected than the Diction of theſe verſes? It is the Turn of Thought alone, and the Variety of Imagination, that charm and ſurprize us. And when the ſame lady goes into the Bath, the Thought (as in juſtneſs it ought) goes ſtill deeper.

[t] *Venus beheld her, 'midſt her crowd of ſlaves,*
And thought herſelf juſt riſen from the waves.

How much out of the way of common ſenſe is this reflection of Venus, not knowing herſelf from the lady?

Of the ſame nature is that noble miſtake of a frighted ſtag in full chaſe, who (ſaith the Poet)

Hears his own feet, and thinks they ſound like more,
And fears the hind feet will o'ertake the fore.

So

[s] Anon. [t] Idem.

So aſtoniſhing as theſe are, they yield to the following, which is Profundity itſelf,

[u] *None but Himſelf can be his Parallel.*

Unleſs it may ſeem borrowed from the Thought of that Maſter of a Show in Smithfield, who writ in large letters, over the picture of his elephant,

This is the greateſt Elephant in the world, except Himſelf.

However our next inſtance is certainly an original: Speaking of a beautiful infant,

So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A child, as Poets ſay, ſure thou art he.
Fair Venus would miſtake thee for her own,
Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her ſon.
There all the lightnings of thy Mother's ſhine,
And with a fatal brightneſs kill in thine.

Firſt he is Cupid, then he is not Cupid; firſt Venus would miſtake him, then ſhe would not miſtake him; next his eyes are his Mother's, and laſtly they are not his Mother's, but his own.

Another author, deſcribing a Poet that ſhines forth amidſt a circle of Critics,

Thus Phoebus through the Zodiac takes his way,
And amid Monſters riſes into day.

What a peculiarity is here of invention? The Author's pencil, like the wand of Circe, turns all into monſters at a ſtroke. A great Genius takes things in the lump, without ſtopping at minute conſiderations: In vain might the ram, the bull, the goat, the lion, the crab, the ſcorpion, the fiſhes, all ſtand in his way, as mere natural animals, much more might it be pleaded that a pair of ſcales, an old man, and two innocent children, were no monſters: There were only the Centaur and the Maid that

[u] Theobald, Double Falſhood.

that could be eſteemed out of nature. But what of that? with a boldneſs peculiar to theſe daring genius's, what he found not monſters, he made ſo.

CHAP. VIII.

OF THE PROFUND, CONSISTING IN THE CIRCUMSTANCES, AND OF AMPLIFICATION AND PERIPHRASE IN GENERAL.

WHAT in a great meaſure diſtinguiſhes other writers from ours, is their chuſing and ſeparating ſuch circumſtances in a deſcription as ennoble or elevate the ſubject.

The circumſtances which are moſt natural are *obvious*, therefore not *aſtoniſhing* or peculiar. But thoſe that are far-fetched, or unexpected, or hardly compatible, will ſurprize prodigiouſly. Theſe therefore we muſt principally hunt out; but above all, preſerve a laudable *Prolixity*; preſenting the whole and every ſide at once of the image to view. For Choice and Diſtinction are not only a curb to the ſpirit, and limit the deſcriptive faculty, but alſo leſſen the book; which is frequently of the worſt conſequence of all to our author.

When Job ſays in ſhort, "He waſhed his feet in butter," (a circumſtance ſome Poets would have ſoftened, or paſſed over) now hear how this butter is ſpread out by the great Genius.

[a] *With teats diſtended with their milky ſtore,*
Such num'rous lowing herds, before my door,
Their painful burden to unload did meet,
That we with butter might have waſh'd our feet.

How cautious! and particular! He had (ſays our author) ſo many

[a] Blackm. Job, p. 133.

many herds, which herds thrived ſo well, and thriving ſo well gave ſo much milk, and that milk produced ſo much butter, that, if he did not, he might have waſhed his feet in it.

The enſuing deſcription of Hell is no leſs remarkable in the circumſtances.

[b] *In flaming heaps the raging ocean rolls,*
Whoſe livid waves involve deſpairing ſouls;
The liquid burnings dreadful colours ſhew,
Some deeply red, *and others* faintly blue.

Could the moſt minute Dutch painters have been more exact? How inimitably circumſtantial is this alſo of a war-horſe!

[c] *His eye-balls burn, he wounds the ſmoaking plain,*
And knots *of* ſcarlet ribband *deck his mane.*

OF CERTAIN CUDGEL-PLAYERS.

[d] *They brandiſh high in air their threatning ſtaves,*
Their hands a woven guard *of* ozier *ſaves,*
In which they fix their hazle weapon's end.

Who would not think the Poet had paſt his whole life at Wakes in ſuch laudable diverſions? ſince he teaches us how to hold, nay how to make a Cudgel!

Periphraſe is another great aid to *Prolixity;* being a diffuſed circumlocutory manner of expreſſing a known idea, which ſhould be ſo myſteriouſly couched, as to give the reader the pleaſure of gueſſing what it is that the author can poſſibly mean, and a ſtrange ſurprize when he finds it.

The Poet I laſt mentioned is incomparable in this figure.

[e] *A waving ſea of heads was round me ſpread,*
And ſtill freſh ſtreams the gazing deluge fed.

Here is a waving ſea of heads, which by a freſh ſtream of heads,

[b] Pr. Arth. p. 89. [c] Anon. [d] Pr. Arth. p. 197. [e] Job, p. 78.

heads, grows to be a gazing deluge of heads. You come at laſt to find, it means a *great crowd.*

How pretty and how genteel is the following?

[f] *Nature's Confectioner,*
Whoſe ſuckets are moiſt alchemy:
The ſtill of his refining mold
Minting the garden into gold.

What is this but a Bee gathering honey?

[g] *Little Syren of the ſtage,*
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond deſire,
Tuneful miſchief, vocal ſpell.

Who would think, this was only a poor gentlewoman that ſung finely?

We may define *Amplification* to be making the moſt of a Thought; it is the ſpinning-wheel of the Bathos, which draws out and ſpreads it in the fineſt thread. There are Amplifiers who can extend half a dozen thin thoughts over a whole Folio; but for which, the tale of many a vaſt Romance, and the ſubſtance of many a fair volume might be reduced into the ſize of a primmer.

In the book of Job are theſe words, "Haſt thou commanded "the morning, and cauſed the day-ſpring to know his place?" How is this extended by the moſt celebrated Amplifier of our age?

[h] *Can'ſt thou ſet forth th' etherial* mines *on high,*
Which the refulgent ore *of light ſupply?*
Is the celeſtial furnace *to thee known,*
In which I melt *the golden metal down?*
Treaſures, from which I dealt out light as faſt,
As all my ſtars and laviſh ſuns can waſte.

The

[f] Cleveland. [g] A. Philips to Cuzzona. [h] Job, p. 108.

The ſame author hath amplified a paſſage in the civth Pſalm; "He looks on the earth, and it trembles. He touches the hills, "and they ſmoke."

The hills forget they're fix'd, and in their fright
Caſt off their weight, and eaſe themſelves for flight:
The woods, with terror wing'd, out-fly the wind,
And leave the heavy, panting hills behind.

You here ſee the hills not only trembling, but ſhaking off the woods from their backs, to run the faſter: After this you are preſented with a foot-race of mountains and woods, where the woods diſtance the mountains, that, like corpulent purſy fellows, come puffing and panting a vaſt way behind them.

CHAP. IX.

OF IMITATION, AND THE MANNER OF IMITATING.

THAT the true authors of the Profund are to imitate diligently the examples in their *own way*, is not to be queſtioned, and that divers have by this means attained to a depth whereunto their own weight could never have carried them, is evident by ſundry inſtances. Who ſees not that De Foe was the poetical ſon of Withers, Tate of Ogilby, E. Ward of John Taylor, and E——n of Blackmore? Therefore when we ſit down to write, let us bring ſome great author to our mind, and aſk ourſelves this queſtion; How would Sir Richard have ſaid this? Do I expreſs myſelf as ſimply as Amb. Philips? Or flow my numbers with the quiet thoughtleſneſs of Mr. Welſted?

But it may ſeem ſomewhat ſtrange to aſſert, that our Proficient ſhould alſo read the works of thoſe famous Poets who have excelled

[1] Job, p. 267.

excelled in the *Sublime:* Yet is not this a Paradox. As Virgil is ſaid to have read Ennius, out of his dunghil to draw gold, ſo may our author read Shakeſpear, Milton, and Dryden for the contrary end, to bury their gold in his own dunghil. A true Genius, when he finds any thing lofty or ſhining in them, will have the ſkill to bring it down, take off the gloſs, or quite diſcharge the colour, by ſome ingenious Circumſtance or Periphraſe, ſome addition or diminution, or by ſome of thoſe Figures, the uſe of which we ſhall ſhew in our next chapter.

The book of Job is acknowledged to be infinitely ſublime, and yet has not the father of the Bathos reduced it in every page? Is there a paſſage in all Virgil more painted up and laboured than the deſcription of Etna in the third Aeneid?

Horrificis juxta tonat Aetna ruinis,
Interdumque atram prorumpit ad aethera nubem,
Turbine fumantem piceo, et candente favilla,
Attollitque globos flammarum, et ſidera lambit.
Interdum ſcopulos avulſaque viſcera montis
Erigit eructans, liquefactaque ſaxa ſub auras
Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exaeſtuat imo.

(I beg pardon of the gentle Engliſh reader, and ſuch of our writers as underſtand not Latin.) Lo! how this is taken down by our Britiſh Poet, by the ſingle happy thought of throwing the mountain into a *fit* of the *colic.*

* *Etna, and all the burning mountains, find*
Their kindled ſtores with inbred ſtorms of wind
Blown up to rage; and, roaring out, *complain,*
As torn with inward gripes, *and tort'ring pain:*
Lab'ring, they caſt their dreadful vomit *round,*
And with their melted bowels *ſpread the ground.*

Horace,

* Pr. Arthur, p. 75.

Horace, in ſearch of the Sublime, ſtruck his head againſt the Stars[1]; but Empedocles, to fathom the Profund, threw himſelf into Etna. And who but would imagine our excellent Modern had alſo been there, from this deſcription?

Imitation is of two ſorts; the firſt is when we force to our own purpoſes the Thoughts of others; the ſecond conſiſts in copying the Imperfections, or Blemiſhes of celebrated Authors. I have ſeen a Play profeſſedly writ in the ſtyle of Shakeſpear; wherein the reſemblance lay in one ſingle line,

And ſo good morrow t'ye, good maſter Lieutenant.

And ſundry poems in imitation of Milton, where, with the utmoſt exactneſs, and not ſo much as one exception, nevertheleſs was conſtantly *nathleſs*, embroider'd was *broider'd*, hermits were *eremites*, diſdain'd was *'ſdeign'd*, ſhady *umbrageous*, enterprize *emprize*, pagan *paynim*, pinions *pennons*, ſweet *dulcet*, orchards *orchats*, bridge-work *pontifical*; nay, her was *hir*, and their was *thir* through the whole poem. And in very deed, there is no other way by which the true modern poet could read, to any purpoſe, the works of ſuch men as Milton and Shakeſpear.

It may be expected, that, like other Critics, I ſhould next ſpeak of the *Paſſions:* But as the main end and principal effect of the Bathos is to produce *Tranquillity of Mind*, (and ſure it is a better deſign to promote ſleep than madneſs) we have little to ſay on this ſubject. Nor will the ſhort bounds of this diſcourſe allow us to treat at large of the *Emollients* and *Opiates* of Poeſy, of the Cool, and the manner of producing it, or of the methods uſed by our authors in managing the Paſſions. I ſhall but tranſiently remark, that nothing contributes ſo much to the *Cool*, as the uſe of *Wit* in expreſſing paſſion: The true genius rarely fails of points,

[1] *Sublimi feriam ſidera vertice.*

points, conceits, and proper *ſimiles* on ſuch occaſions: This we may term the *Pathetic epigrammatical*, in which even puns are made uſe of with good ſucceſs. Hereby our beſt authors have avoided throwing themſelves or their readers into any indecent Tranſports.

But as it is ſometimes needful to excite the *paſſions* of our antagoniſt in the polemic way, the true ſtudents in the law have conſtantly taken their methods from low life, where they obſerved, that, to move Anger, uſe is made of ſcolding and railing; to move Love, of bawdry; to beget Favour and Friendſhip, of groſs flattery; and to produce Fear, of calumniating an adverſary with crimes obnoxious to the State. As for Shame, it is a ſilly paſſion, of which as our authors are incapable themſelves, ſo they would not produce it in others.

CHAP. X.

OF TROPES AND FIGURES: AND FIRST OF THE VARIEGATING, CONFOUNDING, AND REVERSING FIGURES.

BUT we proceed to the *Figures*. We cannot too earneſtly recommend to our authors the ſtudy of the *Abuſe of Speech*. They ought to lay it down as a principle, to ſay nothing in the uſual way, but (if poſſible) in the direct contrary. Therefore the Figures muſt be ſo turned, as to manifeſt that intricate and wonderful Caſt of Head which diſtinguiſhes all writers of this kind; or (as I may ſay) to refer exactly the Mold in which they were formed, in all its inequalities, cavities, obliquities, odd crannies, and diſtortions.

It would be endleſs, nay impoſſible, to enumerate all ſuch Figures; but we ſhall content ourſelves to range the principal, which

which moſt powerfully contribute to the Bathos, under three Claſſes.

I. The Variegating, Confounding, or Reverſing Tropes and Figures.

II. The Magnifying; and

III. The Diminiſhing.

We cannot avoid giving to theſe the Greek or Roman names; but in tenderneſs to our countrymen and fellow-writers, many of whom, however exquiſite, are wholly ignorant of thoſe languages, we have alſo explained them in our mother tongue.

I. Of the firſt ſort, nothing ſo much conduces to the Bathos, as the

CATACHRESIS,

A Maſter of this will ſay,
Mow the Beard,
Shave the Graſs,
Pin the Plank,
Nail my Sleeve.

From whence reſults the ſame kind of pleaſure to the mind, as to the eye when we behold Harlequin trimming himſelf with a hatchet, hewing down a tree with a razor, making his tea in a cauldron, and brewing his ale in a tea-pot, to the incredible ſatisfaction of the Britiſh ſpectator. Another ſource of the Bathos is

The METONYMY,

the inverſion of Cauſes for Effects, of Inventors for Inventions, etc.

Lac'd in her Coſins [a] *new appear'd the bride,*
A [b] *Bubble-boy and* [c] *Tompion at her ſide,*
And with an air divine her [d] *Colmar ply'd.*

Then

[a] Stays. [b] Tweezer-caſe. [c] Watch. [d] Fan.

Then oh! ſhe cries, what ſlaves I round me ſee?
Here a bright Redcoat, there a ſmart [c] *Toupee.*

The SYNECHDOCHE,

which conſiſts in the uſe of a part for the whole. You may call a young woman ſometimes Pretty-*face* and Pigs-*eyes*, and ſometimes Snotty-*noſe* and Draggle-*tail*. Or of Accidents for Perſons; as a Lawyer is called Split-cauſe, a Taylor Prick-louſe, etc. Or of things belonging to a man, for the man himſelf; as a *Sword*-man, a *Gown*-man, a *T—m-T—d*-man; a White-*Staff*, a Turn-*key*, etc.

The APOSIOPESIS.

An excellent figure for the Ignorant, as, "What ſhall I ſay?" when one has nothing to ſay: or, "I can no more," when one really can no more. Expreſſions which the gentle reader is ſo good as never to take in earneſt.

The METAPHOR.

The firſt rule is to draw it from the *loweſt things*, which is a certain way to ſink the higheſt; as when you ſpeak of the Thunder of Heaven, ſay,

[b] *The* Lords above *are* angry *and* talk big.

If you would deſcribe a rich man refunding his treaſures, expreſs it thus,

[c] *Though he (as ſaid) may Riches* gorge, *the Spoil*
Painful in maſſy Vomit *ſhall* recoil,
Soon ſhall he periſh with a ſwift decay,
Like his own Ordure, *caſt with ſcorn away.*

The Second, that, whenever you ſtart a Metaphor, you muſt be ſure to *run it down*, and purſue it as far as it can go. If you get the ſcent of a State negociation, follow it in this manner:

The

[c] A ſort of Periwig: All words in uſe in this preſent Year 1727. P.
[b] Lee, Alex. [c] Blackm. Job, p. 91, 93.

[a] *The ſtones and all the elements with thee*
Shall ratify *a ſtrict* confederacy;
Wild beaſts their ſavage temper ſhall forget,
And for a firm alliance *with thee* treat;
The finny tyrant of the ſpacious ſeas
Shall ſend a ſcaly embaſſy *for peace;*
His plighted faith *the Crocodile ſhall keep,*
And ſeeing thee, for joy ſincerely weep.

Or if you repreſent the Creator denouncing war againſt the wicked, be ſure not to omit one circumſtance uſual in proclaiming and levying war.

[b] Envoys *and* Agents, *who by my command*
Reſide in Paleſtina's land,
To whom commiſſions *I have given,*
To manage there the intereſts *of heaven:*
Ye holy heralds, *who* proclaim
Or war or peace, in mine your maſter's name:
Ye pioneers *of heaven, prepare a* road,
Make it plain, direct and broad;
For I in perſon *will my people* head;
For the divine deliverer
Will on his march *in majeſty appear,*
And needs the aid of no confed'rate power.

Under the article of the *Confounding*, we rank,

1. The MIXTURE OF FIGURES,

which raiſes ſo many images, as to give you no image at all. But its principal beauty is when it gives an idea juſt *oppoſite* to what it ſeemed meant to deſcribe. Thus an ingenious artiſt painting the Spring, talks of a *Snow of Bloſſoms*, and thereby raiſes

[a] Job, p. 22. [b] Blackm. Iſa. c. xl.

raiſes an unexpected picture of Winter. Of this ſort is the following:

[f] *The gaping clouds pour lakes of ſulphur down,*
Whoſe livid flaſhes ſickning ſun-beams drown.

What a noble Confuſion? clouds, lakes, brimſtone, flames, ſun-beams, gaping, pouring, ſickening, drowning! all in two lines.

2. The JARGON.

[g] *Thy head ſhall riſe, though buried in the duſt,*
And midſt the clouds his glittering turrets thruſt.

Quaere, What are the glittering turrets of a man's head?

[h] *Upon the ſhore, as frequent as the ſand,*
To meet the Prince, the glad Dimetians ſtand.

Quaere, Where theſe Dimetians ſtood? and of what ſize they were? Add alſo to the *Jargon* ſuch as the following.

[i] *Deſtruction's empire ſhall no longer laſt,*
And Deſolation lye for ever waſte.

[k] *Here Niobe, ſad mother, makes her moan,*
And ſeems converted to a ſtone in ſtone.

But for Variegation, nothing is more uſeful than

3. The PARANOMASIA, or PUN,

where a Word, like the tongue of a jackdaw, ſpeaks twice as much by being ſplit: As this of Mr. Dennis [l],

Bullets that wound, like Parthians, as they fly;

or this excellent one of Mr. Welſted [m],

Behold the Virgin lye
Naked, and only cover'd *by the* Sky.

To which thou may'ſt add,

To

[f] Pr. Arthur, p. 37. [g] Job, p. 107. [h] Pr. Arthur, p. 157. [i] Job, p. 89.
[k] T. Cook, Poems. [l] Poems, 1693, p. 13. [m] Welſted, Poems, Acon and Lavin.

To ſee her beauties no man needs to ſtoop,
She has the whole Horizon for her hoop.

4. The ANTITHESIS, or SEE-SAW,

whereby Contraries and Oppoſitions are balanced in ſuch a way, as to cauſe a reader to remain ſuſpended between them, to his exceeding delight and recreation. Such are theſe, on a lady who made herſelf appear out of ſize, by hiding a young princeſs under her clothes.

[n] *While the kind nymph changing her faultleſs ſhape,*
Becomes unhandſome, handſomely *to ſcape.*

On the Maids of Honour in mourning:

[o] *Sadly they charm, and diſmally they pleaſe.*

[p] *His eyes ſo bright*
Let in the object and let out the light.

[q] *The Gods look pale to ſee us look ſo red.*

The [r] Fairies and their Queen
In mantles blue came tripping o'er the green.

[s] *All nature felt a reverential ſhock,*
The ſea ſtood ſtill to ſee the mountains rock.

CHAP. XI.

THE FIGURES CONTINUED: OF THE MAGNIFYING AND DIMINISHING FIGURES.

A Genuine Writer of the Profund will take care never to *magnify* any object without *clouding* it at the ſame time: His thought will appear in a true miſt, and very unlike what is in nature. It muſt always be remembered that darkneſs is an eſſential

[n] Waller. [o] Steel on Queen Mary. [p] Quarles. [q] Lee, Alex.
[r] Phil. Paſt. [s] Blackm. Job, p. 176.

eſſential quality of the Profund, or, if there chance to be a glimmering, it muſt be as Milton expreſſes it,

No light, but rather darkneſs viſible.

The chief Figure of this ſort is,

1. The HYPERBOLE, or Impoſſible.

For inſtance, of a Lion;

[t] *He roar'd ſo loud, and look'd ſo wond'rous grim,*
His very ſhadow durſt not follow him.

Of a Lady at Dinner.

The ſilver whiteneſs that adorns thy neck,
Sullies the plate, and makes the napkin black.

Of the ſame.

[u] *Th' obſcureneſs of her birth*
Cannot eclipſe the luſtre of her eyes,
Which make her all one light.

Of a Bull-baiting.

[w] *Up to the Stars the ſprawling maſtives fly,*
And add new monſters to the frighted ſky.

Of a ſcene of Miſery.

[x] *Behold a Scene of miſery and woe!*
Here Argus ſoon might weep himſelf quite blind,
Ev'n though he had Briareus' hundred hands
To wipe thoſe hundred eyes.

And that modeſt requeſt of two abſent lovers:

Ye Gods! annihilate but Space and Time,
And make two lovers happy.

2. The PERIPHRASIS, which the Moderns call the *Circumbendibus*, whereof we have given examples in the ninth chapter, and ſhall again in the twelfth.

To

[t] Vet. Aut. [u] Theob. Double Falſhood. [w] Blackm. [x] Anon.

To the ſame claſs of the *Magnifying* may be referred the following, which are ſo excellently modern, that we have yet no name for them. In deſcribing a country proſpect,

[y] *I'd call them mountains, but can't call them ſo,*
For fear to wrong them with a name too low;
While the fair vales beneath ſo humbly lie,
That even humble ſeems a term too high.

III. The third Claſs remains, of the *Diminiſhing* Figures: And 1. the ANTICLIMAX, where the ſecond line drops quite ſhort of the firſt, than which nothing creates greater ſurprize.

On the extent of the Britiſh Arms.

[z] *Under the Tropicks is our language ſpoke,*
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our Yoke.

On a Warrior.

[a] *And thou Dalhouſſy the great God of War,*
Lieutenant Colonel to the Earl of Mar.

On the Valour of the Engliſh.

[b] *Nor* Art *nor* Nature *has the force*
To ſtop its ſteddy courſe,
Nor Alps *nor* Pyrenaeans *keep it out,*
Nor fortify'd Redoubt.

At other times this figure operates in a larger extent; and when the gentle reader is in expectation of ſome great image, he either finds it ſurprizingly imperfect, or is preſented with ſomething low, or quite ridiculous. A ſurprize reſembling that of a curious perſon in a cabinet of Antique Statues, who beholds on the pedeſtal the names of Homer, or Cato; but looking up, finds Homer without a head, and nothing to be ſeen of Cato but his privy-member. Such are theſe lines of a Leviathan at ſea,

His

[y] Anon. [z] Waller. [a] Anon. [b] Denn. on Namur.

[c] *His motion works, and beats the oozy mud,*
And with its ſlime incorporates the flood,
Till all th' encumber'd, thick, fermenting ſtream
Does like one Pot of boiling Ointment ſeem.
Where'er he ſwims, he leaves along the lake
Such frothy furrows, ſuch a foamy track,
That all the waters of the deep appear
Hoary—*with age, or* grey *with ſudden fear.*

But perhaps even theſe are excelled by the enſuing.

[d] *Now the reſiſted flames and fiery ſtore,*
By winds aſſaulted, in wide forges roar,
And raging ſeas flow down of melted Ore.
Sometimes they hear long Iron Bars remov'd,
And to *and* fro *huge* Heaps of Cinders ſhov'd.

2. The VULGAR,

is alſo a Species of the *Diminiſhing:* By this a ſpear flying into the air is compared to a boy whiſtling as he goes on an errand.

[e] *The mighty* Stuffa *threw a maſſy ſpear,*
Which, with its Errand pleas'd, ſung *through the air.*

A Man raging with grief to a Maſtiff Dog:

[f] *I cannot ſtifle this gigantic woe,*
Nor on my raging grief a muzzle *throw.*

And Clouds big with water to a woman in great neceſſity:

Diſtended *with the* Waters *in 'em pent,*
The clouds hang deep *in air, but* hang unrent.

3. The INFANTINE.

This is when a Poet grows ſo very ſimple, as to think and talk like a child. I ſhall take my examples from the greateſt Maſter in this way: Hear how he fondles, like a meer ſtammerer.

Little

[c] Blackm. Job, p. 197. [d] Pr. Arthur, p. 157. [e] Pr. Arthur. [f] Job, p. 41.

[g] Little Charm *of placid mien,*
Miniature *of beauty's queen,*
Hither, Britiſh muſe of mine,
Hither, all ye Grecian Nine,
With the lovely Graces Three,
And your pretty Nurſeling *ſee.*

When the meadows next are ſeen,
Sweet enamel, white and green.
When again the lambkins *play,*
Pretty Sportlings *full of* May.

Then the neck ſo white and round,
(Little Neck *with brillants bound)*
And thy Gentleneſs *of mind,*
(Gentle *from a* gentle *kind)* etc.

Happy *thrice, and* thrice agen,
Happieſt *he of* happy *men,* etc.

and the reſt of thoſe excellent Lullabies of his compoſition.

How prettily he aſks the ſheep to teach him to bleat?

[h] *Teach me to grieve with bleating moan, my ſheep.*

Hear how a babe would reaſon on his nurſe's death:

[i] *That ever ſhe* could *die! Oh moſt* unkind!
To die, and leave poor Colinet *behind!*
And yet,——Why blame I her?——

With no leſs ſimplicity does he ſuppoſe that ſhepherdeſſes tear their hair and beat their breaſts at their own deaths:

[k] *Ye brighter maids, faint emblems of my fair,*
With looks caſt down, and with diſhevel'd hair,

In

[g] Amb. Philips on Miſs Cuzzona. [h] Philip's Paſtorals. [i] Ibid. [k] Ibid.

In bitter anguiſh beat your breaſts, and moan
Her death untimely, as it were your own.

4. The INANITY, or NOTHINGNESS.

Of this the ſame author furniſhes us with moſt beautiful inſtances:

[l] *Ah ſilly I, more ſilly than my ſheep,*
(Which on the ſlow'ry plain I once did keep.)

[m] *To the grave Senate ſhe could counſel give,*
(Which with aſtoniſhment they did receive.)

[n] *He whom loud cannon could not terrify,*
Falls (from the grandeur of his Majeſty.)

[o] *Happy, merry as a king,*
Sipping *dew, you* ſip, *and ſing.*

The Noiſe *returning with returning* Light,
What did it?
[p] *Diſpers'd the* Silence, *and diſpell'd the* Night.

You eaſily perceive the Nothingneſs of every ſecond Verſe.

[q] *The Glories of proud* London *to ſurvey,*
The Sun himſelf ſhall riſe——by break of day.

5. The EXPLETIVE,

admirably exemplified in the Epithets of many authors.

Th' umbrageous ſhadow, and the verdant green,
The running current, and odorous fragrance,
Chear my lone ſolitude with joyous gladneſs.

Or in pretty drawling words like theſe,

[r] *All men his tomb, all men his ſons adore,*
And his ſons' ſons, till there ſhall be no more.

The

[l] Philips's Paſtorals. [m] Phil. on Q. Mary. [n] Ibid. [o] T. Cook, on a Graſhopper. [p] Anon. [q] Autor. Vet. [r] T. Cook, Poems.

[t] *The riſing ſun our grief did ſee,*
The ſetting ſun did ſee the ſame,
While wretched we remembred thee,
O Sion, Sion, lovely name.

6. The MACROLOGY and PLEONASM

are generally coupled, as a lean rabbit with a fat one; nor is it a wonder, the ſuperfluity of words, and vacuity of ſenſe, being juſt the ſame thing. I am pleaſed to ſee one of our greateſt adverſaries employ this figure.

[u] *The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,*
The food of armies, and ſupport of wars.
Refuſe of ſwords, and gleanings of a fight,
Leſſen his numbers, and contract his hoſt.
Where'er his friends retire, or foes ſucceed,
Cover'd with tempeſts, and in oceans drown'd.

Of all which the Perfection is

The TAUTOLOGY.

[w] *Break through the billows, and—divide the main.*
In ſmoother numbers, and—in ſofter verſe.
Divide—*and* part—*the* ſever'd *World*—*in* two.

With ten thouſand others equally muſical, and plentifully flowing through moſt of our celebrated modern Poems.

CHAP. XII.

OF EXPRESSION, AND THE SEVERAL SORTS OF STYLE OF THE PRESENT AGE.

THE *Expreſſion* is adequate, when it is proportionably low to the Profundity of the Thought. It muſt not be always *Grammatical*, leſt it appear pedantic and ungentlemanly; nor too clear,

[t] T. Cook, Poems. [u] Camp. [w] Tonſ. Miſc. 12mo. vol. iv. p. 291. 4th Edit.
[w] Ibid. vol. vi. p. 121.

clear, for fear it become vulgar; for obſcurity beſtows a caſt of the wonderful, and throws an oracular dignity upon a piece which hath no meaning.

For example, ſometimes uſe the wrong Number; *The Sword and Peſtilence at once devours*, inſtead of *devour* [x]. Sometimes the wrong Caſe; *And who more fit to ſooth the God than thee?* inſtead of *thou:* And rather than ſay, *Thetis ſaw Achilles weep*, ſhe *heard* him weep.

We muſt be exceeding careful in two things: firſt, in the *Choice* of *low Words:* ſecondly, in the *ſober* and *orderly* way of *ranging* them. Many of our Poets are naturally bleſs'd with this talent, inſomuch that they are in the circumſtance of that honeſt Citizen, who had made *Proſe* all his life without knowing it. Let verſes run in this manner, juſt to be a vehicle to the words: (I take them from my laſt cited author, who, though otherwiſe by no means of our rank, ſeemed once in his life to have a mind to be ſimple.)

[y] *If not, a prize I will myſelf decree,*
From him, or him, or elſe perhaps from thee.
[z] *full of days was he;*
Two ages paſt, he liv'd the third to ſee.
[a] *The king of forty kings, and honour'd more*
By mighty Jove than e'er was king before.
[b] *That I may know, if thou my pray'r deny,*
The moſt deſpis'd of all the Gods am I.
[c] *Then let my mother once be rul'd by me,*
Though much more wiſe than I pretend to be.

Or theſe of the ſame hand.

[d] *I leave the arts of poetry and verſe*
To them that practiſe them with more ſucceſs:

Of

[x] Ti. Hom. Il. i. [y] Ibid. p. 11. [z] Idem, p. 17. [a] Idem, p. 19.
[b] P. 34. [c] P. 38, [d] Tonſ. Miſc. 12mo vol. iv. p. 292, fourth Edit.

Of greater truths I now prepare to tell,
And ſo at once, dear friend and muſe, farewel.

Sometimes a ſingle *Word* will vulgarize a poetical idea; as where a Ship ſet on fire owes all the *Spirit* of the *Bathos* to one choice word that ends the line.

[e] *And his ſcorch'd ribs the hot contagion* fry'd.

And in that deſcription of a World in ruins:

[f] *Should the whole frame of nature round him break,*
He unconcern'd would hear the mighty Crack.

So alſo in theſe:

[g] *Beaſts tame and ſavage to the river's brink,*
Come, from the fields and wild abodes—to drink.

Frequently two or three words will do it effectually:

[h] *He from the clouds does the* ſweet liquor ſqueeze,
That chears the Foreſt and the Garden *trees.*

It is alſo uſeful to employ *Technical Terms*, which eſtrange your ſtyle from the great and general ideas of nature: and the higher your ſubject is, the lower ſhould you ſearch into mechanicks for your expreſſion. If you deſcribe the garment of an angel, ſay that his [i] *Linen* was *finely ſpun*, and *bleach'd on the happy plains*. [k] Call an army of angels, *Angelic Cuiraſſiers*, and, if you have occaſion to mention a number of misfortunes, ſtyle them

[l] *Freſh* Troops *of Pains, and* regimented *Woes.*

STYLE is divided by the Rhetoricians into the Proper and the Figured. Of the Figured we have already treated, and the Proper is what our authors have nothing to do with. Of Styles we ſhall mention only the Principal which owe to the moderns either their chief Improvement, or entire Invention.

1. The

[e] Pr. Arthur, p. 151. [f] Tonſ. Miſc. vol. vi. p. 119. [g] Job, 263.
[h] Id. Job, 264. [i] Prince Arthur, p. 19. [k] Ibid. p. 339. [l] Job, p. 86.

1. The FLORID STYLE,

than which none is more proper to the Bathos, as flowers, which are the *Loweſt* of vegetables, are moſt *Gaudy*, and do many times grow in great plenty at the bottom of *Ponds* and *Ditches*.

A fine writer in this kind preſents you with the following Poſie:

[m] *The groves appear all dreſt with wreaths of flowers,*
And from their leaves drop aromatic ſhowers,
Whoſe fragrant heads in myſtic twines above,
Exchang'd their ſweets, and mix'd with thouſand kiſſes,
As if the willing branches ſtrove
To beautify and ſhade the grove,——

(which indeed moſt branches do.) But this is ſtill excelled by our Laureat:

[n] *Branches in branches twin'd compoſe the grove,*
And ſhoot and ſpread, and bloſſom into love.
The trembling palms their mutual vows repeat,
And bending poplars bending poplars meet.
The diſtant platanes ſeem to preſs more nigh,
And to the ſighing alders, alders ſigh.

Hear alſo our Homer.

[o] *His* Robe *of* State *is form'd of light refin'd,*
An endleſs Train *of luſtre* ſpreads behind.
His throne's of bright compacted Glory *made,*
With Pearl *celeſtial, and with Gems* inlaid:
Whence Floods *of joy, and* Seas *of Splendor flow,*
On all th' angelic gazing throng below.

2. The PERT STYLE.

This does in as peculiar a manner become the low in wit, as a pert air does the low in ſtature. Mr. *Thomas Brown*, the author of

[m] Behn's Poems, p. 2. [n] Guardian, 12° 127. [o] Blackm. Pſ. iv.

of the *London Spy*, and all the *Spies* and *Trips* in general, are herein to be diligently ſtudied: In Verſe Mr. *Cibber's Prologues*.

But the beauty and energy of it is never ſo conſpicuous, as when it is employed in *Modernizing* and *Adapting* to the *Taſte of the Times* the works of the *Ancients*. This we rightly phraſe *Doing* them into Engliſh, and *Making* them Engliſh; two expreſſions of great Propriety, the one denoting our *Neglect* of the *Manner how*, the other the *Force* and *Compulſion* with which it is brought about. It is by virtue of this Style that Tacitus talks like a Coffee-houſe Politician, Joſephus like the Britiſh Gazetteer, Tully is as ſhort and as ſmart as Seneca or Mr. Aſgill, Marcus Aurelius is excellent at Snip-ſnap, and honeſt Thomas à Kempis as Prim and Polite as any preacher at court.

3. The ALAMODE STYLE,

which is fine by being *new*, and has this happineſs attending it, that it is as durable and extenſive as the poem itſelf. Take ſome examples of it, in the deſcription of the Sun in a Mourning coach upon the death of Queen Mary.

[p] *See* Phoebus *now, as once for* Phaeton,
Has maſk'd his face, and put deep Mourning on;
Dark clouds his ſable Chariot *do ſurround,*
And the dull Steeds ſtalk o'er *the* melancholy round.

Of Prince Arthur's Soldiers drinking.

[q] *While rich* Burgundian *wine, and bright* Champaign
Chaſe from their minds the terrors of the main.

(whence we alſo learn, that *Burgundy* and *Champaign* make a man on ſhore deſpiſe a ſtorm at ſea.)

Of the Almighty encamping his Regiments.

[r] *He ſunk a vaſt capacious deep,*
Where he his liquid Regiments *does keep,*

Thither

[p] Amb. Philips. [q] Pr. Arthur, p. 16. [r] Blackm Pſ. civ. p. 261.

Thither the waves file off, *and make their way,*
To form the mighty body *of the ſea;*
Where they encamp, *and in their* ſtation ſtand,
Entrench'd *in* Works *of* Rock, *and* Lines *of Sand.*

Of two Armies on the point of engaging.

Yon armies are the Cards *which both muſt play;*
At leaſt come off a Saver *if you may:*
Throw boldly *at the* Sum *the Gods have* ſet;
Theſe on your ſide will all their fortunes bet.

All perfectly agreeable to the preſent Cuſtoms and beſt Faſhions of our Metropolis.

But the principal branch of the *Alamode* is the PRURIENT, a Style greatly advanced and honoured of late by the practice of Perſons of the *firſt Quality*; and by the encouragement of the *Ladies*, not unſucceſsfully introduced even into the Drawing-room. Indeed its incredible Progreſs and Conqueſts may be compared to thoſe of the great *Seſoſtris*, and are every where known by the *ſame Marks*, the images of the genital parts of men or women. It conſiſts wholly of metaphors drawn from two moſt fruitful ſources or ſprings, the very Bathos of the human body, that is to ſay * * * * and * * * * *Hiatus magnus lachrymabilis.*

* *

And *ſelling of Bargains*, and *double Entendre*, and Κιββέρισμος and Ὀλδφιέλδισμος, all derived from the ſaid ſources.

4. The FINICAL STYLE,

which conſiſts of the moſt curious, affected, mincing metaphors, and partakes of the *alamode*.

As

[a] Lee, Sophon.

As this of a Brook dried by the Sun.

[t] Won *by the ſummer's* importuning *ray*,
Th' eloping *ſtream did from her channel ſtray*,
And with enticing *ſun-beams* ſtole away.

Of an eaſy Death.

[u] *When watchful death ſhall on his harveſt look*,
And ſee thee ripe with age, invite *the hook*;
He'll gently *cut thy* bending *Stalk*, *and thee*
Lay kindly *in the* Grave, *his* Granary.

Of Trees in a Storm.

[w] *Oaks whoſe extended arms the winds defy*,
The tempeſt ſees *their ſtrength*, and ſighs, and paſſes by.

Of Water ſimmering over the Fire.

[x] *The ſparkling flames raiſe water to a* Smile,
Yet the pleas'd *liquor* pines, *and leſſens all the while.*

5. LASTLY, I ſhall place the CUMBROUS, which moves heavily under a load of metaphors, and draws after it a long train of words. And the BUSKIN, or *Stately*, frequently and with great felicity mixed with the former. For as the firſt is the proper engine to depreſs what is high, ſo is the ſecond to raiſe what is baſe and low to a ridiculous Viſibility: When both theſe can be done at once, then is the Bathos in perfection; as when a man is ſet with his head downward, and his breech upright, his degradation is complete: One end of him is as *high* as ever, only that end is the *wrong one*. Will not every true lover of the Profund be delighted to behold the moſt vulgar and low actions of life exalted in the following manner?

Who

[t] Blackm. Job, p. 26. [u] Ibid. p. 23. [w] Denn. [x] Anon. Tonſ. Miſc. Part vi. p. 224.

Who knocks at the Door?

For whom thus rudely pleads my loud-tongu'd gate,
That he may enter?——

See who is there?

[y] *Advance the fringed curtains of thy eyes,*
And tell me who comes yonder.——

Shut the Door.

The wooden guardian of our privacy
Quick on its axle turn.——

Bring my Clothes.

Bring me what Nature, taylor to the Bear,
To Man *himself deny'd: She gave me Cold,*
But would not give me Clothes.——

Light the Fire.

Bring forth some remnant of Promethean *theft,*
Quick to expand th' inclement air congeal'd
By Boreas' *rude breath.*——

Snuff the Candle.

Yon Luminary amputation needs,
Thus shall you save its half-extinguish'd life.

Open the Letter.

[z] *Wax! render up thy trust.*——

Uncork the Bottle, and chip the Bread.

Apply thine engine to the spungy door,
Set Bacchus *from his glassy prison free,*
And strip white Ceres *of her nut-brown coat.*

*

[y] Temp. [z] Theobald, Double Falshood.

* It ought not to be concealed, for the singularity of the fact, that several of the above examples given of the *Profund*, which are marked *Anon.*, Mr. Pope took from the *Tragedy* and *Epic Poem* which he wrote when a child, and committed to the flames when he came to years of discretion.

CHAP. XIII.

A PROJECT FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE BATHOS.

THUS have I (my dear Countrymen) with incredible pains and diligence, diſcovered the hidden ſources of the *Bathos*, or, as I may ſay, broken open the Abyſſes of this *Great Deep*. And having now eſtabliſhed good and wholeſome Laws, what remains but that all true moderns with their utmoſt might do proceed to put the ſame in execution? In order whereto, I think I ſhall in the ſecond place highly deſerve of my Country, by propoſing ſuch a *Scheme*, as may facilitate this great end.

As our Number is confeſſedly far ſuperior to that of the enemy, there ſeems nothing wanting but Unanimity among ourſelves. It is therefore humbly offered, that all and every individual of the Bathos do enter into a firm aſſociation, and incorporate into One regular Body, whereof every member, even the meaneſt, will ſome way contribute to the ſupport of the whole; in like manner, as the weakeſt reeds, when joined in one bundle, become infrangible. To which end our Art ought to be put upon the ſame foot with other Arts of this age. The vaſt improvement of modern manufactures ariſeth from their being divided into ſeveral branches, and parcelled out to ſeveral trades: For inſtance, in Clock-making one artiſt makes the balance, another the ſpring, another the crown-wheels, a fourth the caſe, and the principal workman puts all together: To this economy we owe the perfection of our modern watches, and doubtleſs we alſo might that of our modern Poetry and Rhetoric, were the ſeveral parts branched out in the like manner.

Nothing is more evident than that divers perſons, no other way remarkable, have each a ſtrong diſpoſition to the formation of

of ſome particular Trope or Figure. Ariſtotle ſaith, that the *Hyperbole* is an ornament fit for young Men of Quality; accordingly we find in thoſe Gentlemen a wonderful propenſity towards it, which is marvellouſly improved by Travelling: Soldiers alſo and Seamen are very happy in the ſame Figure. The *Periphraſis* or *Circumlocution* is the peculiar talent of Country Farmers; the *Proverb* and *Apologue* of old Men at their clubs; the *Ellipſis* or Speech by half words, of Miniſters and Politicians; the *Apoſiopeſis* of Courtiers; the *Litotes* or Diminution of Ladies, Whiſperers, and Backbiters; and the *Anadiploſis* of common Cryers and Hawkers, who, by redoubling the ſame words, perſuade people to buy their oyſters, green haſtings, or new ballads. *Epithets* may be found in great plenty at Billingſgate, *Sarcaſm* and *Irony* learned upon the Water, and the *Epiphonema* or *Exclamation* frequently from the Bear-garden, and as frequently from the *Hear him* of the Houſe of Commons.

Now each man applying his whole time and genius upon his particular Figure, would doubtleſs attain to perfection; and when each became incorporated and ſworn into the Society (as hath been propoſed) a Poet or Orator would have no more to do but to ſend to the particular Traders in each kind, to the *Metaphoriſt* for his *Allegories*, to the *Simile-maker* for his *Compariſons*, to the *Ironiſt* for his *Sarcaſms*, to the *Apothegmatiſt* for his *Sentences*, etc. whereby a Dedication or Speech would be compoſed in a moment, the ſuperior artiſt having nothing to do but to put together all the Materials.

I therefore propoſe that there be contrived with all convenient diſpatch, at the public expence, a *Rhetorical Cheſt of Drawers*, conſiſting of three Stories, the higheſt for the *Deliberative*, the middle for the *Demonſtrative*, and the loweſt for the *Judicial*. Theſe ſhall be divided into *Loci*, or *Places*, being repoſitories for Matter and

Argument in the ſeveral kinds of oration or writing; and every Drawer ſhall again be ſubdivided into Cells, reſembling thoſe of Cabinets for Rarities. The apartment for *Peace* or *War*, and that of the *Liberty of the Preſs*, may in a very few days be filled with ſeveral arguments perfectly new; and the *Vituperative Partition* will as eaſily be repleniſhed with a moſt choice collection, entirely of the growth and manufacture of the preſent age. Every compoſer will ſoon be taught the uſe of this Cabinet, and how to manage all the Regiſters of it, which will be drawn out much in the manner of thoſe in an Organ.

The Keys of it muſt be kept in honeſt hands, by ſome *Reverend Prelate*, or *Valiant Officer*, of unqueſtioned Loyalty and Affection to every preſent Eſtabliſhment in Church and State; which will ſufficiently guard againſt any miſchief which might otherwiſe be apprehended from it.

And being lodged in ſuch hands, it may be at diſcretion *let out* by the *Day*, to ſeveral great Orators in both Houſes; from whence it is to be hoped much *Profit* and *Gain* will alſo accrue to our Society.

CHAP. XIV.

HOW TO MAKE DEDICATIONS, PANEGYRICS, OR SATIRES, AND OF THE COLOURS OF HONOURABLE AND DISHONOURABLE.

NOW of what neceſſity the foregoing Project may prove, will appear from this ſingle conſideration, that nothing is of equal conſequence to the ſucceſs of our Works, as *Speed* and *Diſpatch*. Great pity it is, that ſolid brains are not like other ſolid bodies, conſtantly endowed with a velocity in ſinking, pro-

portioned to their heavineſs: For it is with the Flowers of the Bathos as with thoſe of Nature, which if the careful gardener brings not haſtily to market in the Morning, muſt unprofitably periſh and wither before Night. And of all our productions none is ſo ſhort-lived as the *Dedication* and *Panegyric*, which are often but the *Praiſe of a Day*, and become by the next, utterly uſeleſs, improper, indecent, and falſe. This is the more to be lamented, inaſmuch as theſe two are the ſorts whereon in a manner depends that *Profit*, which muſt ſtill be remembered to be the main end of our *Writers* and *Speakers*.

We ſhall therefore employ this chapter in ſhewing the quickeſt method of compoſing them; after which we will teach a *ſhort Way to Epic Poetry*. And theſe being confeſſedly the works of moſt Importance and Difficulty, it is preſumed we may leave the reſt to each author's own learning or practice.

Firſt of *Panegyric:* Every man is *honourable*, who is ſo by Law, Cuſtom, or Title. The *Publick* are better judges of what is honourable than private Men. The Virtues of great Men, like thoſe of Plants, are inherent in them whether they are exerted or not; and the more ſtrongly inherent, the leſs they are exerted; as a Man is the more rich, the leſs he ſpends. All great Miniſters, without either private or economical Virtue, are *virtuous* by their *Poſts;* liberal and generous upon the *Publick Money*, provident upon *Publick Supplies*, juſt by paying *Publick Intereſt*, couragious and magnanimous by the *Fleets* and *Armies*, magnificent upon the *Publick Expences*, and prudent by *Publick Succeſs*. They have by their Office, a right to a ſhare of the *Publick Stock* of Virtues; beſides they are by *Preſcription immemorial* inveſted in all the celebrated virtues of their *Predeceſſors* in the ſame ſtations, eſpecially thoſe of their own Anceſtors.

As

As to what are commonly called the *Colours* of *Honourable* and *Diſhonourable*, they are various in different Countries: In this they are *Blue*, *Green*, and *Red*.

But foraſmuch as the duty we owe to the Publick doth often require that we ſhould put ſome things in a ſtrong light, and throw a ſhade over others, I ſhall explain the method of turning a vicious Man into a Hero.

The firſt and chief rule is, the *Golden Rule* of *Transformation*, which conſiſts in converting Vices into their bordering Virtues. A Man who is a Spendthrift, and will not pay a juſt Debt, may have his Injuſtice *transformed* into Liberality; Cowardice may be metamorphoſed into Prudence; Intemperance into good Nature and good Fellowſhip; Corruption into Patriotiſm; and Lewdneſs into Tenderneſs and Facility.

The ſecond is the *Rule of Contraries*. It is certain, the leſs a Man is endued with any Virtue, the more need he has to have it plentifully beſtowed, eſpecially thoſe good qualities of which the world generally believes he hath none at all: For who will thank a Man for giving him that which he *has?*

The Reverſe of theſe Precepts will ſerve for *Satire*, wherein we are ever to remark, that whoſo loſeth his place, or becomes out of favour with the Government, hath forfeited his ſhare in *publick Praiſe* and *Honour*. Therefore the truly publick ſpirited writer ought in duty to ſtrip him whom the government hath ſtripped; which is the real *poetical Juſtice* of this age. For a full collection of Topicks and Epithets to be uſed in the Praiſe and Diſpraiſe of Miniſterial and Unminiſterial Perſons, I refer to our *Rhetorical Cabinet*; concluding with an earneſt exhortation to all my brethren, to obſerve the Precepts here laid down, the neglect of which hath coſt ſome of them their *Ears* in a *Pillory*.

CHAP. XV.

A RECEIPT TO MAKE AN EPIC POEM.

AN Epic Poem, the Criticks agree, is the greateſt work human nature is capable of. They have already laid down many mechanical rules for compoſitions of this ſort, but at the ſame time they cut off almoſt all undertakers from the poſſibility of ever performing them; for the firſt qualification they unanimouſly require in a Poet, is a *Genius*. I ſhall here endeavour (for the benefit of my Countrymen) to make it manifeſt, that Epic Poems may be made *without a Genius*, nay without Learning or much Reading. This muſt neceſſarily be of great uſe to all thoſe who confeſs they never *Read*, and of whom the world is convinced they never *Learn*. Moliere obſerves of making a dinner, that any man can do it with *Money*, and if a profeſſed Cook cannot do it without, he has his Art for nothing; the ſame may be ſaid of making a Poem, 'tis eaſily brought about by him that has a *Genius*, but the ſkill lies in doing it without one. In purſuance of this end, I ſhall preſent the reader with a plain and certain *Recipe*, by which any author in the Bathos may be qualified for this grand performance.

For the FABLE.

Take out of any old Poem, Hiſtory-book, Romance, or Legend (for inſtance, *Geoffry of Monmouth*, or *Don Belianis of Greece)* thoſe parts of ſtory which afford moſt ſcope for *long Deſcriptions:* Put theſe pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into *one Tale*. Then take a Hero, whom you may chuſe for the ſound of his name, and put him into the midſt of theſe adventures: There let him *work* for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out, ready prepared to *conquer* or to *marry;* it being neceſſary that the concluſion of an Epic Poem be *fortunate*.

To

To make an EPISODE.

Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your Hero; or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of uſe, applied to any other perſon, who may be loſt and *evaporate* in the courſe of the work, without the leaſt damage to the compoſition.

For the MORAL and ALLEGORY.

Theſe you may extract out of the Fable afterwards, at your leiſure: Be ſure you *ſtrain* them ſufficiently.

For the MANNERS.

For thoſe of the Hero, take all the beſt qualities you can find in the moſt celebrated Heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a *Conſiſtency*, lay them *all on a heap* upon him. But be ſure they are qualities which your *Patron* would be thought to have; and to prevent any miſtake which the world may be ſubject to, ſelect from the alphabet thoſe capital letters that compoſe his name, and ſet them at the head of a Dedication before your Poem. However, do not abſolutely obſerve the exact quantity of theſe Virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be neceſſary for the Hero of a Poem to be an *honeſt Man*. For the *Under Characters*, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occaſion ſerves.

For the MACHINES.

Take of *Deities*, male and female, as many as you can uſe: Separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle: Let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occaſions to make uſe of volatile Mercury. If you have need of *Devils*, draw them out of Milton's Paradiſe, and extract your *Spirits* from Taſſo. The uſe of theſe Machines is evident; ſince no Epic Poem can poſſibly ſubſiſt without them,

the

the wiſeſt way is to reſerve them for your greateſt neceſſities: When you cannot extricate your Hero by any human means, or yourſelf by your own wit, ſeek relief from Heaven, and the Gods will do your buſineſs very readily. This is according to the direct Preſcription of Horace in his Art of Poetry,

Nec Deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice Nodus
Inciderit—

That is to ſay, *A Poet ſhould never call upon the Gods for their Aſſiſtance, but when he is in great Perplexity.*

For the DESCRIPTIONS.

For a *Tempeſt.* Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auſter, and Boreas, and caſt them together in one verſe: add to theſe of Rain, Lightning and Thunder (the loudeſt you can) *quantum ſufficit:* mix your Clouds and Billows well together till they foam, and thicken your Deſcription here and there with a Quickſand. Brew your Tempeſt well in your head, before you ſet it a blowing.

For a *Battle.* Pick a large quantity of Images and Deſcriptions from Homer's Iliads, with a ſpice or two of Virgil, and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a *Skirmiſh.* Seaſon it well with *Similes*, and it will make an excellent Battle.

For a *Burning Town.* If ſuch a Deſcription be neceſſary (becauſe it is certain there is one in Virgil) old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a Chapter or two of the Theory of the *Conflagration*, well circumſtanced and done into verſe, will be a good *Succedaneum.*

As for *Similes* and *Metaphors*, they may be found all over the Creation; the moſt ignorant may *gather* them, but the difficulty is in *applying* them. For this adviſe with your *Bookſeller.*

CHAP. XVI.

A PROJECT FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE STAGE.

IT may be thought that we ſhould not wholly omit the *Drama*, which makes ſo great and ſo lucrative a part of Poetry. But this Province is ſo well taken care of, by the preſent *Managers* of the Theatre, that it is perfectly needleſs to ſuggeſt to them any other Methods than they have already practiſed for the advancement of the Bathos.

Here therefore, in the Name of all our Brethren, let me return our ſincere and humble Thanks to the moſt Auguſt Mr. Barton Booth, the moſt Serene Mr. Robert Wilks, and the moſt Undaunted Mr. Colley Cibber; of whom let it be known, *when the People of this Age ſhall be Anceſtors*, and to all *the Succeſſion of our Succeſſors*, that to this preſent Day they continue to *Out-do* even their *own Out-doings:* And when the inevitable Hand of ſweeping Time ſhall have bruſhed off all the Works of *To-day*, may this Teſtimony of a *Cotemporary Critic* to their Fame, be extended as far as *To-morrow*.

Yet, if to ſo wiſe an Adminiſtration it be poſſible any thing can be added, it is that more ample and comprehenſive Scheme which Mr. Dennis and Mr. Gildon (the two greateſt Critics and Reformers then living) made public in the year 1720, in a Project ſigned with their names, and dated the 2d of February. I cannot better conclude than by preſenting the Reader with the Subſtance of it.

1. It is propoſed, that the two *Theatres* be incorporated into one Company; that the *Royal Academy of Muſic* be added to them as

an *Orcheſtra;* and that Mr. Figg with his Prize-fighters, and Violante with the Rope-dancers, be admitted in Partnerſhip.

2. That a ſpacious Building be erected at the Publick expence, capable of containing at leaſt *ten thouſand* Spectators, which is become abſolutely neceſſary by the great addition of Children and Nurſes to the Audience, ſince the new Entertainments. That there be a Stage as large as the Athenian, which was near ninety thouſand geometrical paces ſquare, and ſeparate diviſions for the two Houſes of Parliament, my Lords the Judges, the honourable the Directors of the Academy, and the Court of Aldermen, who ſhall have their Places frank.

3. If *Weſtminſter-Hall* be not allotted to this ſervice (which by reaſon of its proximity to the two Chambers of Parliament above-mentioned, ſeems not altogether improper;) it is left to the wiſdom of the Nation whether *Somerſet-Houſe* may not be demoliſhed, and a Theatre built upon that Site, which lies convenient to receive Spectators from the County of *Surrey*, who may be wafted thither by water-carriage, eſteemed by all Projectors the cheapeſt whatſoever. To this may be added, that the river *Thames* may in the readieſt manner convey thoſe eminent Perſonages from Courts beyond the ſeas, who may be drawn either by Curioſity to behold ſome of our moſt celebrated Pieces, or by Affection to ſee their Countrymen, the Harlequins and Eunuchs; of which convenient notice may be given, for two or three months before, in the public Prints.

4. That the *Theatre* aboveſaid be environed with a fair Quadrangle of Buildings, fitted for the accommodation of decayed *Critics* and *Poets;* out of whom *Six* of the moſt aged (their age to be computed from the year wherein their firſt work was publiſhed)

publiſhed) ſhall be elected to manage the affairs of the ſociety, provided nevertheleſs that the Laureat for the time being, may be always one. The Head or Preſident over all (to prevent diſputes, but too frequent among the learned) ſhall be the moſt ancient *Poet* and *Critic* to be found in the whole Iſland.

5. The *Male Players* are to be lodged in the garrets of the ſaid Quadrangle, and to attend the perſons of the Poets, dwelling under them, by bruſhing their apparel, drawing on their ſhoes, and the like. The *Actreſſes* are to make their beds, and waſh their linen.

6. A large room ſhall be ſet apart for a *Library* to conſiſt of all the modern Dramatic Poems, and all the Criticiſms extant. In the midſt of this room ſhall be a round Table for the *Council of Six* to ſit and deliberate on the Merits of *Plays*. The *Majority* ſhall determine the Diſpute; and if it ſhould happen that *three* and *three* ſhould be of each ſide, the Preſident ſhall have a *caſting Voice*, unleſs where the Contention may run ſo high as to require a deciſion by *Single Combat*.

7. It may be convenient to place the *Council of Six* in ſome conſpicuous ſituation in the Theatre, where, after the manner uſually practiſed by compoſers in muſick, they may give *Signs* (before ſettled and agreed upon) of Diſlike or Approbation. In conſequence of theſe Signs the whole audience ſhall be required to *clap* or *hiſs*, that the Town may learn certainly when and how far they ought to be pleaſed.

8. It is ſubmitted whether it would not be proper to diſtinguiſh the *Council of Six* by ſome particular Habit or Gown of an honourable ſhape and colour, to which may be added a ſquare Cap and a white Wand.

9. That to prevent unmarried Actreſſes making away with their Infants, a competent proviſion be allowed for the nurture of them, who ſhall for that reaſon be deemed the *Children of the Society;* and that they may be educated according to the Genius of their parents, the ſaid Actreſſes ſhall declare upon Oath (as far as their memory will allow) the true names and qualities of their ſeveral fathers. A private Gentleman's Son ſhall at the public expence be brought up a Page to attend the *Council of Six:* A more ample proviſion ſhall be made for the ſon of a *Poet;* and a greater ſtill for the ſon of a *Critic.*

10. If it be diſcovered that any Actreſs is got with Child, during the interludes of any Play wherein ſhe hath a Part, it ſhall be reckoned a neglect of her buſineſs, and ſhe ſhall *forfeit* accordingly. If any Actor for the future ſhall commit Murder, except upon the Stage, he ſhall be left to the laws of the land; the like is to be underſtood of *Robbery* and *Theft.* In all other caſes, particularly in thoſe for *Debt*, it is propoſed that this, like the other Courts of *Whitehall* and *St. James's*, may be held a *Place of Privilege.* And whereas it has been found, that an obligation to ſatisfy paultry Creditors has been a Diſcouragement to Men of Letters, if any Perſon of Quality or others ſhall ſend for any *Poet* or *Critic* of this Society to any remote quarter of the town, the ſaid Poet or Critic ſhall freely paſs and repaſs without being liable to an *Arreſt.*

11. The forementioned Scheme in its ſeveral regulations may be ſupported by Profits ariſing from every Third-night throughout the year. And as it would be hard to ſuppoſe that ſo many perſons could live without any food (though from the former courſe of their lives, *a very little* will be deemed ſufficient) the maſters of calculation will, we believe, agree, that out of thoſe Profits,

Profits, the ſaid Perſons might be ſubſiſted in a ſober and decent manner. We will venture to affirm further, that not only the proper magazines of Thunder and Lightning, but *Paint*, *Diet-drinks*, *Spitting-pots*, and all other *Neceſſaries of Life*, may in like manner fairly be provided for.

12. If ſome of the Articles may at firſt view ſeem liable to Objections, particularly thoſe that give ſo vaſt a power to the *Council of Six* (which is indeed larger than any entruſted to the great Officers of State) this may be obviated, by ſwearing thoſe *Six* Perſons of his Majeſty's Privy Council, and obliging them to paſs every thing of moment *previouſly* at that moſt honourable Board.

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VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS:

SEU

MARTINI SCRIBLERI,

SUMMI CRITICI,

CASTIGATIONUM IN AENEIDEM

SPECIMEN.

AENEIDEM totam, Amice Lector, innumerabilibus poene mendis ſcaturientem, ad priſtinum ſenſum revocabimus. In ſingulis fere verſibus ſpuriae occurrunt lectiones, in omnibus quos unquam vidi codicibus, aut vulgatis aut ineditis, ad opprobrium uſque Criticorum, in hunc diem exiſtentes. Interea adverte oculos, et his paucis fruere. At ſi quae ſint in hiſce caſtigationibus, de quibus non ſatis liquet, ſyllabarum quantitates, προλεγόμενα noſtra Libro ipſi praefigenda, ut conſulas, moneo.

I. SPECIMEN LIBRI PRIMI.

VER. 1.

ARMA Virumque cano, Trojae qui primus ab *oris*
Italiam, *fato* profugus, *Lavinaque* venit
Littora. multum ille et terris *jactatus* et alto,
Vi ſuperûm——

Arma Virumque cano, Trojae qui primus ab *aris*
Italiam, *flatu* profugus *Latinaque* venit
Littora. multum ille et terris *vexatus* et alto,
Vi ſuperûm——

Ab *aris*, nempe Hercaei Jovis. vide lib. ii. v. 512. 550.—*Flatu*, ventorum Aeoli, ut ſequitur——*Latina* certe littora cum Aeneas aderat, *Lavina* non niſi poſtea ab ipſo nominata, lib. xii. v. 193. ——*Jactatus terris* non convenit.

II. VER. 52.

Et quiſquis *Numen* Junonis adoret?

Et quiſquis *Nomen* Junonis adoret?

Longe melius, quam, ut antea, *Numen*. et proculdubio ſic Virgilius.

III. VER. 86.

Venti, velut *agmine facto*,
Qua data porta ruunt.

Venti, velut *aggere fracto*,
Qua data porta ruunt.

Sic corrige, meo periculo.

IV. VER.

IV. VER. 117.

Fidumque vehebat *Orontem.*

Fortemque vehebat *Orontem.*

Non *fidum.* quia Epitheton *Achatae* notiſſimum *Oronti* nunquam datur.

V. VER. 119.

Excutitur, pronuſque *magiſter*
Volvitur in caput.

Excutitur: pronuſque *magis ter*
Volvitur in caput.

Aio Virgilium aliter non ſcripſiſſe, quod plane confirmatur ex ſequentibus—— *Aſt illum* ter *fluctus ibidem Torquet.*

VI. VER. 122.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vaſto
Arma Virûm.

Armi hominum: Ridicule antea *Arma virûm*, quae, ex ferro conflata, quomodo poſſunt *natare?*

VII. VER. 151.

Atque rotis *ſummas* leviter perlabitur *undas.*

Atque rotis *ſpumas* leviter perlabitur *udas.*

Summas, et *leviter perlabi*, pleonaſmus eſt: Mirifice altera lectio Neptuni agilitatem et celeritatem exprimit. ſimili modo Noſter de Camilla, Aen. xi. *Illa vel intactae ſegetis per ſumma volaret*, etc. hyperbolice.

VIII. VER. 154.

Jamque *faces* et ſaxa volant, *furor arma miniſtrat.*

Jam *faeces* et ſaxa volant, *fugiuntque miniſtri:*

uti ſolent, inſtanti periculo—*Faeces facibus* longe praeſtant; quid enim niſi faeces jactarent vulgus ſordidum?

IX. VER. 170.

Fronte ſub adverſa *ſcopulis pendentibus* antrum,
Intus aquae dulces, vivoque ſedilia ſaxo.

Fronte ſub adverſa *populis prandentibus* antrum.

Sic malim, longe potius quam *ſcopulis pendentibus:* Nugae! nonne vides verſu ſequenti *dulces aquas* ad potandum et *ſedilia* ad diſcumbendum dari? In quorum uſum? quippe *prandentium.*

X. VER. 188.

Tres littore *cervos*
Proſpicit errantes: hos *tota armenta* ſequuntur
A tergo——

Tres littore *corvos*
Aſpicit errantes: hos *agmina tota* ſequuntur
A tergo——

Cervi, lectio vulgata, abſurditas notiſſima: haec animalia in *Africa* non inventa, quis neſcit? At *motus* et *ambulandi ritus* Corvorum, quis non agnorit hoc loco? *Littore*, locus ubi errant Corvi, uti Noſter alibi,

Et ſola in ſicca ſecum ſpatiatur arena.

Omen praeclariſſimum, immo et *agminibus militum* frequenter obſervatum, ut patet ex Hiſtoricis.

XI. VER. 748.

Arcturum, pluviaſque Hyades, *geminoſque Triones.*

Error graviſſimus. Corrigo,——*ſeptemque Triones.*

XII. VER. 631.

Quare agite, o juvenes, *tectis* ſuccedite noſtris.

Lectis potius dicebat Dido, polita magis oratione, et quae unica voce et torum et menſam exprimebat. Hanc lectionem probe confirmat

confirmat appellatio *o juvenes!* Duplicem hunc ſenſum alibi etiam Maro lepide innuit, Aen. iv. ver. 19.

Huic uni forſan potui ſuccumbere *culpae:*
Anna! fatebor enim——

Sic corriges,

Huic uni [*viro* ſcil.] potui ſuccumbere; *culpas,*
Anna? fatebor enim, *etc.*

Vox *ſuccumbere* quam eleganter ambigua!

LIBER SECUNDUS.

VER. I.

CONTICUERE omnes, intentique ora tenebant;
Inde toro *Pater* Aeneas ſic orſus ab alto:

Concubuere omnes, *intenteque* ora tenebant;
Inde toro *ſatur* Aeneas ſic orſus ab alto.

Concubuere, quia toro Aeneam vidimus accumbentem: quin et altera ratio, ſcil. *conticuere* et *ora tenebant*, tautologice dictum. In manuſcripto perquam rariſſimo in patris muſeo legitur, *ore gemebant;* ſed magis ingenioſe quam vere. *Satur* Aeneas, quippe qui jamjam a prandio ſurrexit: *pater* nihil ad rem.

II. VER. 3.

Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

Infantum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

Sic haud dubito veterrimis codicibus ſcriptum fuiſſe: quod ſatis conſtat ex perantiqua illa Britannorum cantilena vocata *Chevy Chace*, cujus autor hunc locum ſibi aſcivit in haec verba,

The Child may rue that is unborn.

III. VER. 4.

Trojanas ut *opes*, et lamentabile regnum
Eruerint Danaï.

Trojanas ut *oves*, et lamentabile regnum *Diruerint*——Mallem *oves* potius quam *opes*, quoniam in antiquiſſimis illis temporibus oves et armenta divitiae regum fuere. Vel fortaſſe *oves Paridis* innuit, quas ſuper Idam nuperrime paſcebat, et jam in vindictam pro Helenae raptu, a Menelao, Ajace, [vid. Hor. Sat. ii. 3.] aliiſque ducibus, merito occiſas.

IV. VER. 5.

Quaeque ipſe *miſerrima vidi*,
Et quorum pars magna fui.

Quaeque ipſe *miſerrimus audî*,
Et quorum pars magna fui—

Omnia tam *audita* quam *viſa* recta diſtinctione enarrare hic Aeneas profitetur; multa, quorum nox ea fatalis ſola conſcia fuit, vir probus et pius tanquam *viſa* referre non potuit.

V. VER. 7.

Quis talia *fando*
Temperet *a* lacrymis?

Quis talia *flendo*
Temperet *in* lacrymis?—

Major enim doloris indicatio, abſque modo lacrymare, quam ſolummodo a lacrymis non temperare.

VI. VER. 9.

Et jam nox *humida* coelo
Praecipitat, ſuadentque *cadentia* ſidera ſomnos.

Et jam nox *lumina* coelo
Præcipitat, ſuadentque *latentia* ſidera ſomnos.

Lectio, *humida*, veſpertinum rorem ſolum innuere videtur. magis mi arridet *lumina*, quae *latentia* poſtquam *praecipitantur*, Aurorae adventum annunciant.

Sed ſi tantus amor *caſus* cognoſcere *noſtros*,
Et *breviter* Trojae *ſupremum* audire *laborem*.

Sed ſi tantus amor *curas* cognoſcere *noctis*,
Et *brevè ter* Trojae *ſuperûmque* audire *labores*.

Curae noctis (ſcilicet noctis excidii Trojanii) magis compendioſe (vel, ut dixit ipſe, *breviter)* totam belli cataſtrophen denotat, quam diffuſa illa et indeterminata lectio, *caſus noſtros*. *Ter* audire gratum fuiſſe Didoni patet ex libro quarto, ubi dicitur, *Iliacoſque* iterum *demens audire labores Expoſcit : Ter* enim pro *ſaepe* uſurpatur. *Trojae, ſuperûmque labores*, recte, quia non tantum homines ſed et Dii ſeſe his laboribus immiſcuerunt. Vide Aen. ii. ver. 610, *etc.*

Quanquam animus meminiſſe horret, *luctuque refugit*,
Incipiam.—

Quamquam animus meminiſſe horret, *luctuſque reſurgit*.

Reſurgit multo proprius dolorem *renaſcentem* notat, quam, ut hactenus, *refugit*.

VII. VER. 19.

Fracti bello, fatiſque repulſi
Ductores Danaûm, tot jam labentibus annis,
Inſtar montis *Equum*, divina Palladis arte,
Aedificant——*etc.*

Tracti bello, fatiſque repulſi.

Tracti et *repulſi*, Antitheſis perpulchra! *Fracti* frigide et vulgariter.

Equum jam *Trojanum* (ut vulgus loquitur) adeamus; quem ſi *Equam Graecam* vocabis, lector, minime pecces; ſolae enim

femellae utero geſtant. Uterumque *armato milite complent*—Uteroque *recuſſo Inſonuere cavae*—*Atque* utero *ſonitum quater arma dedere*—*Incluſos* utero *Danaos*, etc. Vox *foeta* non convenit maribus,—*Scandit fatalis machina muros*, Foeta *armis*—Palladem virginem, equo mari fabricando invigilare decuiſſe, quis putet? Incredibile prorſus! quamobrem exiſtimo veram *equae* lectionem paſſim reſtituendam, niſi ubi forte, metri cauſſa, *equum* potius quam *equam*, *genus* pro *ſexu*, dixit Maro. Vale! dum haec paucula corriges, majus opus moveo.

A SPECIMEN

OF

SCRIBLERUS'S REPORTS.

STRADLING *VERSUS* STILES.

Le Report del Caſe argue en le commen Banke devant touts les Juſtices de meſme le Banke, en le quart an du raygne de Roy *Jacques*, entre *Matthew Stradling*, Plant. et *Peter Styles*, Def. en un Action propter certos Equos coloratos, *Anglicè*, Pyed Horſes, poſt. per le dit *Matthew* vers le dit *Peter*.

Le recitel del Caſe. SIR John Swale, of Swale-Hall, in Swale-Dale, faſt by the River Swale, Kt. made his Laſt Will and Teſtament: In which, among other Bequeſts, was this, *viz.* Out of the kind Love and Reſpect that I bear unto my much honoured and good Friend Mr. *Matthew Stradling*, Gent. I do bequeath unto the ſaid *Matthew Stradling*, Gent. *all my black and white Horſes*. The Teſtator had ſix black Horſes, ſix white Horſes, and ſix pyed Horſes.

Le Point. The Debate therefore was, whether or no the ſaid Matthew Stradling ſhould have the ſaid pyed Horſes by Virtue of the ſaid Bequeſt.

Pour le Pl. Atkins Apprentice pour le Pl. Moy ſemble que le Pl. recovera.

And firſt of all it ſeemeth expedient to conſider what is the Nature of Horſes, and alſo what is the Nature of Colours; and ſo the Argument will conſequently divide itſelf in a twofold way, that is to ſay, the Formal Part, and Subſtantial Part. Horſes are the Subſtantial

ſtantial Part, or thing bequeathed: Black and White the Formal or deſcriptive Part.

Horſe, in a phyſical Senſe, doth import a certain Quadrupede or four-footed Animal, which, by the apt and regular Diſpoſition of certain proper and convenient Parts, is adapted, fitted and conſtituted for the Uſe and Need of Man. Yea, ſo neceſſary and conducive was this Animal conceived to be to the Behoof of the Common-weal, that ſundry and divers Acts of Parliament have, from time to time, been made in Favour of Horſes.

1ſt Edw. VI. Makes the Tranſporting of Horſes out of the Kingdom, no leſs a Penalty than the Forfeiture of 40 l.

2d and 3d Edward VI. Takes from Horſe-ſtealers the Benefit of their Clergy.

And the Statutes of the 27th and 32d of Hen. VIII. condeſcend ſo far as to take Care of their very Breed: Theſe our wiſe Anceſtors prudently foreſeeing, that they could not better take care of their own Poſterity, than by alſo taking care of that of their Horſes.

And of ſo great eſteem are Horſes in the Eye of the Common Law, that when a Knight of the Bath committeth any great and enormous Crime, his Puniſhment is to have his Spurs chopt off with a Cleaver, being, as Maſter Bracton well obſerveth, unworthy to ride on a Horſe.

Littleton, Sect. 315. ſaith, If Tenants in Common make a Leaſe reſerving for Rent a Horſe, they ſhall have but one Aſſize, becauſe, ſaith the Book, the Law will not ſuffer a Horſe to be ſevered: Another Argument of what high Eſtimation the Law maketh of an Horſe.

But as the great Difference ſeemeth not to be ſo much touching the ſubſtantial Part, Horſes, let us proceed to the formal or deſcriptive

tive Part, viz. What Horſes they are that come within this Bequeſt.

Colours are commonly of various Kinds and different Sorts; of which White and Black are the two Extremes, and conſequently comprehend within them all other Colours whatſoever.

By a Bequeſt therefore of black and white Horſes, grey or pyed Horſes may well paſs; for when two Extremes, or remoteſt Ends, of any thing are deviſed, the Law, by common Intendment, will intend whatſoever is contained between them to be deviſed too.

But the preſent Caſe is ſtill ſtronger, coming not only within the Intendment, but alſo the very Letter of the words.

By the word Black, all the Horſes that are Black are deviſed; by the word White, are deviſed thoſe that are White; and by the ſame word, with the Conjunction copulative, And, between them, the Horſes that are Black and White, that is to ſay, Pyed, are deviſed alſo.

Whatever is Black and White is Pyed, and whatever is Pyed is Black and White; *ergo*, Black and White is Pyed, and, *vice verſa*, Pyed is Black and White.

If therefore Black and White Horſes are deviſed, Pyed Horſes ſhall paſs by ſuch Deviſe; but Black and White Horſes are deviſed; *ergo*, the Pl. ſhall have the Pyed Horſes.

Pour le Defend. Catlyne Serjeant, Moy ſemble al' contrary, The Plaintiff ſhall not have the Pyed Horſes by Intendment; for if by the Deviſe of Black and White Horſes, not only Black and White Horſes, but Horſes of any Colour, between theſe two Extremes, may paſs, then not only Pyed and Grey Horſes, but alſo Red or Bay Horſes would paſs likewiſe, which would be abſurd, and againſt Reaſon. And this is another ſtrong Argument in Law, *Nihil, quod eſt contra rationem, eſt licitum;* for Reaſon is the Life of the Law,

Law, nay, the common Law is nothing but Reaſon; which is to be underſtood of artificial Perfection and Reaſon gotten by long Study, and not of Man's natural Reaſon; for *nemo naſcitur Artifex*, and Legal Reaſon *eſt ſumma ratio;* and therefore if all the Reaſon that is diſperſed into ſo many different Heads, were united into one, he could not make ſuch a Law as the Law of England; becauſe by many Succeſſions of Ages it has been fixed and refixed by grave and learned Men; ſo that the old Rule may be verified in it, *Neminem oportet eſſe legibus ſapientiorem.*

As therefore pyed Horſes do not come within the Intendment of the Bequeſt, ſo neither do they within the Letter of the words.

A pyed Horſe is not a white Horſe, neither is a pyed a black Horſe; how then can pyed Horſes come under the Words of black and white Horſes?

Beſides, where Cuſtom hath adapted a certain determinate Name to any one thing, in all Deviſes, Feoffments, and Grants, that certain Name ſhall be made uſe of, and no uncertain circumlocutory Deſcriptions ſhall be allowed; for Certainty is the Father of Right, and the Mother of Juſtice.

Le reſte del Argument jeo ne pouvois oyer, car jeo fui diſturb en mon place.

Le Court fuit longement en doubt' de c'eſt Matter; et apres grand deliberation eu,

Judgment fuit donne pour le Pl. niſi cauſa.

Motion in Arreſt of Judgment, that the pyed Horſes were Mares; and thereupon an Inſpection was prayed.

Et ſur ceo le Court adviſare vult.

MEMOIRS OF P. P.

CLERK OF THIS PARISH.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Original of the following extraordinary Treatiſe conſiſted of two large Volumes in Folio; which might juſtly be entitled, *The Importance of a Man to Himſelf:* But, as it can be of very little to any body beſides, I have contented myſelf to give only this ſhort Abſtract of it, as a Taſte of the *true Spirit of Memoir-Writers.*

IN the Name of the Lord. *Amen.* I, P. P. by the Grace of God, Clerk of this Pariſh, writeth this Hiſtory.

Ever ſince I arrived at the age of diſcretion, I had a call to take upon me the function of a Pariſh-clerk; and to that end it ſeemed unto me meet and profitable to aſſociate myſelf with the Pariſh-clerks of this Land; ſuch I mean, as were right worthy in their calling, men of a clear and ſweet voice, and of becoming gravity.

Now it came to paſs, that I was born in the year of our Lord *Anno Domini* 1655, the year wherein our worthy benefactor, Eſquire *Bret*, did add one Bell to the ring of this Pariſh. So that it hath been wittily ſaid, " That one and the ſame day did give " to this our Church two rare gifts, its great Bell and its Clerk."

Even when I was at ſchool, my miſtreſs did ever extol me above the reſt of the youth, in that I had a laudable voice. And it was furthermore obſerved, that I took a kindly affection unto

that Black letter in which our Bibles are printed. Yea, often did I exercise myself in singing godly ballads, such as, *The Lady and Death*, *The Children in the Wood*, and *Chevy-Chace*; and not, like other children, in lewd and trivial ditties. Moreover, while I was a boy, I always adventured to lead the psalm next after Master William Harris, my predecessor, who (it must be confessed to the Glory of God) was a most excellent Parish-clerk in that his day.

Yet be it acknowledged, that at the age of sixteen I became a Company-keeper, being led into idle conversation by my extraordinary love of Ringing; insomuch, that in a short time I was acquainted with every set of Bells in the whole country: Neither could I be prevailed upon to absent myself from Wakes, being called thereunto by the harmony of the steeple. While I was in these societies, I gave myself up to unspiritual pastimes, such as wrestling, dancing, and cudgel-playing; so that I often returned to my father's house with a broken pate. I had my head broken at Milton by Thomas Wyat, as we played a bout or two for an Hat that was edged with silver galloon. But in the year following I broke the head of Henry Stubbs, and obtained a hat not inferior to the former. At Yelverton I encountered George Cummins, Weaver, and behold my head was broken a second time! At the wake of Waybrook I engaged William Simkins, Tanner, when lo! thus was my head broken a third time, and much blood trickled therefrom. But I administred to my comfort, saying within myself, "What man is there, howsoever "dextrous in any craft, who is for aye on his guard?" A week after I had a base-born child laid unto me; for in the days of my youth I was looked upon as a follower of venereal fantasies: Thus was I led into sin by the comeliness of Susanna Smith, who first tempted me, and then put me to shame; for indeed she was

a maiden

a maiden of a ſeducing eye, and pleaſant feature. I humbled myſelf before the Juſtice, I acknowledged my crime to our Curate; and to do away mine offences, and make her ſome atonement, was joined to her in holy wedlock on the ſabbath-day following.

How often do thoſe things which ſeem unto us misfortunes, redound to our advantage! For the Miniſter (who had long looked on Suſanna as the moſt lovely of his pariſhioners) liked ſo well of my demeanour, that he recommended me to the honour of being his Clerk, which was then become vacant by the deceaſe of good Maſter William Harris.

Here ends the firſt chapter; after which follow fifty or ſixty pages of his amours in general, and that particular one with Suſanna his preſent Wife; but I proceed to chapter the ninth.

No ſooner was I elected into mine office, but I layed aſide the powdered gallantries of my youth, and became a new man. I conſidered myſelf as in ſome wiſe of eccleſiaſtical dignity, ſince by wearing a band, which is no ſmall part of the ornament of our Clergy, I might not unworthily be deemed, as it were, a ſhred of the linen veſtment of Aaron.

Thou may'ſt conceive, O reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me, when I firſt took my place at the feet of the Prieſt. When I raiſed the pſalm, how did my voice quaver for fear! And when I arrayed the ſhoulders of the Miniſter with the ſurplice, how did my joints tremble under me! I ſaid within myſelf, " Remember, Paul, thou ſtandeſt be-
" fore men of high worſhip, the wiſe Mr. Juſtice Freeman, the
" grave Mr. Juſtice Tonſon, the good Lady Jones, and the two
" virtuous Gentlewomen her daughters, nay the great Sir
" Thomas Truby, Knight and Baronet, and my young Maſter

" the Eſquire, who ſhall one day be Lord of this Manor:" Notwithſtanding which, it was my good hap to acquit myſelf to the good liking of the whole congregation; but the Lord forbid I ſhould glory therein.

The next chapter contains an account how he diſcharged the ſeveral duties of his office; in particular he inſiſts on the following:

I was determined to reform the manifold Corruptions and Abuſes which had crept into the Church.

Firſt, I was eſpecially ſevere in whipping forth dogs from the Temple, all excepting the lap-dog of the good widow Howard, a ſober Dog which yelped not, nor was there offence in his mouth.

Secondly, I did even proceed to moroſeneſs, though ſore againſt my heart, unto poor babes, in tearing from them the half-eaten apples which they privily munched at Church. But verily it pitied me, for I remembered the days of my youth.

Thirdly, With the ſweat of my own hands, I did make plain and ſmooth the dogs-ears throughout our great Bible.

Fourthly, The pews and benches, which were formerly ſwept but once in three years, I caus'd every Saturday to be ſwept with a beſom and trimmed.

Fifthly and laſtly, I cauſed the ſurplice to be neatly darned, waſhed, and laid in freſh lavender, (yea, and ſometimes to be ſprinkled with roſe-water) and I had great laud and praiſe from all the neighbouring Clergy, foraſmuch as no pariſh kept the Miniſter in cleaner linen.

Notwithſtanding theſe his public cares, in the eleventh chapter he informs us he did not neglect his uſual occupations as a handy-craftſman.

Shoes, ſaith he, did I make, (and, if intreated, mend) with good approbation. Faces alſo did I ſhave, and I clipped the hair. Chirurgery alſo I practiſed in the worming of Dogs; but to bleed

ventured

ventured I not, except the poor. Upon this my twofold profeſſion, there paſſed among men a merry tale delectable enough to be rehearſed: How that being overtaken with liquor one Saturday evening, I ſhaved the Prieſt with Spaniſh blacking for ſhoes inſtead of a waſhball, and with lamp-black powdered his periwig. But theſe were ſayings of men, delighting in their own conceits more than in the truth. For it is well known, that great was my care and ſkill in theſe my crafts; yea, I once had the honour of trimming Sir Thomas himſelf, without fetching blood. Furthermore, I was ſought unto to geld the Lady Frances her Spaniel, which was wont to go aſtray: He was called Toby, that is to ſay, Tobias. And 3dly, I was entruſted with a gorgeous pair of ſhoes of the ſaid Lady, to ſet an heel-piece thereon; and I received ſuch praiſe therefore, that it was ſaid all over the pariſh, I ſhould be recommended unto the King to mend ſhoes for his Majeſty: whom God preſerve! Amen.

The reſt of this chapter I purpoſely omit, for it muſt be owned when he ſpeaks as a Shoemaker he is very abſurd. He talks of Moſes's pulling off his ſhoes, *of tanning the* hides *of the Bulls of Baſan, of Simon the* Tanner, etc. *and takes up four or five pages to prove, that, when the Apoſtles were inſtructed to travel* without ſhoes, *the precept did not extend to their ſucceſſors.*

The next chapter relates how he diſcovered a Thief with a Bible and key, and experimented verſes of the Pſalms that had cured Agues.

I paſs over many others which inform us of pariſh affairs only, ſuch as of the Succeſſion of Curates; *a liſt of the* weekly Texts; *what* Pſalms *he choſe on proper occaſions; and what Children were* born *and* buried: *The laſt of which articles he concludes thus:*

That the ſhame of women may not endure, I ſpeak not of Baſtards; neither will I name the Mothers, although thereby I

might delight many grave women of the pariſh: Even her who hath done penance in the ſheet will I not mention, foraſmuch as the church hath been witneſs of her diſgrace: Let the father, who hath made due compoſition with the Church-wardens to conceal his infirmity, reſt in peace; my pen ſhall not bewray him, for I alſo have ſinned.

The next chapter contains what he calls a great Revolution in the Church, part of which I tranſcribe.

Now was the long expected time arrived, when the Pſalms of King David ſhould be hymn'd unto the ſame tunes to which he play'd them upon his harp; (ſo was I informed by my Singing-maſter, a man right cunning in Pſalmody:) Now was our over-abundant quaver and trilling done away, and in lieu thereof was inſtituted the Sol-fa, in ſuch guiſe as is ſung in his Majeſty's Chapel. We had London ſinging maſters ſent into every pariſh, like unto Exciſemen; and I alſo was ordained to adjoin myſelf unto them, though an unworthy diſciple, in order to inſtruct my fellow-pariſhioners in this new manner of Worſhip. What though they accuſed me of humming through the noſtril, as a Sackbut? yet would I not forego that harmony, it having been agreed by the worthy pariſh-clerks of London ſtill to preſerve the ſame. I tutored the young men and maidens to tune their voices as it were a pſaltery; and the Church on the Sunday was filled with theſe new Hallelujahs.

Then follow full ſeventy chapters, containing an exact detail of the Law-ſuits *of the Parſon and his Pariſhioners concerning tythes, and near a hundred pages left blank, with an earneſt deſire that the* hiſtory might be completed by any of his ſucceſſors, in whoſe times theſe ſuits ſhould be ended.

The

The next chapter contains an account of the Briefs read in the church, and the ſums collected upon each. For the reparation of nine churches, collected at nine ſeveral times, 2 s. and 7 d. ¼. For fifty families ruined by fire, 1 s. 0 d. ¼. For an inundation, a King Charles's groat given by Lady Frances, etc.

In the next he laments the diſuſe of Wedding-ſermons, and celebrates the beneſits ariſing from thoſe at Funerals, concluding with theſe words: Ah! let not the relations of the deceaſed grudge the ſmall expence of an hatband, a pair of gloves, and ten ſhillings, for the ſatisfaction they are ſure to receive from a pious Divine, that their father, brother, or boſom wife, are certainly in heaven.

In another, he draws a panegyrick on one Mrs. Margaret Wilkins, but after great encomiums concludes, that, notwithſtanding all, ſhe was an unprofitable veſſel, being a barren woman, and never once having furniſhed God's church with a chriſtening.

We find in another chapter, how he was much ſtaggered in his belief, and diſturbed in his conſcience, by an Oxford ſcholar, who had proved to him by logick, that Animals might have rational, nay, immortal ſouls; *but how he was again comforted with the reflection,* that, if ſo, they might be allowed chriſtian burial, and greatly augment the fees of the pariſh.

In the two following chapters he is overpowered with Vanity. We are told, how he was conſtantly admitted to all the feaſts and banquets of the Church-officers, and the ſpeeches he there made for the good of the pariſh. How he gave hints to young Clergymen to preach; but above all, how he gave a Text for the 30th of January, which occaſioned a moſt excellent ſermon, the merits of which he takes entirely to himſelf. He gives an account of a conference he had with the Vicar concerning the Uſe of Texts. Let a preacher (ſaith he) conſider the aſſembly before whom he

preacheth, and unto them adapt his text. *Micah* the iii[d] and 11th affordeth good matter for Courtiers and court-ſerving men. *The heads of the land judge for reward; and the people thereof judge for hire; and the prophets thereof divine for money: yet will they lean upon the Lord, and ſay, Is not the Lord among us?* Were the firſt Miniſter to appoint a preacher before the Houſe of Commons, would not he be wiſe to make choice of theſe words? *Give, and it ſhall be given unto ye.* Or before the Lords, *Giving no offence, that the Miniſtry be not blamed*, 2 Cor. vi. 3. Or praiſing the warm zeal of an Adminiſtration, *Who maketh his Miniſters a flaming fire*, Pſalm civ. 4. We omit many others of his texts, as too tedious.

From this period, the ſtyle of the book riſes extremely. Before the next chapter was paſted the Effigies of Dr. Sacheverel, *and I found the oppoſite page all on a foam with Politicks.*

We are now (ſays he) arrived at that celebrated year, in which the Church of England was tried in the perſon of Dr. Sacheverel. I had ever the intereſt of our High-Church at heart, neither would I at any ſeaſon mingle myſelf in the Societies of Fanaticks, whom I from my infancy abhorred, more than the Heathen or Gentile. It was in theſe days I bethought myſelf that much profit might accrue unto our Pariſh, and even unto the Nation, could there be aſſembled together a number of choſen men of the right ſpirit, who might argue, refine and define, upon high and great matters. Unto this purpoſe, I did inſtitute a weekly Aſſembly of divers worthy men at the Roſe and Crown Alehouſe, over whom myſelf (though unworthy) did preſide. Yea, I did read unto them the Poſt-boy of Mr. Roper, and the written letter of Mr. Dyer, upon which we communed afterwards among ourſelves. Our ſociety was compoſed of the following perſons: Robert Jenkins, Farrier; Amos Turner, Collar-

maker;

maker; George Pilcocks, late Exciſeman; Thomas White, Wheelwright; and myſelf. Firſt, of the firſt, Robert Jenkins.

He was a man of bright parts and ſhrewd conceit, for he never ſhoed an horſe of a Whig or a Fanatick, but he lamed him ſorely.

Amos Turner, a worthy perſon, rightly eſteemed among us for his ſufferings, in that he had been honoured in the ſtocks for wearing an Oaken bough.

George Pilcocks, a ſufferer alſo; of zealous and laudable freedom of Speech, inſomuch that his occupation had been taken from him.

Thomas White, of good repute likewiſe, for that his uncle, by the Mother's ſide, had, formerly, been ſervitor at Maudlin college, where the glorious Sacheverel was educated.

Now were the eyes of all the pariſh upon theſe our weekly councils. In a ſhort ſpace, the Miniſter came among us; he ſpake concerning us and our councils to a multitude of other Miniſters at the Viſitation, and they ſpake thereof unto the Miniſters at London, ſo that even the Biſhops heard and marvelled thereat. Moreover Sir Thomas, member of Parliament, ſpake of the ſame to other members of Parliament; who ſpake thereof unto the Peers of the Realm. Lo! thus did our councils enter into the hearts of our Generals and our Law-givers; and from henceforth, even as we deviſed, thus did they.

After this, the whole book is turned on a ſudden, from his own Life, to a Hiſtory of all the publick Tranſactions of Europe, compiled from the News-papers of thoſe times. I could not comprehend the meaning of this, till I perceived at laſt (to my no ſmall Aſtoniſhment) that all the Meaſures of the four laſt years of the Queen, *together with the peace at* Utrecht, *which have been uſually attributed to the E—— of O——,*

D—— of O——, Lords H—— and B——, and other great men; do here moſt plainly appear to have been wholly owing to Robert Jenkins, Amos Turner, George Pilcocks, Thomas White, but above all, to P. P.

The reader may be ſure I was very inquiſitive after this extraordinary writer, whoſe work I have here abſtracted. I took a journey into the Country on purpoſe; but could not find the leaſt trace of him: till by accident I met an old Clergyman, who ſaid he could not be poſitive, but thought it might be one Paul Philips, *who had been dead about twelve years. And upon enquiry, all he could learn of that perſon from the neighbourhood, was, That he had been taken notice of for* ſwallowing Loaches, *and remembered by ſome people by a* black and white Cur with one Ear, *that conſtantly followed him.*

In the Church-yard, I read his Epitaph, ſaid to be written by himſelf.

O Reader, if that thou canſt read,
Look down upon this Stone;
Do all we can, Death is a man,
That never ſpareth none.

OF THE POET LAUREATE.

NOVEMBER 19, 1729.

THE time of the election of a Poet Laureate being now at hand, it may be proper to give ſome account of the *rites* and *ceremonies* anciently uſed at that Solemnity, and only diſcontinued through the neglect and degeneracy of later times. Theſe we have extracted from an hiſtorian of undoubted credit, a reverend Biſhop, the learned Paulus Jovius; and are the ſame that were practiſed under the pontificate of Leo X. the great reſtorer of learning.

As we now ſee an *age* and a *court*, that for the encouragement of poetry rivals, if not exceeds, that of this famous Pope, we cannot but wiſh a reſtoration of all its *honours* to *poeſy*; the rather, ſince there are ſo many parallel circumſtances in the *perſon* who was then honoured with the laurel, and in *him*, who (in all probability) is now to wear it.

I ſhall tranſlate my author exactly as I find it in the 82[d] chapter of his Elogia Vir. Doct. He begins with the character of the poet himſelf, who was the original and father of all Laureates, and called Camillo. He was a plain countryman of Apulia, (whether a *ſhepherd* or *threſher*, is not material.) " This " man, (ſays Jovius) excited by the fame of the great encourage- " ment given to poets at court, and the high honour in which " they were held, came to the city, bringing with him a ſtrange " kind of lyre in his hand, and at leaſt ſome *twenty thouſand of* " *verſes*. All the wits and critics of the court flocked about

 " him,

" him, delighted to ſee a *clown*, with a ruddy, hale complexion,
" and in his own long hair, ſo top-full of poetry; and at the
" firſt ſight of him all agreed he was born to be *Poet Laureate*[y].
" He had a moſt hearty welcome in an *iſland* of the river Tiber
" (an agreeable place, not unlike our Richmond) where he was
" firſt made to *eat* and *drink plentifully*, and to *repeat his verſes to*
" *every body*. Then they adorned him with a new and elegant
" garland, compoſed of *vine-leaves*, *laurel*, and *braſſica* (a ſort of
" cabbage) ſo compoſed, ſays my author, emblematically, *Ut*
" *tam ſales quam lepide ejus temulentia, braſſicae remedio cohibenda, nota-*
" *retur*. He was then ſaluted by common conſent with the title
" of *archi-poeta*, or *arch-poet*, in the ſtyle of thoſe days, in our's,
" *Poet Laureate*. This honour the poor man received with the
" moſt ſenſible demonſtrations of joy, his eyes drunk with tears
" and gladneſs[z]. Next, the public acclamation was expreſſed in
" a *canticle*, which is tranſmitted to us, as follows:

Salve, braſſicea virens corona,
Et lauro, archipoeta, pampinoque!
Dignus principis auribus Leonis.

All hail, arch-poet without peer!
Vine, bay, or cabbage, fit to wear,
And worthy of the prince's ear.

From hence, he was conducted in pomp to the *Capitol* of Rome, mounted on an *elephant*, through the ſhouts of the populace, where the ceremony ended.

The hiſtorian tells us further, " That at his introduction to
" Leo, he not only poured forth verſes innumerable, like a tor-
" rent,

[y] Apulus praepingui vultu alacer, et prolixe comatus, omnino dignus feſta laurea videretur.
[z] Manantibus prae gaudio oculis.

" rent, but alſo *ſung* them with *open mouth*. Nor was he only " *once* introduced, or on *ſtated* days (like our Laureates) but made " a *companion* to his *maſter*, and entertained as one of the inſtru- " ments of his *moſt elegant pleaſures*. When the prince was at " table, the poet had his place at the window. when the prince " had [a] half eaten his meat, he gave with his own hands the " reſt to the poet. When the poet drank, it was out of the " prince's own flaggon, inſomuch (ſays the hiſtorian) that " through ſo great good eating and drinking, he contracted " a moſt terrible gout." Sorry I am to relate what follows, but that I cannot leave my reader's curioſity unſatisfied in the cataſtrophe of this extraordinary man. To uſe my author's words, which are remarkable, *mortuo Leone, profligatiſque poetis, etc.* " When Leo died, and poets were no more," (for I would not underſtand *profligatis* literally, as if poets then were *profligate*) this unhappy Laureate was forthwith reduced to return to his country, where, oppreſſed with *old age* and *want*, he miſerably periſhed in a *common hoſpital*.

We ſee from this ſad concluſion (which may be of example to the poets of our time) that it were happier to meet with no encouragement at all, to remain at the plough, or other lawful occupation, than to be elevated above their condition, and taken out of the common means of life, without a ſurer ſupport than the *temporary*, or at beſt, *mortal* favours of the great. It was doubtleſs for this conſideration, that when the Royal Bounty was lately extended to a *rural genius*, care was taken to *ſettle it upon him for life*. And it hath been the practice of our Princes, never to remove from the ſtation of Poet Laureate any man who hath once been choſen, though never ſo much greater Genius's

4 might

[a] Semeſis opſoniis.

might ariſe in his time. A noble inſtance, how much the *charity* of our monarchs hath exceeded their *love of fame*.

To come now to the intent of this paper. We have here the whole ancient *ceremonial* of the Laureate. In the firſt place, the crown is to be mixed with *vine-leaves*, as the vine is the plant of Bacchus, and full as eſſential to the honour, as the *butt of ſack* to the ſalary.

Secondly, the *braſſica* muſt be made uſe of as a qualifier of the former. It ſeems the *cabbage* was anciently accounted a remedy for *drunkenneſs*; a power the French now aſcribe to the onion, and ſtyle a ſoup made of it, *ſoupe d' Yvrogne*. I would recommend a large mixture of the *braſſica*, if Mr. Dennis be choſen; but if Mr. Tibbald, it is not ſo neceſſary, unleſs the cabbage be ſuppoſed to ſignify the ſame thing with reſpect to *poets* as to *taylors*, viz. *ſtealing*. I ſhould judge it not amiſs to add another plant to this garland, to wit, *ivy:* Not only as it anciently belonged to Poets in general; but as it is emblematical of the three virtues of a court poet in particular; it is *creeping*, *dirty*, and *dangling*.

In the next place, a *canticle* muſt be compoſed and ſung in laud and praiſe of the new Poet. If Mr. Cibber be laureated, it is my opinion no man can *write* this but himſelf: And no man, I am ſure, can *ſing* it ſo affectingly. But what this canticle ſhould be, either in his or the other candidate's caſe, I ſhall not pretend to determine.

Thirdly, there ought to be a *public ſhow*, or *entry* of the poet: To ſettle the order or proceſſion of which, Mr. Anſtis and Mr. Dennis ought to have a conference. I apprehend here two difficulties: One, of procuring an *elephant;* the other of teaching the poet to ride him: Therefore I ſhould imagine the next animal in ſize or dignity would do beſt; either a *mule* or a large

aſs;

aſs; particularly if that noble one could be had, whoſe portraiture makes ſo great an ornament of the *Dunciad*, and which (unleſs I am miſinformed) is yet in the park of a nobleman near this city:—Unleſs Mr. CIBBER be the man; who may, with great propriety and beauty, ride on a *dragon*, if he goes by land; or if he chooſe the water, upon one of his own *ſwans* from *Caeſar in Egypt*.

We have ſpoken ſufficiently of the *ceremony*; let us now ſpeak of the *qualifications* and *privileges* of the Laureate. Firſt, we ſee he muſt be able to make verſes *extempore*, and to pour forth innumerable, if required. In this I doubt Mr. TIBBALD. Secondly, he ought to *ſing*, and intrepidly, *patulo ore*: Here, I confeſs the excellency of Mr. CIBBER. Thirdly, he ought to carry a *lyre* about with him: If a large one be thought too cumberſome, a ſmall one may be contrived to hang about the neck, like an order; and be very much a grace to the perſon. Fourthly, he ought to have a good *ſtomach*, to eat and drink whatever his betters think fit; and therefore it is in this high office as in many others, no puny conſtitution can diſcharge it. I do not think CIBBER or TIBBALD here ſo happy: but rather a ſtanch, vigorous, ſeaſoned, and dry *old gentleman*, whom I have in my eye.

I could alſo wiſh at this juncture, ſuch a perſon as is truly jealous of the *honour* and *dignity* of *poetry*; no joker, or trifler; but a bard in *good earneſt*; nay, not amiſs if a critic, and the better if a little *obſtinate*. For when we conſider what great privileges have been loſt from this office (as we ſee from the forecited authentick record of Jovius) namely thoſe of *feeding* from the *prince's table*, *drinking* out of his *own flaggon*, becoming even his *domeſtick* and *companion*; it requires a man warm and reſolute,

to be able to claim and obtain the reſtoring of theſe high honours. I have cauſe to fear, moſt of the candidates would be liable, either through the influence of miniſters, or for rewards or favours, to give up the glorious rights of the Laureate: Yet I am not without hopes, there is *one*, from whom a *ſerious* and *ſteddy* aſſertion of theſe privileges may be expected; and, if there be ſuch a one, I muſt do him the juſtice to ſay, it is Mr. DENNIS the worthy preſident of our ſociety.

GUAR-

GUARDIANS.

N°. 4. MARCH 16, 1713.

THOUGH moſt things which are wrong in their own nature, are at once confeſſed and abſolved in that ſingle word, the Cuſtom; yet there are ſome, which as they have a dangerous tendency, a thinking man will the leſs excuſe on that very account. Among theſe I cannot but reckon the common practice of *Dedications*, which is of ſo much the worſe conſequence as it is generally uſed by people of politeneſs, and whom a learned education for the moſt part ought to have inſpired with nobler and juſter ſentiments. This proſtitution of Praiſe is not only a deceit upon the groſs of mankind, who take their notion of characters from the Learned; but alſo the better ſort muſt by this means loſe ſome part at leaſt of that deſire of Fame which is the incentive to generous actions, when they find it promiſcuouſly beſtowed on the meritorious and undeſerving. Nay, the author himſelf, let him be ſuppoſed to have ever ſo true a value for the patron, can find no terms to expreſs it, but what have been already uſed, and rendered ſuſpected by flatterers. Even Truth itſelf in a Dedication is like an honeſt man in a diſguiſe or Vizor-Maſque, and will appear a Cheat by being dreſt ſo like one. Though the merit of the perſon is beyond diſpute, I ſee no reaſon, that, becauſe one man is eminent, therefore another has a right to be impertinent, and throw praiſes in his face. It is juſt the reverſe of the practice of the ancient Romans, when a perſon was advanced to triumph for his ſervices: they hired people to rail at him in that Circumſtance, to make

him as humble as they could; and we have fellows to flatter him, and make him as proud as they can. Suppoſing the writer not to be mercenary, yet the great man is no more in reaſon obliged to thank him for his picture in a Dedication, than to thank the painter for that on a ſign-poſt; except it be a leſs injury to touch the moſt ſacred part of him, his character, than to make free with his countenance only. I ſhould think nothing juſtified me in this point, but the patron's permiſſion beforehand, that I ſhould draw him as like as I could; whereas moſt authors proceed in this affair juſt as a dawber I have heard of, who, not being able to draw portraits after the life, was uſed to paint faces at random, and look out afterwards for people whom he might perſuade to be like them. To expreſs my notion of the thing in a word: to ſay more to a man than one thinks, with a proſpect of intereſt, is diſhoneſt; and without it, fooliſh. And whoever has had ſucceſs in ſuch an undertaking, muſt of neceſſity at once think himſelf in his heart a knave for having done it, and his patron a fool for having believed it.

I have ſometimes been entertained with conſidering Dedications in no very common light. By obſerving what qualities our writers think it will be moſt pleaſing to others to compliment them with, one may form ſome judgment which are moſt ſo to themſelves; and, in conſequence, what ſort of people they are. Without this view one can read very few Dedications, but will give us cauſe to wonder, either how ſuch things came to be ſaid at all, or how they were ſaid to ſuch perſons. I have known an Hero complimented upon the decent majeſty and ſtate he aſſumed after a victory; and a nobleman of a different character applauded for his condeſcenſion to inferiors. This would have ſeemed very ſtrange to me but that I happened to know the authors: He who made the firſt compliment was a lofty gentleman,

man, whoſe air and gait diſcovered when he had publiſhed a new book; and the other tippled every night with the fellows who laboured at the preſs while his own writings were working off. It is obſervable of the female poets and ladies dedicatory, that there (as elſewhere) they far exceed us in any ſtrain or rant. As beauty is the thing that ſex are piqued upon, they ſpeak of it generally in a more elevated ſtyle than is uſed by the men. They adore in the ſame manner as they would be adored. So when the authoreſs of a famous modern romance begs a young Nobleman's permiſſion to pay him her *kneeling adorations*, I am far from cenſuring the expreſſion, as ſome Criticks would do, as deficient in grammar or ſenſe; but I reflect, that adorations paid in that poſture are what a lady might expect herſelf, and my wonder immediately ceaſes. Theſe, when they flatter moſt, do but as they would be done unto; for as none are ſo much concerned at being injured by calumnies, as they who are readieſt to caſt them upon their neighbours; ſo, it is certain none are ſo guilty of flattery to others, as thoſe who moſt ardently deſire it themſelves.

What led me into theſe thoughts, was a Dedication I happened upon this morning. The reader muſt underſtand, that I treat the leaſt inſtances or remains of ingenuity with reſpect, in what places ſoever found, or under whatever circumſtances of diſadvantage. From this love to letters I have been ſo happy in my ſearches after knowledge, that I have found unvalued repoſitories of learning in the lining of band-boxes. I look upon theſe paſteboard edifices, adorned with the fragments of the ingenious, with the ſame veneration as antiquaries upon ruined buildings, whoſe walls preſerve divers inſcriptions and names, which are no where elſe to be found in the world. This morning, when one of Lady Lizard's daughters was looking over ſome hoods

and ribbands, brought by her tirewoman, with great care and diligence, I employed no leſs in examining the box which contained them; it was lined with certain ſcenes of a tragedy, written (as appeared by part of the title there extant) by one of the fair ſex. What was moſt legible was the Dedication; which, by reaſon of the largeneſs of the characters, was leaſt defaced by thoſe Gothick ornaments of flouriſhes and foliage, wherewith the compilers of theſe ſort of ſtructures do often induſtriouſly obſcure the works of the learned. As much of it as I could read with any eaſe, I ſhall communicate to the reader as follows. *** "Though it is a kind of prophanation to approach "your Grace with ſo poor an offering, yet when I reflect how "acceptable a ſacrifice of firſt-fruits was to Heaven, in the "earlieſt and pureſt ages of religion, that they were honoured "with ſolemn feaſts, and conſecrated to altars by a Divine com-"mand; *** Upon that conſideration, as an argument of parti-"cular zeal, I dedicate *** It is impoſſible to behold you with-"out adoring; yet dazzled and awed by the glory that ſurrounds "you, men feel a ſacred power, that refines their flames, and "renders them pure as thoſe we ought to offer to the Deity. "**** The ſhrine is worthy the divinity that inhabits it. In your "Grace we ſee what woman was before ſhe fell, how nearly "allied to the purity and perfection of Angels. And we adore "and bleſs the glorious work!"

Undoubtedly theſe, and other periods of this moſt pious Dedication, could not but convince the Ducheſs of what the eloquent authoreſs aſſures her at the end, that ſhe was her ſervant with moſt ardent devotion. I think this a pattern of a new ſort of ſtyle, not yet taken notice of by the Criticks, which is above the ſublime, and may be called the Celeſtial; that is, when the moſt ſacred praiſes appropriated to the honour of the Deity, are

applied to a mortal of good quality. As I am naturally emulous, I cannot but endeavour, in imitation of this Lady, to be the inventor, or, at leaſt, the firſt producer, of a new kind of Dedication, very different from hers and moſt others, ſince it has not a word but what the author religiouſly thinks in it. It may ſerve for almoſt any book, either Proſe or Verſe, that has, is, or ſhall be publiſhed; and might run in this manner.

THE AUTHOR TO HIMSELF.

Moſt honoured Sir,

THESE labours, upon many conſiderations, ſo properly belong to none as to you: firſt, that it was your moſt earneſt deſire alone that could prevail upon me to make them publick: then, as I am ſecure (from that conſtant indulgence you have ever ſhown to all which is mine) that no man will ſo readily take them into protection, or ſo zealouſly defend them. Moreover, there's none can ſo ſoon diſcover the beauties; and there are ſome parts, which it is poſſible few beſides yourſelf are capable of underſtanding. Sir, the honour, affection, and value I have for you are beyond expreſſion; as great, I am ſure, or greater, than any man elſe can bear you. As for any defects which others may pretend to diſcover in you, I do faithfully declare I was never able to perceive them; and doubt not but thoſe perſons are actuated purely by a ſpirit of malice or envy, the inſeparable attendants on ſhining merit and parts, ſuch as I have always eſteemed yours to be. It may, perhaps, be looked upon as a kind of violence to modeſty, to ſay this to you in public; but you may believe me, it is no more than I have a thouſand times thought of you in private. Might I follow the impulſe of my ſoul, there is no ſubject I could launch into with more pleaſure than your panegyrick: But ſince ſomething is due to modeſty,

modeſty, let me conclude by telling you, that there is nothing I ſo much deſire as to know you more thoroughly than I have yet the happineſs of doing. I may then hope to be capable to do you ſome real ſervice; but, till then, can only aſſure you, that I ſhall continue to be, as I am more than any man alive,

Deareſt SIR,

Your affectionate Friend, and

The greateſt of your Admirers.

N°. 11. TUESDAY, MARCH 24, 1713.

Huc propiùs me,
Dum doceo inſanire omnes, vos ordine adite.
HOR. Sat. iii. lib. ii. ver. 80.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

SIR,

" AS you profeſs to encourage all thoſe who any way contri-
" bute to the Public Good, I flatter myſelf I may claim
" your Countenance and Protection. I am by Profeſſion a Mad-
" Doctor, but of a peculiar kind, not of thoſe whoſe Aim is to
" remove Phrenzies, but one who make it my Buſineſs to confer
" an agreeable Madneſs on my Fellow-Creatures, for their
" mutual Delight and Benefit. Since it is agreed by the Philo-
" ſophers, that Happineſs and Miſery conſiſt chiefly in the Ima-
" gination, nothing is more neceſſary to Mankind in general
" than this pleaſing Delirium, which renders every one ſatisfied
" with himſelf, and perſuades him that all others are equally ſo.

" I have for ſeveral Years, both at home and abroad, made
" this Science my particular Study, which I may venture to ſay
" I have improved in almoſt all the Courts of Europe; and have

" reduced

" reduced it into ſo ſafe and eaſy a Method, as to practiſe it on " both Sexes, of what Diſpoſition, Age, or Quality ſoever, with " Succeſs. What enables me to perform this great work, is the " uſe of my *Obſequium Catholicon*, or the *Grand Elixir*, to ſupport " the Spirits of human Nature. This Remedy is of the moſt " grateful Flavour in the World, and agrees with all Taſtes " whatever. It is delicate to the Senſes, delightful in the Opera- " tion, may be taken at all Hours without Confinement, and is " as properly given at a Ball or Playhouſe as in a private Cham- " ber. It reſtores and vivifies the moſt dejected Minds, corrects " and extracts all that is painful in the Knowledge of a Man's " ſelf. One Doſe of it will inſtantly diſperſe itſelf through the " whole Animal Syſtem, diſſipate the firſt Motions of Diſtruſt, ſo " as never to return, and ſo exhilarate the Brain, and rarify the " Gloom of Reflection, as to give the Patients a new flow of " Spirits, a Vivacity of Behaviour, and a pleaſing Dependence " upon their own Capacities.

" Let a Perſon be never ſo far gone, I adviſe him not to deſpair; " even though he has been troubled many Years with reſtleſs " Reflections, which by long neglect have hardened into ſettled " Conſideration. Thoſe that have been ſtung with Satire, may " here find a certain Antidote, which infallibly diſperſes all the " Remains of Poiſon that has been left in the Underſtanding by " bad Cures. It fortifies the Heart againſt the Rancour of " Pamphlets, the Inveteracy of Epigrams, and the Mortification " of Lampoons; as has been often experienced by ſeveral perſons " of both Sexes, during the Seaſons of *Tunbridge* and the *Bath*.

" I could, as further Inſtances of my Succeſs, produce Certi- " ficates and Teſtimonials from the Favourites and Ghoſtly " Fathers of the moſt eminent Princes of Europe; but ſhall " content myſelf with the mention of a few Cures, which I

" have

" have performed by this my *Grand Univerſal Reſtorative*, during " the Practice of one Month only ſince I came to this City.

Cures in the Month of February, 1713.

" George Spondee, Eſq; Poet, and Inmate of the Pariſh of St. " Paul's Covent-Garden, fell into violent Fits of the Spleen upon a " thin Third Night. He had been frighted into a Vertigo by the " Sound of Cat-calls on the Firſt Day; and the frequent Hiſſings " on the Second made him unable to endure the bare Pronun- " ciation of the Letter S. I ſearched into the Cauſes of his " Diſtemper; and by the Preſcription of a Doſe of my *Obſequium*, " prepared *ſecundum Artem*, recovered him to his natural State of " Madneſs. I caſt in at proper Intervals the words, *Ill Taſte of the* " *Town*, *Envy of Criticks*, *Bad Performance of the Actors*, and the like. " He is ſo perfectly cured, that he has promiſed to bring an- " other Play upon the Stage next Winter.

" A Lady of profeſſed Virtue of the Pariſh of St. James's " Weſtminſter, who hath deſired her Name may be concealed, " having taken Offence at a Phraſe of double Meaning in Conver- " ſation, undiſcovered by any other in the Company, ſuddenly fell " into a cold Fit of Modeſty. Upon a right Application of Praiſe " of her Virtue, I threw the Lady into an agreeable waking " Dream, ſettled the Fermentation of her Blood into a warm " Charity, ſo as to make her look with Patience on the very " Gentleman that offended.

" Hilaria, of the Pariſh of St. Giles's in the Fields, a Coquette " of long Practice, was, by the Reprimand of an old Maiden, " reduced to look grave in Company, and deny herſelf the Play " of the Fan. In ſhort, ſhe was brought to ſuch melancholy " Circumſtances, that ſhe would ſometimes unawares fall into " Devotion at Church. I adviſed her to take a few *innocent Free-*

" *doms*

" *doms with occaſional Kiſſes*, preſcribed her the *Exerciſe of the* " *Eyes*, and immediately raiſed her to her former State of " Life. She on a ſudden recovered her Dimples, furled her Fan, " threw round her Glances, and for theſe two Sundays laſt paſt " has not once been ſeen in an attentive Poſture. This the " Church-Wardens are ready to atteſt upon Oath.

" Andrew Terror, of the Middle-Temple, Mohock, was almoſt " induced by an aged Bencher of the ſame Houſe, to leave off " bright Converſation, and pore over *Coke upon Littleton*. He was " ſo ill, that his Hat began to flap, and he was ſeen one Day in " the laſt Term at Weſtminſter-Hall. This Patient had quite loſt " his Spirit of Contradiction; I, by the Diſtillation of a few of " my vivifying Drops in his Ear, drew him from his Lethargy, " and reſtored him to his uſual vivacious Miſunderſtanding. He " is at preſent very eaſy in his Condition.

" I will not dwell upon the Recital of the innumerable " Cures I have performed within Twenty Days laſt paſt; but " rather proceed to exhort all Perſons, of whatever Age, Com- " plexion, or Quality, to take as ſoon as poſſible of this my " intellectual Oil; which applied at the Ear, ſeizes all the Senſes " with a moſt agreeable Tranſport, and diſcovers its Effects, not " only to the Satisfaction of the Patient, but all who converſe " with, attend upon, or any way relate to him or her that " receives the kindly Infection. It is often adminiſtred by " Chamber-maids, Valets, or any the moſt ignorant Domeſtick; " it being one peculiar Excellence of this my Oil, that it is moſt " prevalent, the more unſkilful the Perſon is, or appears, who " applies it. It is abſolutely neceſſary for Ladies to take a Doſe " of it juſt before they take Coach to go a viſiting.

" But I offend the Publick, as Horace ſaid, when I treſpaſs on " any of your Time. Give me leave then, Mr. Ironſide, to make

" you a Preſent of a Drachm or two of my Oil; though I have
" cauſe to fear my Preſcriptions will not have the Effect upon
" you I could wiſh: Therefore I do not endeavour to bribe you
" in my Favour by the Preſent of my Oil, but wholly depend
" upon your public Spirit and Generoſity; which, I hope, will
" recommend to the World the uſeful Endeavours of,

" SIR,

" Your moſt Obedient, moſt Faithful, moſt Devoted,

" moſt Humble Servant and Admirer,

" GNATHO.

† Beware of Counterfeits, for ſuch are abroad.

" N. B. I teach the Arcana of my Art at reaſonable rates to
" Gentlemen of the Univerſities, who deſire to be qualified for
" writing Dedications; and to young Lovers and Fortune-hunters,
" to be paid at the day of Marriage. I inſtruct perſons of bright
" Capacities to flatter others, and thoſe of the meaneſt to flatter
" themſelves.

" I was the firſt Inventor of Pocket Looking-Glaſſes."

N°. 40. MONDAY, APRIL 27, 1713.

Being a Continuation of ſome former papers on the Subject of Paſtorals.

Compulerantque greges Corydon et Thyrſis in unum:
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon eſt tempore nobis.

1. I Deſigned to have troubled the Reader with no further diſcourſes of Paſtoral; but being informed that I am taxed of partiality in not mentioning an Author whoſe Eclogues are publiſhed in the ſame volume with Mr. Philips's, I ſhall employ this

this paper in obſervations upon him, written in the free Spirit of Criticiſm, and without any apprehenſion of offending that Gentleman, whoſe character it is, that he takes the greateſt care of his works before they are publiſhed, and has the leaſt concern for them afterwards.

2. I have laid it down as the firſt rule of Paſtoral, that its idea ſhould be taken from the manners of the Golden Age, and the Moral formed upon the repreſentation of Innocence; 'tis therefore plain, that any deviations from that deſign degrade a Poem from being truly paſtoral. In this view it will appear, that Virgil can only have two of his Eclogues allowed to be ſuch: his firſt and ninth muſt be rejected, becauſe they deſcribe the ravages of armies, and oppreſſions of the innocent: Corydon's criminal paſſion for Alexis throws out the ſecond: the calumny and railing in the third, are not proper to that ſtate of concord: the eighth repreſents unlawful ways of procuring love by enchantments, and introduces a ſhepherd whom an inviting precipice tempts to ſelf-murder: As to the fourth, ſixth, and tenth, they are given up by *Heinſius, Salmaſius, Rapin, and the critics in general. They likewiſe obſerve, that but eleven of all the Idyllia of Theocritus are to be admitted as paſtorals: and even out of that number the greater part will be excluded for one or other of the reaſons above-mentioned. So that when I remarked in a former paper, that Virgil's eclogues, taken altogether, are rather Select poems than Paſtorals; I might have ſaid the ſame thing, with no leſs truth, of Theocritus. The reaſon of this I take to be yet unobſerved by the critics, viz. They never meant them all for paſtorals.

Now

* See Rapin de Carm. par. iii.

Now it is plain Philips hath done this, and in that particular excelled both Theocritus and Virgil.

3. As Simplicity is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of Paſtoral, Virgil hath been thought guilty of too courtly a ſtyle; his language is perfectly pure, and he often forgets he is among peaſants. I have frequently wondered, that ſince he was ſo converſant in the writings of Ennius, he had not imitated the ruſticity of the Doric as well by the help of the old obſolete Roman Language, as Philips hath by the antiquated Engliſh: For example, might he not have ſaid *quoi* inſtead of *cui*; *quoijum* for *cujum*; *volt* for *vult*, etc. as well as our modern hath *welladay* for *alas*, *whileome* for *of old*, *make mock* for *deride*, and *witleſs younglings* for *ſimple lambs*, etc. by which means he had attained as much of the air of Theocritus, as Philips hath of Spencer?

4. Mr. Pope hath fallen into the ſame error with Virgil. His clowns do not converſe in all the ſimplicity proper to the country: His names are borrowed from Theocritus and Virgil, which are improper to the ſcene of his paſtorals. He introduces Daphnis, Alexis, and Thyrſis on Britiſh plains, as Virgil had done before him on the Mantuan: Whereas Philips, who hath the ſtricteſt regard to propriety, makes choice of names peculiar to the country, and more agreeable to a reader of delicacy; ſuch as Hobbinol, Lobbin, Cuddy, and Collin Clout.

5. So eaſy as paſtoral writing may ſeem (in the ſimplicity we have deſcribed it) yet it requires great reading, both of the ancients and moderns, to be a maſter of it. Philips hath given us manifeſt proofs of his knowledge of books. It muſt be confeſſed his competitor hath imitated *ſome ſingle thoughts* of the ancients well enough (if we conſider he had not the happineſs of an Univerſity education) but he hath diſperſed them here and there, without

without that order and method which Mr. Philips obſerves, whoſe *whole* third paſtoral is an inſtance how well he hath ſtudied the fifth of Virgil, and how judiciouſly reduced Virgil's thoughts to the ſtandard of Paſtoral; as his contention of Collin Clout and the Nightingale ſhows with what exactneſs he hath imitated every line in Strada.

6. When I remarked it as a principal fault, to introduce fruits and flowers of a foreign growth, in deſcriptions where the ſcene lies in our own country, I did not deſign that obſervation ſhould extend alſo to animals, or the ſenſitive life; for Mr. Philips hath with great judgment deſcribed Wolves in England in his firſt paſtoral. Nor would I have a Poet ſlaviſhly confine himſelf (as Mr. Pope hath done) to one particular Seaſon of the year, one certain Time of the day, and one unbroken Scene in each eclogue. It is plain Spencer neglected this pedantry, who, in his paſtoral of November, mentions the mournful ſong of the Nightingale,

Sad Philomel her ſong in tears doth ſteep.

And Mr. Philips, by a poetical creation, hath raiſed up finer beds of flowers than the moſt induſtrious gardener; his roſes, endives, lillies, kingcups, and daffidils, blow all in the ſame ſeaſon.

7. But the better to diſcover the merits of our two contemporary Paſtoral writers, I ſhall endeavour to draw a parallel of them, by ſetting ſeveral of their particular thoughts in the ſame light, whereby it will be obvious how much Philips hath the advantage. With what ſimplicity he introduces two ſhepherds ſinging alternately?

Hobb. *Come, Roſalind, O come, for without thee*
What pleaſure can the country have for me?

Come,

Come, Roſalind, O come; my brinded kine,
My ſnowy ſheep, my farm, and all, is thine.

Lanq. *Come, Roſalind, O come; here ſhady bowers,*
Here are cool fountains, and here ſpringing flowers.
Come, Roſalind; here ever let us ſtay,
And ſweetly waſte our live-long time away.

Our other paſtoral writer, in expreſſing the ſame thought, deviates into downright Poetry:

Streph. *In Spring the fields, in Autumn hills I love,*
At morn the plains, at noon the ſhady grove,
But Delia always; forc'd from Delia's ſight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

Daph. *Sylvia's like Autumn ripe, yet mild as May,*
More bright than noon, yet freſh as early day;
Ev'n Spring diſpleaſes, when ſhe ſhines not here,
But bleſt with her, 'tis Spring throughout the year.

In the firſt of theſe authors, two ſhepherds thus innocently deſcribe the behaviour of their miſtreſſes:

Hobb. *As Marian bath'd, by chance I paſſed by,*
She bluſh'd, and at me caſt a ſide-long eye:
Then ſwift beneath the cryſtal wave ſhe try'd
Her beauteous form, but all in vain, to hide.

Lanq. *As I to cool me bath'd one ſultry day,*
Fond Lydia lurking in the ſedges lay.
The wanton laugh'd, and ſeem'd in haſte to fly;
Yet often ſtopp'd, and often turn'd her eye.

The other modern (who it muſt be confeſſed hath a knack of verſifying) hath it as follows:

Streph. *Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,*
Then, hid in ſhades, eludes her eager ſwain;
But feigns a Laugh, to ſee me ſearch around,
And by that Laugh the willing fair is found.

Daph. *The ſprightly Sylvia trips along the green,*
She runs, but hopes ſhe does not run unſeen;
While a kind glance at her purſuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

There is nothing the writers of this kind of poetry are fonder of than deſcriptions of paſtoral Preſents. Philips ſays thus of a Sheep-hook,

Of ſeaſon'd elm; where ſtuds of braſs appear,
To ſpeak the giver's name, the month and year;
The hook of poliſh'd ſteel, the handle turn'd,
And richly by the graver's ſkill adorn'd.

The other of a bowl emboſſed with figures:

where wanton ivy twines,
And ſwelling cluſters bend the curling vines;
Four figures riſing from the work appear,
The various ſeaſons of the rolling year;
And, what is that which binds the radiant ſky,
Where twelve bright ſigns in beauteous order lie?

The ſimplicity of the ſwain in this place, who forgets the name of the Zodiack, is no ill imitation of Virgil: but how much more plainly and unaffectedly would Philips have dreſſed this thought in his Doric?

And what that hight, which girds the welkin ſheen,
Where twelve gay ſigns in meet array are ſeen?

If

If the reader would indulge his curioſity any further in the compariſon of particulars, he may read the firſt paſtoral of Philips with the ſecond of his contemporary, and the fourth and ſixth of the former with the fourth and firſt of the latter; where ſeveral parallel places will occur to every one.

Having now ſhown ſome parts, in which theſe two writers may be compared, it is a juſtice I owe to Mr. Philips to diſcover thoſe in which no man can compare with him. Firſt, That beautiful ruſticity, of which I ſhall only produce two inſtances out of a hundred not yet quoted:

O woeful day! O day of woe! quoth he,
And woeful I, who live the day to ſee!

The ſimplicity of diction, the melancholy flowing of the numbers, the ſolemnity of the ſound, and the eaſy turn of the words in this Dirge (to make uſe of our author's expreſſion) are extremely elegant.

In another of his paſtorals, a ſhepherd utters a Dirge not much inferior to the former, in the following lines:

Ah me the while! ah me! the luckleſs day,
Ah luckleſs lad! the rather might I ſay;
Ah ſilly I! more ſilly than my ſheep,
Which on the flow'ry plains I once did keep.

How he ſtill charms the ear with theſe artful repetitions of the epithets; and how ſignificant is the laſt verſe! I defy the moſt common reader to repeat them, without feeling ſome motions of compaſſion.

In the next place I ſhall rank his Proverbs, in which I formerly obſerved he excells: For example:

A rolling

A rolling ſtone is ever bare of moſs;
And, to their coſt, green years old proverbs croſs.

—He that late lies down, as late will riſe,
And ſluggard-like, till noon-day ſnoaring lies.

—Againſt ill-luck all cunning foreſight fails;
Whether we ſleep or wake, it naught avails.

—Nor fear, from upright ſentence, wrong.

Laſtly, his elegant Dialect, which alone might prove him the eldeſt born of Spencer, and our only true Arcadian. I ſhould think it proper for the ſeveral writers of Paſtoral, to confine themſelves to their ſeveral Counties. Spencer ſeems to have been of this opinion: for he hath laid the ſcene of one of his Paſtorals in Wales; where, with all the ſimplicity natural to that part of our iſland, one ſhepherd bids the other good-morrow, in an unuſual and elegant manner:

Diggon Davy, I bid hur God-day:
Or Diggon hur is, or I miſ-ſay.

Diggon anſwers:

Hur was Hur, while it was day-light;
But now hur is a moſt wretched wight, etc.

But the moſt beautiful example of this kind that I ever met with, is in a very valuable piece which I chanced to find among ſome old manuſcripts, entitled, A Paſtoral Ballad: which I think, for its nature and ſimplicity, may (notwithſtanding the modeſty of the title) be allowed a perfect Paſtoral. It is compoſed in the Somerſetſhire dialect, and the names ſuch as are proper to the country people. It may be obſerved, as a further beauty of this Paſtoral, the words Nymph, Dryad, Naiad, Fawn, Cupid, or

Satyr, are not once mentioned throughout the whole. I ſhall make no apology for inſerting ſome few lines of this excellent piece. Cicily breaks thus into the ſubject, as ſhe is going a milking:

Cicily. *Rager, go vetch tha * Kee, or elſe tha Zun*
Will quite be go, bevore c'have half a don.

Roger. *Thou ſhouldſt not ax ma tweece, but I've a bee*
To dreve our bull to bull tha Parſon's Kee.

It is to be obſerved, that this whole dialogue is formed upon the paſſion of *Jealouſy*; and his mentioning the Parſon's Kine naturally revives the jealouſy of the ſhepherdeſs Cicily, which ſhe expreſſes as follows:

Cicily. *Ah Rager, Rager, ches was zore avraid,*
When in yon Vield you kiſs'd tha Parſon's maid:
Is this the love that once to me you zed,
When from the Wake thou brought'ſt me ginger-bread?

Roger. *Cicily, thou charg'ſt me valſe,—I'll zwear to thee,*
Tha Parſon's maid is ſtill a maid vor me.

In which anſwer of his, are expreſſed at once that Spirit of Religion, and that Innocence of the Golden age, ſo neceſſary to be obſerved by all writers of Paſtoral.

At the concluſion of this piece, the author reconciles the Lovers, and ends the Eclogue the moſt ſimply in the world:

So Rager parted vor to vetch tha Kee,
And vor her bucket in went Cicily.

I am loth to ſhew my fondneſs for antiquity ſo far as to prefer this ancient Britiſh author to our preſent Engliſh Writers of Paſtoral; but I cannot avoid making this obvious remark, that Philips

* That is, the Kine or Cows.

Philips hath hit into the ſame road with this old Weſt Country Bard of ours.

After all that hath been ſaid, I hope none can think it any injuſtice to Mr. Pope that I forbore to mention him as a Paſtoral writer; ſince, upon the whole, he is of the ſame claſs with Moſchus and Bion, whom we have excluded that rank; and of whoſe Eclogues, as well as ſome of Virgil's, it may be ſaid, that (according to the deſcription we have given of this ſort of poetry) they are by no means Paſtorals, but ſomething better.

N°. 61. MAY 21, 1713.

Primoque a caede ferarum
Incaluiſſe putem maculatum ſanguine ferrum. OVID.

I CANNOT think it extravagant to imagine, that mankind are no leſs, in proportion, accountable for the ill uſe of their dominion over creatures of the lower rank of beings, than for the exerciſe of tyranny over their own Species. The more entirely the inferior creation is ſubmitted to our power, the more anſwerable we ſhould ſeem for our miſmanagement of it; and the rather, as the very condition of nature renders theſe creatures incapable of receiving any recompence in another life for their ill treatment in this.

'Tis obſervable of thoſe noxious animals, which have qualities moſt powerful to injure us, that they naturally avoid mankind, and never hurt us unleſs provoked or neceſſitated by hunger. Man, on the other hand, ſeeks out and purſues even the moſt inoffenſive animals, on purpoſe to perſecute and deſtroy them.

Montaigne thinks it ſome reflection upon human nature itſelf, that few people take delight in ſeeing beaſts careſs or

play together, but almoſt every one is pleaſed to ſee them lacerate and worry one another. I am ſorry this temper is become almoſt a diſtinguiſhing character of our own nation, from the obſervation which is made by foreigners of our beloved paſtimes, Bear-baiting, Cock-fighting, and the like. We ſhould find it hard to vindicate the deſtroying of any thing that has life, merely out of wantonneſs; yet in this principle our children are bred up, and one of the firſt pleaſures we allow them, is the licence of inflicting pain upon poor animals: almoſt as ſoon as we are ſenſible what life is ourſelves, we make it our ſport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good uſe might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and inſects. Mr. Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or puniſhed them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exerciſe of humanity, and improving their very diverſion to a virtue.

I fancy too, ſome advantage might be taken of the common notion, that it is ominous or unlucky, to deſtroy ſome ſorts of birds, as Swallows and Martins. This opinion might poſſibly ariſe from the confidence theſe birds ſeem to put in us by building under our roofs, ſo that it is a kind of violation of the laws of hoſpitality to murder them. As for Robin-red-breaſts in particular, 'tis not improbable they owe their ſecurity to the old ballad of *The Children in the Wood*. However it be, I do not know, I ſay, why this prejudice, well improved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preſervation of many innocent creatures, which are now expoſed to all the wantonneſs of an ignorant barbarity.

There are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reaſon, to be treated as common enemies where-ever found.

found. The conceit that a Cat has nine lives has coſt at leaſt nine lives in ten of the whole race of them: ſcarce a boy in the ſtreets but has in this point outdone Hercules himſelf, who was famous for killing a monſter that had but three lives. Whether the unaccountable animoſity againſt this uſeful domeſtic be any cauſe of the general perſecution of Owls (who are a ſort of feathered cats) or whether it be only an unreaſonable pique the moderns have taken to a ſerious countenance, I ſhall not determine. Though I am inclined to believe the former; ſince I obſerve the ſole reaſon alleged for the deſtruction of Frogs is becauſe they are like Toads. Yet amidſt all the misfortunes of theſe unfriended creatures, it is ſome happineſs that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them: for ſhould our countrymen refine upon the French never ſo little, it is not to be conceived to what unheard-of torments owls, cats, and frogs may be yet reſerved.

When we grow up to men, we have another ſucceſſion of Sanguinary ſports; in particular hunting. I dare not attack a diverſion which has ſuch authority and cuſtom to ſupport it; but muſt have leave to be of opinion, that the agitation of that exerciſe, with the example and number of the chaſers, not a little contribute to reſiſt thoſe checks, which compaſſion would naturally ſuggeſt in behalf of the animal purſued. Nor ſhall I ſay with Monſieur Fleury, that this ſport is a remain of the Gothic barbarity; but I muſt animadvert upon a certain cuſtom yet in uſe with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Scythians; I mean that ſavage compliment our huntſmen paſs upon Ladies of quality, who are preſent at the death of a Stag, when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of a helpleſs, trembling, and weeping creature.

Queſtuque cruentus,
Atque Imploranti ſimilis.—

But if our ſports are deſtructive, our gluttony is more ſo, and in a more inhuman manner. Lobſters roaſted alive, Pigs whipped to death, Fowls ſewed up, are teſtimonies of our outragious luxury. Thoſe, who (as Seneca expreſſes it) divide their lives betwixt an anxious conſcience, and a nauſeated ſtomach, have a juſt reward of their gluttony in the diſeaſes it brings with it: for human ſavages, like other wild beaſts, find ſnares and poiſon in the proviſions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their deſtruction. I know nothing more ſhocking, or horrid, than the proſpect of one of their kitchens covered with blood, and filled with the cries of creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image of a Giant's den in a romance beſtrewed with the ſcattered heads and mangled limbs of thoſe who were ſlain by his cruelty.

The excellent Plutarch (who has more ſtrokes of good-nature in his writings than I remember in any author) cites a ſaying of Cato to this effect: "That 'tis no eaſy taſk to preach to the "belly which has no ears. Yet if (ſays he) we are aſhamed to "be ſo out of faſhion as not to offend, let us at leaſt offend "with ſome diſcretion and meaſure. If we kill an animal for "our proviſion, let us do it with the meltings of compaſſion, "and without tormenting it. Let us conſider, that it is in its "own nature cruelty to put a living creature to death; we at "leaſt deſtroy a ſoul that has ſenſe and perception." In the life of Cato the Cenſor, he takes occaſion from the ſevere diſpoſition of that man to diſcourſe in this manner: "It ought to "be eſteemed a happineſs to mankind, that our humanity has "a wider ſphere to exert itſelf in, than bare juſtice. It is no "more

" more than the obligation of our very birth to practiſe " equity to our own kind; but humanity may be extended " through the whole order of creatures, even to the meaneſt: " ſuch actions of charity are the overflowings of a mild good- " nature on all below us. It is certainly the part of a well- " natured man to take care of his horſes and dogs, not only in " expectation of their labour while they are foals and whelps, " but even when their old age has made them incapable of " ſervice."

Hiſtory tells us of a wife and polite nation, that rejected a perſon of the firſt quality, who ſtood for a judiciary office, only becauſe he had been obſerved in his youth to take pleaſure in tearing and murdering of birds. And of another, that expelled a man out of the ſenate for daſhing a bird againſt the ground which had taken ſhelter in his boſom. Every one knows how remarkable the Turks are for their humanity in this kind. I remember an Arabian author, who has written a treatiſe to ſhew, how far a man, ſuppoſed to have ſubſiſted in a deſert iſland, without any inſtruction, or ſo much as the ſight of any other man, may, by the pure light of nature, attain the knowledge of philoſophy and virtue. One of the firſt things he makes him obſerve is, that univerſal benevolence of nature in the protection and preſervation of its creatures. In imitation of which, the firſt act of virtue he thinks his ſelf-taught philoſopher would of courſe fall into is, to relieve and aſſiſt all the animals about him in their wants and diſtreſſes.

Ovid has ſome very tender and pathetick lines applicable to this occaſion:

Quid meruiſtis, oves, placidum pecus, inque tegendos
Natum homines, pleno quae fertis in ubere nectar?

Mollia quae nobis veſtras velamina lanas
Praebetis; vitaque magis quam morte juvatis.
Quid meruere boves, animal ſine fraude doliſque,
Innocuum, ſimplex, natum tolerare labores?
Immemor eſt demum, nec frugum munere dignus,
Qui potuit, curvi dempto modo pondere aratri,
Ruricolam mactare ſuum——
Quam male conſuevit, quam ſe parat ille cruori
Impius humano, vituli qui guttura cultro
Rumpit, et immotas praebet mugitibus aures!
Aut qui vagitus ſimiles puerilibus hoedum
Edentem jugulare poteſt!—

Perhaps that voice or cry ſo nearly reſembling the human, with which Providence has endued ſo many different animals, might purpoſely be given them to move our pity, and prevent thoſe cruelties we are too apt to inflict on our fellow creatures.

There is a paſſage in the book of Jonas, when God declares his unwillingneſs to deſtroy Nineveh, where, methinks, that compaſſion of the Creator, which extends to the meaneſt rank of his creatures, is expreſſed with wonderful tenderneſs—"Should I not ſpare Nineveh the great city, wherein are more "than ſixſcore thouſand perſons—And alſo much cattle?"—And we have in Deuteronomy a precept of great good-nature of this ſort, with a bleſſing in form annexed to it in thoſe words: "If "thou ſhalt find a bird's neſt in the way, thou ſhalt not take the "dam with the young: But thou ſhalt in any wiſe let the dam "go, that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayeſt pro-"long thy days."

To conclude, there is certainly a degree of gratitude owing to thoſe animals that ſerve us; as for ſuch as are mortal or noxious,

we

we have a right to deſtroy them; and for thoſe that are neither of advantage or prejudice to us, the common enjoyment of life is what I cannot think we ought to deprive them of.

This whole matter with regard to each of theſe conſiderations, is ſet in a very agreeable light in one of the Perſian fables of Pilpay, with which I ſhall end this paper.

A traveller paſſing through a thicket, and ſeeing a few ſparks of a fire, which ſome paſſengers had kindled as they went that way before, made up to it. On a ſudden the ſparks caught hold of a buſh, in the midſt of which lay an adder, and ſet it in flames. The adder intreated the traveller's aſſiſtance, who tying a bag to the end of his ſtaff, reached it, and drew him out: he then bid him go where he pleaſed, but never more be hurtful to men, ſince he owed his life to a man's compaſſion. The adder, however, prepared to ſting him, and when he expoſtulated how unjuſt it was to retaliate good with evil, I ſhall do no more (ſaid the adder) than what you men practiſe every day, whoſe cuſtom it is to requite benefits with ingratitude. If you can deny this truth, let us refer it to the firſt we meet. The man conſented, and ſeeing a Tree, put the queſtion to it, in what manner a good turn was to be recompenced? If you mean according to the uſage of Men (replied the Tree) By its contrary. I have been ſtanding here theſe hundred years to protect them from the ſcorching ſun, and in requital, they have cut down my branches, and are going to ſaw my body into planks. Upon this the Adder inſulting the man, he appealed to a ſecond evidence, which was granted, and immediately they met a Cow. The ſame demand was made, and much the ſame anſwer given, that among men it was certainly ſo: I know it, ſaid the Cow, by woful experience; for I have ſerved a man this long time with milk, butter, and cheeſe, and brought him beſides a Calf

every year: but now I am old, he turns me into this paſture, with deſign to ſell me to a butcher, who will ſhortly make an end of me. The traveller upon this ſtood confounded, but deſired of courteſy one trial more, to be finally judged by the next beaſt they ſhould meet. This happened to be the Fox, who upon hearing the ſtory in all its circumſtances, could not be perſuaded it was poſſible for the adder to get into ſo narrow a bag. The adder to convince him went in again; the Fox told the man he had now his enemy in his power, and with that he faſtened the bag, and cruſhed him to pieces.

N°. 91. JUNE 25, 1713.

" ineſt ſua gratia parvis." VIRG.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

SIR,

" I Remember a ſaying of yours concerning perſons in low " circumſtances of ſtature, that their littleneſs would hardly " be taken notice of, if they did not manifeſt a conſciouſneſs of " it themſelves in all their behaviour. Indeed the obſervation " that no man is ridiculous for being what he is, but only for the " affectation of being ſomething more, is equally true in regard " to the mind and the body.

" I queſtion not but it will be pleaſing to you to hear, that a " ſett of us have formed a ſociety, who are ſworn to dare to be " ſhort, and boldly bear out the dignity of littleneſs under the " noſes of thoſe enormous engroſſers of manhood, thoſe hyper- " bolical monſters of the Species, the tall fellows that over- " look us.

" The

" The day of our inſtitution was the tenth of December, being " the ſhorteſt in the year, on which we are to hold an annual " Feaſt over a diſh of Shrimps.

" The place we have choſen for this meeting is in the little " Piazza, not without an eye to the neighbourhood of Mr. Powel's " Opera, for the performers of which, we have, as becomes us, " a brotherly affection.

" At our firſt reſort hither, an old woman brought her ſon to " the Club-Room, deſiring he might be educated in this School, " becauſe ſhe ſaw here were finer Boys than ordinary. However " this accident no way diſcouraged our deſigns. We began with " ſending invitations to thoſe of a ſtature not exceeding five foot, " to repair to our aſſembly; but the greater part returned excuſes, " or pretended they were not qualified.

" One ſaid, he was indeed but five foot at preſent, but repre- " ſented that he ſhould ſoon exceed that proportion, his peri- " wig-maker and ſhoe-maker having lately promiſed him three " inches more betwixt them.

" Another alleged, he was ſo unfortunate as to have one leg " ſhorter than the other, and whoever had determined his " ſtature to five foot, had taken him at a diſadvantage; for when " he was mounted on the other leg, he was at leaſt five foot two " inches and a half.

" There were ſome who queſtioned the exactneſs of our mea- " ſures, and others inſtead of complying, returned us informa- " tions of people yet ſhorter than themſelves. In a word, almoſt " every one recommended ſome neighbour or acquaintance, " whom he was willing we ſhould look upon to be leſs than he. " We were not a little aſhamed, that thoſe who are paſt the years " of growth, and whoſe beards pronounce them men, ſhould

" be guilty of as many unfair tricks, in this point, as the moſt
" aſpiring children when they are meaſured.

" We therefore proceeded to fit up the Club-Room, and provide
" conveniences for our accommodation. In the firſt place we
" cauſed a total removal of all the chairs, ſtools, and tables,
" which had ſerved the groſs of mankind for many years.

" The diſadvantages we had undergone while we made uſe of
" theſe, were unſpeakable. The Preſident's whole body was
" ſunk in the elbow-chair, and when his arms were ſpread over
" it, he appeared (to the great leſſening of his dignity) like a
" child in a go-cart: It was alſo ſo wide in the ſeat, as to give a
" wag occaſion of ſaying, that, notwithſtanding the Preſident
" ſate in it, there was a *Sede Vacante*.

" The table was ſo high, that one who came by chance to the
" door, ſeeing our chins juſt above the pewter-diſhes, took us
" for a circle of men that ſate ready to be ſhaved, and ſent in
" half a dozen Barbers.

" Another time, one of the Club ſpoke in a ludicrous manner
" of the Preſident, imagining he had been abſent, when he was
" only eclipſed by a flaſk of Florence, which ſtood on the table
" in a parallel line before his face.

" We therefore new furniſhed the room in all reſpects pro-
" portionably to us; and had the door made lower, ſo as to admit
" no man of above five foot high, without bruſhing his foretop,
" which whoever does is utterly unqualified to ſit among us.

Some of the Statutes of the Club are as follow.

" I. If it be proved upon any member, though never ſo duly
" qualified, that he ſtrives as much as poſſible to get above his
" ſize, by ſtretching, cocking, or the like; or that he hath ſtood

" on

" on tip-toe in a crowd, with deſign to be taken for as tall a " man as the reſt; or hath privily conveyed any large book, " cricket, or other device under him, to exalt him on his ſeat: " every ſuch offender ſhall be ſentenced to walk in pumps for a " whole month.

" II. If any member ſhall take advantage from the fulneſs or " length of his wig, or any part of his dreſs, or the immoderate " extent of his hat, or otherwiſe, to ſeem larger or higher than " he is, it is ordered he ſhall wear red heels to his ſhoes, and a " red feather in his hat; which may apparently mark and ſet " bounds to the extremities of his ſmall dimenſion, that all " people may readily find him out between his hat and his " ſhoes.

" III. If any member ſhall purchaſe a horſe for his own riding, " above fourteen hands and a half in height; that horſe ſhall " forthwith be ſold, a Scotch galloway bought in its ſtead for " him, and the overplus of the money ſhall treat the Club.

" IV. If any member, in direct contradiction to the funda- " mental laws of the Society, ſhall wear the heels of his ſhoes " exceeding one inch and a half; it ſhall be interpreted as an " open renunciation of littleneſs, and the criminal ſhall inſtantly " be expelled. Note, The form to be uſed in expelling a mem- " ber ſhall be in theſe words; " Go from among us, and be tall " if you can!"

" It is the unanimous opinion of our whole ſociety, that ſince " the race of mankind is granted to have decreaſed in ſtature, " from the beginning to this preſent, it is the intent of Nature " itſelf, that men ſhould be little; and we believe, that all " human kind ſhall at laſt grow down to perfection, that is to " ſay, be reduced to *our own meaſure*."

N°. 92. JUNE 26, 1713.

" Homunculi quanti ſunt, cum recogito!" PLAUT.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

" YOU are now acquainted with the nature and deſign of " our inſtitution; the Character of the members, and the " topicks of our Converſation, are what remain for the ſubject " of this Epiſtle.

" The moſt eminent perſons of our aſſembly are a little Poet, " a little Lover, a little Politician, and a little Hero. The firſt of " theſe, Dick Diſtick by name, we have elected Preſident: not " only as he is the ſhorteſt of us all, but becauſe he has enter- " tained ſo juſt a ſenſe of his ſtature, as to go generally in black, " that he may appear yet leſs. Nay, to that perfection is he " arrived, that he ſtoops as he walks. The figure of the man is " odd enough; he is a lively little creature, with long arms and " legs: a Spider is no ill emblem of him: he has been taken at " a diſtance for a ſmall Windmill. But indeed what principally " moved us in his favour was his talent in Poetry; for he hath " promiſed to undertake a long work in ſhort verſe to celebrate " the heroes of our ſize. He has entertained ſo great a reſpect " for Statius, on the ſcore of that line,

Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus,

" that he once deſigned to tranſlate the whole Thebaid for the " ſake of little Tydeus.

" Tom Tiptoe, a dapper black fellow, is the moſt gallant " lover of the age. He is particularly nice in his habiliments; " and to the end juſtice may be done him that way, conſtantly " employs the ſame artiſt who makes attire for the neighbour- " ing Princes and Ladies of quality at Mr. Powel's. The vivacity

" of his temper inclines him ſometimes to boaſt of the favours " of the Fair. He was t'other night excuſing his abſence from " the club on account of an aſſignation with a Lady (and, as he " had the vanity to tell us, a tall one too) who had conſented to " the full accompliſhment of his deſires that evening: But one " of the company, who was his confident, aſſured us ſhe was a " woman of humour, and made the agreement on this condition, " that his toe ſhould be tied to hers.

" Our Politician is a perſon of real gravity, and profeſſed " wiſdom: Gravity in a man of this ſize, compared with that of " one of an ordinary bulk, appears like the gravity of a Cat " compared with that of a Lion. This gentleman is accuſtomed " to talk of himſelf, and was once over-heard to compare his " own perſon to a little cabinet, wherein are locked up all the " ſecrets of ſtate, and refined ſchemes of Princes. His face is " pale and meagre, which proceeds from much watching and " ſtudying for the welfare of Europe, which is alſo thought to " have ſtinted his growth: for he hath deſtroyed his own con- " ſtitution with taking care of that of the nation. He is what " Monſ. Balzac calls, a great Diſtiller of the maxims of Tacitus: " when he ſpeaks, it is ſlowly, and word by word, as one that is " loth to enrich you too faſt with his obſervations; like a lim- " beck that gives you, drop by drop, an extract of the little that " is in it.

" The laſt I ſhall mention is Tim. Tuck, the Hero. He is par- " ticularly remarkable for the length of his Sword, which inter- " ſects his perſon in a croſs line, and makes him appear not " unlike a Fly that the boys have run a pin through, and ſet a " walking. He once challenged a tall fellow for giving him a " blow on the pate with his elbow, as he paſſed along the

" ſtreet.

" ſtreet. But what he eſpecially values himſelf upon is, that in " all the campaigns he has made, he never once duck'd at the " whizz of a cannon ball. Tim. was full as large at fourteen " years old as he is now. This we are tender of mentioning, " your little Heroes being generally cholerick.

" Theſe are the gentlemen that moſt enliven our converſation. " The diſcourſe generally turns upon ſuch accidents, whether " fortunate or unfortunate, as are daily occaſioned by our ſize: " theſe we faithfully communicate, either as matter of mirth, " or of conſolation to each other. The Preſident had lately an " unlucky fall, being unable to keep his legs on a ſtormy day; " whereupon he informed us it was no new diſaſter, but the " ſame a certain ancient Poet had been ſubject to; who is " recorded to have been ſo light that he was obliged to poiſe " himſelf againſt the wind, with lead on one ſide, and his " own works on the other. The Lover confeſt the other night " that he had been cured of love to a tall woman, by reading " over the legend of Ragotine in Scarron, with his tea, three " mornings ſucceſſively. Our Hero rarely acquaints us with " any of his unſucceſsful adventures: and as for the Politician, " he declares himſelf an utter enemy to all kind of burleſque, " ſo will never diſcompoſe the auſterity of his aſpect by laugh- " ing at our adventures, much leſs diſcover any of his own in " this ludicrous light. Whatever he tells of any accidents that " befal him, is by way of complaint, nor is he ever laughed at " but in his *Abſence*.

" We are likewiſe particularly careful to communicate in the " club all ſuch paſſages of hiſtory, or characters of illuſtrious " perſonages, as any way reflect honour on little men. Tim. " Tuck having but juſt reading enough for a military man,

" perpetually

" perpetually entertains us with the ſame ſtories, of little David
" that conquered the mighty Goliah, and little Luxembourg that
" made Louis xiv. a grand Monarque, never forgetting little Alex-
" ander the great. Dick Diſtick celebrates the exceeding huma-
" nity of Auguſtus, who called Horace *lepidiſſimum homunciolum;* and
" is wonderfully pleaſed with Voiture and Scarron, for having ſo
" well deſcribed their diminutive forms to poſterity. He is per-
" emptorily of opinion, againſt a great Reader and all his adhe-
" rents, that Aeſop was not a jot properer or handſomer than he
" is repreſented by the common pictures. But the Soldier be-
" lieves with the learned perſon above-mentioned; for he thinks
" none but an impudent tall author could be guilty of ſuch an
" unmannerly piece of Satire on little warriors, as his Battle of
" the Mouſe and the Frog. The Politician is very proud of a
" certain King of Egypt, called Bocchor, who, as Diodorus aſſures
" us, was a perſon of a very low ſtature, but far exceeded all that
" went before him in diſcretion and politicks.

" As I am Secretary to the club, 'tis my buſineſs, whenever we
" meet, to take minutes of the tranſactions: this has enabled
" me to ſend you the foregoing particulars, as I may hereafter
" other memoirs. We have ſpies appointed in every quarter of
" the town, to give us informations of the miſbehaviour of ſuch
" refractory perſons as refuſe to be ſubject to our ſtatutes.
" Whatſoever aſpiring practices any of theſe our people ſhall be
" guilty of in their Amours, ſingle Combats, or any indirect
" means to manhood, we ſhall certainly be acquainted with, and
" publiſh to the world, for their puniſhment and reformation.
" For the Preſident has granted me the ſole propriety of expoſing
" and ſhewing to the town all ſuch intractable Dwarfs, whoſe
" circumſtances exempt them from being carried about in Boxes:

" reſerving only to himſelf, as the right of a Poet, thoſe ſmart
" characters that will ſhine in Epigrams. Venerable Neſtor, I
" ſalute you in the name of the club.

" BOB. SHORT, Secretary."

N°. 173. SEPTEMBER 29, 1713.

" Nec ſera comantem
" Narciſſum, aut flexi tacuiſſem vimen Acanthi,
" Pallenteſque hederas, at amantes littora myrtos." VIRG.

I Lately took a particular friend of mine to my houſe in the country, not without ſome apprehenſion, that it could afford little entertainment to a man of his polite taſte, particularly in architecture and gardening, who had ſo long been converſant with all that is beautiful and great in either. But it was a pleaſant ſurprize to me, to hear him often declare he had found in my little retirement that beauty which he always thought wanting in the moſt celebrated ſeats (or, if you will, Villa's) of the nation. This he deſcribed to me in thoſe verſes with which Martial begins one of his epigrams:

Baiana noſtri villa, Baſſe, Fauſtini,
Non otioſis ordinata myrtetis,
Viduaque platano, tonſilique buxeto,
Ingrata lati ſpatia detinet campi;
Sed rure vero, barbaroque laetatur.

There is certainly ſomething in the amiable ſimplicity of unadorned Nature, that ſpreads over the mind a more noble ſort of tranquillity, and a loftier ſenſation of pleaſure, than can be raiſed from the nicer ſcenes of art.

This

This was the taſte of the Ancients in their gardens, as we may diſcover from the deſcriptions extant of them. The two moſt celebrated wits of the world have each of them left us a particular picture of a Garden; wherein thoſe great maſters being wholly unconfined, and painting at pleaſure, may be thought to have given a full idea of what they eſteemed moſt excellent in this way. Theſe (one may obſerve) conſiſt intirely of the uſeful part of horticulture, fruit trees, herbs, water, etc. The pieces I am ſpeaking of are Virgil's account of the garden of the old Corycian, and Homer's of that of Alcinous in the ſeventh Odyſſey, to which I refer the reader.

Sir William Temple has remarked, that this garden of Homer contains all the juſteſt rules and proviſions which can go toward compoſing the beſt gardens. Its extent was four Acres, which, in thoſe times of ſimplicity, was looked upon as a large one, even for a Prince. It was encloſed all round for defence; and for conveniency joined cloſe to the gates of the Palace.

He mentions next the Trees, which were ſtandards, and ſuffered to grow to their full height. The fine deſcription of the Fruits that never failed, and the eternal Zephyrs, is only a more noble and poetical way of expreſſing the continual ſucceſſion of one fruit after another throughout the year.

The Vineyard ſeems to have been a plantation diſtinct from the Garden; as alſo the beds of Greens mentioned afterwards at the extremity of the incloſure, in the uſual place of our Kitchen Gardens.

The two Fountains are diſpoſed very remarkably. They roſe within the incloſure, and were brought in by conduits or ducts; one of them to water all parts of the gardens, and the other underneath the Palace into the Town, for the ſervice of the public.

How contrary to this ſimplicity is the modern practice of gardening? We ſeem to make it our ſtudy to recede from Nature, not only in the various tonſure of greens into the moſt regular and formal ſhapes, but even in monſtrous attempts beyond the reach of the art itſelf: we run into ſculpture, and are yet better pleaſed to have our Trees in the moſt awkward figures of men and animals, than in the moſt regular of their own.

Hinc et nexilibus videas e frondibus hortos,
Implexos late muros, et moenia circum
Porrigere, et latas e ramis ſurgere turres;
Deflexam et myrtum in puppes, atque aerea roſtra:
In buxiſque undare fretum, atque e rore rudentes.
Parte alia frondere ſuis tentoria caſtris;
Scutaque, ſpiculaque, et jaculantia citria vallos.

I believe it is no wrong obſervation, that perſons of genius, and thoſe who are moſt capable of art, are always moſt fond of nature; as ſuch are chiefly ſenſible, that all art conſiſts in the imitation and ſtudy of nature: On the contrary, people of the common level of underſtanding are principally delighted with little niceties and fantaſtical operations of art, and conſtantly think that fineſt which is the leaſt natural. A Citizen is no ſooner proprietor of a couple of Yews, but he entertains thoughts of erecting them into Giants, like thoſe of Guildhall. I know an eminent Cook, who beautified his country ſeat with a Coronation-dinner in greens, where you ſee the Champion flouriſhing on horſeback at one end of the table, and the Queen in perpetual youth at the other.

For the benefit of all my loving countrymen of this curious taſte, I ſhall here publiſh a catalogue of Greens to be diſpoſed of by an eminent Town-Gardener, who has lately applied to me on

this head. He repreſents, that for the advancement of a politer ſort of ornament in the Villa's and Gardens adjacent to this great city, and in order to diſtinguiſh thoſe places from the mere barbarous countries of groſs nature, the world ſtands much in need of a virtuoſo Gardener, who has a turn to ſculpture, and is thereby capable of improving upon the ancients, in the imagery of Ever-greens. I proceed to his catalogue.

Adam and Eve in Yew; Adam a little ſhattered by the fall of the Tree of Knowledge in the great ſtorm; Eve and the Serpent very flouriſhing.

Noah's ark in Holly, the ribs a little damaged for want of water.

The Tower of Babel, not yet finiſhed.

St. George in Box; his arm ſcarce long enough, but will be in a condition to ſtick the Dragon by next April.

A green Dragon of the ſame, with a tail of Ground-Ivy for the preſent.

N. B. Theſe two not to be ſold ſeparately.

Edward the Black Prince in Cypreſs.

A Lauruſtine Bear in Bloſſom, with a Juniper Hunter in Berries.

A pair of Giants, ſtunted, to be ſold cheap.

A Queen Elizabeth in Phyllirea, a little inclined to the green ſickneſs, but of full growth.

Another Queen Elizabeth in Myrtle, which was very forward, but miſcarried by being too near a Savine.

An old Maid of honour in Wormwood.

A topping Ben. Johnſon in Laurel.

Divers eminent modern Poets in Bays, ſomewhat blighted, to be diſpoſed of a pennyworth.

A quick-ſet Hog ſhot up into a Porcupine, by being forgot a week in rainy weather.

A Lavender

A Lavender Pig, with Sage growing in his belly.
A pair of Maidenheads in Firr, in great forwardneſs.

He alſo cutteth family pieces of men, women, and children, ſo that any gentleman may have his lady's effigies in Myrtle, or his own in Hornbeam.

Thy Wife ſhall be as the fruitful Vine, and thy Children as Olive-branches round thy table.

PREFACE TO

HOMER's ILIAD.

HOMER is univerſally allowed to have had the greateſt *Invention* of any writer whatever. The praiſe of Judgment Virgil has juſtly conteſted with him, and others may have their pretenſions as to particular excellencies; but his Invention remains yet unrivaled. Nor is it a wonder if he has ever been acknowledged the greateſt of poets, who moſt excelled in that which is the very foundation of poetry. It is the Invention that in different degrees diſtinguiſhes all great Genius's: The utmoſt ſtretch of human ſtudy, learning, and induſtry, which maſter every thing beſides, can never attain to this. It furniſhes Art with all her materials, and without it, Judgment itſelf can at beſt but *ſteal wiſely:* For Art is only like a prudent ſteward that lives on managing the riches of Nature. Whatever praiſes may be given to works of Judgment, there is not even a ſingle beauty in them, to which the Invention muſt not contribute. As in the moſt regular gardens, Art can only reduce the beauties of Nature to more regularity, and ſuch a figure, which the common eye may better take in, and is therefore more entertained with. And perhaps the reaſon why common Criticks are inclined to prefer a judicious and methodical genius to a great and fruitful one, is, becauſe they find it eaſier for themſelves to purſue their obſervations through an uniform and bounded walk of Art, than to comprehend the vaſt and various extent of Nature.

Our author's work is a wild paradiſe, where if we cannot ſee all the beauties ſo diſtinctly as in an ordered garden, it is only

becauſe

becauſe the number of them is infinitely greater. It is like a copious nurſery which contains the ſeeds and firſt productions of every kind, out of which thoſe who followed him have but ſelected ſome particular plants, each according to his fancy, to cultivate and beautify. If ſome things are too luxuriant, it is owing to the richneſs of the ſoil; and if others are not arrived to perfection or maturity, it is only becauſe they are over-run and oppreſt by thoſe of a ſtronger nature.

It is to the ſtrength of this amazing invention we are to attribute that unequalled fire and rapture, which is ſo forcible in Homer, that no man of a true poetical ſpirit is maſter of himſelf while he reads him. What he writes, is of the moſt animated nature imaginable; every thing moves, every thing lives, and is put in action. If a council be called, or a battle fought, you are not coldly informed of what was ſaid or done as from a third perſon; the reader is hurried out of himſelf by the force of the Poet's imagination, and turns in one place to a hearer, in another to a ſpectator. The courſe of his verſes reſembles that of the army he deſcribes,

Οἱ δ' ἀρ' ἴσαν, ὥσεί τε πυρὶ χθὼν πᾶσα νέμοιτο·

They pour along like a fire that ſweeps the whole earth before it. It is however remarkable, that his fancy, which is every where vigorous, is not diſcovered immediately at the beginning of his poem in its fulleſt ſplendor: It grows in the progreſs both upon himſelf and others, and becomes on fire like a chariot-wheel, by its own rapidity. Exact diſpoſition, juſt thought, correct elocution, poliſhed numbers, may have been found in a thouſand; but this poetical fire, this *Vivida vis animi*, in a very few. Even in works where all thoſe are imperfect or neglected, this can over-power criticiſm, and make us admire even while we diſapprove.

prove. Nay, where this appears, though attended with abſurdities, it brightens all the rubbiſh about it, till we ſee nothing but its own ſplendor. This *Fire* is diſcerned in Virgil, but diſcerned as through a glaſs, reflected from Homer, more ſhining than fierce, but every where equal and conſtant: In Lucan and Statius, it burſts out in ſudden, ſhort, and interrupted flaſhes: In Milton it glows like a furnace kept up to an uncommon ardor by the force of art: In Shakeſpear, it ſtrikes before we are aware, like an accidental fire from heaven: But in Homer, and in him only, it burns every where clearly, and every where irreſiſtibly.

I ſhall here endeavour to ſhow, how this vaſt *Invention* exerts itſelf in a manner ſuperior to that of any poet, through all the main conſtituent parts of his work, as it is the great and peculiar characteriſtic which diſtinguiſhes him from all other authors.

This ſtrong and ruling faculty was like a powerful ſtar, which in the violence of its courſe, drew all things within its *vortex*. It ſeemed not enough to have taken in the whole circle of arts, and the whole compaſs of nature, to ſupply his maxims and reflections; all the inward paſſions and affections of mankind, to furniſh his characters; and all the outward forms and images of things for his deſcriptions; but wanting yet an ampler ſphere to expatiate in, he opened a new and boundleſs walk for his imagination, and created a world for himſelf in the invention of *Fable*. That which Ariſtotle calls the *Soul of Poetry*, was firſt breathed into it by Homer. I ſhall begin with conſidering him in this part, as it is naturally the firſt, and I ſpeak of it both as it means the deſign of a poem, and as it is taken for fiction.

Fable may be divided into the *probable*, the *allegorical*, and the *marvellous*. The *probable fable* is the recital of ſuch actions as though they did not happen, yet might, in the common courſe

of nature: Or of ſuch as though they did, become fables by the additional epiſodes and manner of telling them. Of this ſort is the main ſtory of an Epic poem, *the return of* Ulyſſes, *the ſettlement of the* Trojans *in* Italy, or the like. That of the *Iliad* is the *anger of* Achilles, the moſt ſhort and ſingle ſubject that was ever choſen by any Poet. Yet this he has ſupplied with a vaſter variety of incidents and events, and crowded with a greater number of councils, ſpeeches, battles, and epiſodes of all kinds, than are to be found even in thoſe poems whoſe ſchemes are of the utmoſt latitude and irregularity. The action is hurried on with the moſt vehement ſpirit, and its whole duration employs not ſo much as fifty days. Virgil, for want of ſo warm a genius, aided himſelf by taking in a more extenſive ſubject, as well as a greater length of time, and contracting the deſign of both Homer's poems into one, which is yet but a fourth part as large as his. The other Epic Poets have uſed the ſame practice, but generally carried it ſo far as to ſuperinduce a multiplicity of fables, deſtroy the unity of action, and loſe their readers in an unreaſonable length of time. Nor is it only in the main deſign that they have been unable to add to his invention, but they have followed him in every epiſode and part of ſtory. If he has given a regular *catalogue* of an *army*, they all draw up their forces in the ſame order. If he has funeral games for Patroclus, Virgil has the ſame for Anchiſes, and Statius (rather than omit them) deſtroys the unity of his action for thoſe of Archemorus. If Ulyſſes viſit the ſhades, the Aeneas of Virgil and Scipio of Silius are ſent after him. If he be detained from his return by the allurements of Calypſo, ſo is Aeneas by Dido, and Rinaldo by Armida. If Achilles be abſent from the army on the ſcore of a quarrel through half the poem, Rinaldo muſt abſent himſelf juſt as long, on the like account. If he gives his hero a ſuit of

celeſtial

celeſtial armour, Virgil and Taſſo make the ſame preſent to theirs. Virgil has not only obſerved this cloſe imitation of Homer, but where he had not led the way, ſupplied the want from other Greek authors. Thus the ſtory of Sinon and the taking of Troy was copied (ſays Macrobius) almoſt word for word from Piſander, as the Loves of Dido and Aeneas are taken from thoſe of Medea and Jaſon in Apollonius, and ſeveral others in the ſame manner.

To proceed to the *allegorical fable:* If we reflect upon thoſe innumerable knowledges, thoſe ſecrets of nature and phyſical philoſophy, which Homer is generally ſuppoſed to have wrapped up in his *allegories*, what a new and ample ſcene of wonder may this conſideration afford us? How fertile will that imagination appear, which was able to clothe all the properties of elements, the qualifications of the mind, the virtues and vices, in forms and perſons; and to introduce them into actions agreeable to the nature of the things they ſhadowed? This is a field in which no ſucceeding poets could diſpute with Homer; and whatever commendations have been allowed them on this head, are by no means for their invention in having enlarged his circle, but for their judgment in having contracted it. For when the mode of learning changed in following ages, and ſcience was delivered in a plainer manner; it then became as reaſonable in the more modern poets to lay it aſide, as it was in Homer to make uſe of it. And perhaps it was no unhappy circumſtance for Virgil, that there was not in his time that demand upon him of ſo great an invention, as might be capable of furniſhing all thoſe allegorical parts of a poem.

The *marvellous fable* includes whatever is ſupernatural, and eſpecially the machines of the Gods. He ſeems the firſt who brought them into a ſyſtem of machinery for poetry, and ſuch a

one as makes its greateſt importance and dignity. For we find thoſe authors who have been offended at the literal notion of the Gods, conſtantly laying their accuſation againſt Homer as the chief ſupport of it. But whatever cauſe there might be to blame his *machines* in a philoſophical or a religious view, they are ſo perfect in the poetic, that mankind have been ever ſince contented to follow them: None have been able to enlarge the ſphere of poetry beyond the limits he has ſet: Every attempt of this nature has proved unſucceſsful; and after all the various changes of times and religions, his Gods continue to this day the Gods of poetry.

We come now to the *characters* of his perſons: And here we ſhall find no author has ever drawn ſo many, with ſo viſible and ſurprizing a variety, or given us ſuch lively and affecting impreſſions of them. Every one has ſomething ſo ſingularly his own, that no painter could have diſtinguiſhed them more by their features, than the Poet has by their manners. Nothing can be more exact than the diſtinctions he has obſerved in the different degrees of virtues and vices. The ſingle quality of *courage* is wonderfully diverſified in the ſeveral characters of the Iliad. That of Achilles is furious and intractable; that of Diomede forward, yet liſtening to advice and ſubject to command: That of Ajax is heavy and ſelf-confiding; of Hector active and vigilant: The courage of Agamemnon is inſpirited by love of empire and ambition, that of Menelaus mixed with ſoftneſs and tenderneſs for his people: We find in Idomeneus a plain direct ſoldier, in Sarpedon a gallant and generous one. Nor is this judicious and aſtoniſhing diverſity to be found only in the principal quality which conſtitutes the main of each character, but even in the under-parts of it, to which he takes care to give a tincture of that principal one. For example, the main charac-

ters of Ulyſſes and Neſtor conſiſt in *wiſdom*; and they are diſtinct in this, that the wiſdom of one is *artificial* and *various*, of the other *natural*, *open*, and *regular*. But they have, beſides, characters of *courage*; and this quality alſo takes a different turn in each from the difference of his prudence: for one in the war depends ſtill upon *caution*, the other upon *experience*. It would be endleſs to produce inſtances of theſe kinds. The characters of Virgil are far from ſtriking us in this open manner; they lie in a great degree hidden and undiſtinguiſhed, and where they are marked moſt evidently affect us not in proportion to thoſe of Homer. His characters of valour are much alike; even that of Turnus ſeems no way peculiar but as it is in a ſuperior degree; and we ſee nothing that differences the courage of Mneſtheus from that of Sergeſtus, Cloanthus, or the reſt. In like manner it may be remarked of Statius's heroes, that an air of impetuoſity runs through them all; the ſame horrid and ſavage courage appears in his Capaneus, Tydeus, Hippomedon, etc. They have a parity of character, which makes them ſeem brothers of one family. I believe when the reader is led into this track of reflection, if he will purſue it through the *Epic* and *Tragic* writers, he will be convinced how infinitely ſuperior in this point the invention of Homer was to that of all others.

The *ſpeeches* are to be conſidered as they flow from the characters, being perfect or defective as they agree or diſagree with the manners of thoſe who utter them. As there is more variety of characters in the *Iliad*, ſo there is of ſpeeches, than in any other poem: *Every thing in it has manners* (as Ariſtotle expreſſes it) that is, every thing is acted or ſpoken. It is hardly credible in a work of ſuch length, how ſmall a number of lines are employed in narration. In Virgil the dramatic part is leſs in proportion to the narrative; and the ſpeeches often conſiſt of general reflections or thoughts,

which

which might be equally juſt in any perſon's mouth upon the ſame occaſion. As many of his perſons have no apparent characters, ſo many of his ſpeeches eſcape being applied and judged by the rule of propriety. We oftner think of the author himſelf when we read Virgil, than when we are engaged in Homer: All which are the effects of a colder invention, that intereſts us leſs in the action deſcribed: Homer makes us hearers, and Virgil leaves us readers.

If in the next place we take a view of the *ſentiments*, the ſame preſiding faculty is eminent in the ſublimity and ſpirit of his thoughts. Longinus has given his opinion, that it was in this part Homer principally excelled. What were alone ſufficient to prove the grandeur and excellence of his ſentiments in general, is, that they have ſo remarkable a parity with thoſe of the Scripture: Duport, in his Gnomologia Homerica, has collected innumerable inſtances of this ſort. And it is with juſtice an excellent modern writer allows, that if Virgil has not ſo many thoughts that are low and vulgar, he has not ſo many that are ſublime and noble; and that the Roman author ſeldom riſes into very aſtoniſhing ſentiments where he is not fired by the *Iliad*.

If we obſerve his *deſcriptions*, *images*, and *ſimiles*, we ſhall find the invention ſtill predominant. To what elſe can we aſcribe that vaſt comprehenſion of images of every ſort, where we ſee each circumſtance of art, and individual of nature ſummoned together, by the extent and fecundity of his imagination; to which all things, in their various views, preſented themſelves in an inſtant, and had their impreſſions taken off to perfection at a heat? Nay, he not only gives us the full proſpects of things, but ſeveral unexpected peculiarities and ſide views, unobſerved by any Painter but Homer. Nothing is ſo ſurprizing as the deſcriptions of his battles, which take up no leſs than half the *Iliad*,

and are ſupplied with ſo vaſt a variety of incidents, that no one bears a likeneſs to another; ſuch different kinds of deaths, that no two heroes are wounded in the ſame manner; and ſuch a profuſion of noble ideas, that every battle riſes above the laſt in greatneſs, horror, and confuſion. It is certain there is not near that number of images and deſcriptions in any Epic Poet; though every one has aſſiſted himſelf with a great quantity out of him: And it is evident of Virgil eſpecially, that he has ſcarce any compariſons which are not drawn from his maſter.

If we deſcend from hence to the *expreſſion*, we ſee the bright imagination of Homer ſhining out in the moſt enlivened forms of it. We acknowledge him the father of poetical diction, the firſt who taught that *language of the Gods* to men. His expreſſion is like the colouring of ſome great maſters, which diſcovers itſelf to be laid on boldly, and executed with rapidity. It is indeed the ſtrongeſt and moſt glowing imaginable, and touched with the greateſt ſpirit. Ariſtotle had reaſon to ſay, He was the only poet who had found out *living words*; there are in him more daring figures and metaphors than in any good author whatever. An arrow is *impatient* to be on the wing, a weapon *thirſts* to drink the blood of an enemy, and the like. Yet his expreſſion is never too big for the ſenſe, but juſtly great in proportion to it. It is the ſentiment that ſwells and fills out the diction, which riſes with it, and forms itſelf about it: And in the ſame degree that a thought is warmer, an expreſſion will be brighter; as that is more ſtrong, this will become more conſpicuous: Like glaſs in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude and refines to a greater clearneſs, only as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intenſe.

To throw his language more out of proſe, Homer ſeems to have affected the *compound epithets*. This was a ſort of compoſition

ſition peculiarly proper to poetry, not only as it heightened the *diction*, but as it aſſiſted and filled the *numbers* with greater ſound and pomp, and likewiſe conduced in ſome meaſure to thicken the *images*. On this laſt conſideration I cannot but attribute theſe alſo to the fruitfulneſs of his invention, ſince (as he managed them) they are a ſort of ſupernumerary pictures of the perſons or things to which they are joined. We ſee the motion of Hector's plumes in the epithet of Κορυθαίολος, the landſcape of mount Neritus in that of Εἰνοσίφυλλος, and ſo of others, which particular images could not have been inſiſted upon ſo long as to expreſs them in a deſcription (though but of a ſingle line) without diverting the reader too much from the principal action or figure. As a Metaphor is a ſhort ſimile, one of theſe Epithets is a ſhort deſcription.

Laſtly, if we conſider his *verſification*, we ſhall be ſenſible what a ſhare of praiſe is due to his invention in that. He was not ſatisfied with his language as he found it ſettled in any one part of Greece, but ſearched through its different *dialects* with this particular view, to beautify and perfect his numbers: He conſidered theſe as they had a greater mixture of vowels or conſonants, and accordingly employed them as the verſe required either a greater ſmoothneſs or ſtrength. What he moſt affected was the *Ionic*, which has a peculiar ſweetneſs from its never uſing contractions, and from its cuſtom of reſolving the diphthongs into two ſyllables; ſo as to make the words open themſelves with a more ſpreading and ſonorous fluency. With this he mingled the *Attic* contractions, the broader *Doric*, and the feebler *Aeolic*, which often rejects its aſpirate, or takes off its accent; and completed this variety by altering ſome letters with the licence of poetry. Thus his meaſures, inſtead of being fetters to his ſenſe, were always in readineſs to run along with

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the warmth of his rapture, and even to give a further repreſentation of his notions, in the correſpondence of their ſounds to what they ſignified. Out of all theſe he has derived that harmony, which makes us confeſs he had not only the richeſt head, but the fineſt ear in the world. This is ſo great a truth, that whoever will but conſult the tune of his verſes, even without underſtanding them (with the ſame ſort of diligence as we daily ſee practiſed in the caſe of Italian Operas) will find more ſweetneſs, variety, and majeſty of ſound, than in any other language or poetry. The beauty of his numbers is allowed by the criticks to be copied but faintly by Virgil himſelf, though they are ſo juſt to aſcribe it to the nature of the Latin tongue: Indeed the Greek has ſome advantages both from the natural *ſound* of its *words*, and the turn and *cadence* of its *verſe*, which agree with the genius of no other language. Virgil was very ſenſible of this, and uſed the utmoſt diligence in working up a more intractable language to whatſoever graces it was capable of; and in particular never failed to bring the ſound of his line to a beautiful agreement with its ſenſe. If the Grecian poet has not been ſo frequently celebrated on this account as the Roman, the only reaſon is, that fewer criticks have underſtood one language than the other. Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus has pointed out many of our author's beauties in this kind, in his treatiſe of the *Compoſition of Words*, and others will be taken notice of in the courſe of my Notes. It ſuffices at preſent to obſerve of his numbers, that they flow with ſo much eaſe, as to make one imagine Homer had no other care than to tranſcribe as faſt as the *Muſes* dictated; and at the ſame time with ſo much force and inſpiriting vigour, that they awaken and raiſe us like the ſound of a trumpet. They roll along as a plentiful river, always in motion, and always

full; while we are borne away by a tide of verſe, the moſt rapid, and yet the moſt ſmooth imaginable.

Thus on whatever ſide we contemplate Homer, what principally ſtrikes us is his *invention.* It is that which forms the character of each part of his work; and accordingly we find it to have made his fable more *extenſive* and *copious* than any other; his manners more *lively* and *ſtrongly marked*, his ſpeeches more *affecting* and *tranſported*, his ſentiments more *warm* and *ſublime*, his images and deſcriptions more *full* and *animated*, his expreſſion more *raiſed* and *daring*, and his numbers more *rapid* and *various*. I hope, in what has been ſaid of Virgil, with regard to any of theſe heads, I have no way derogated from his character. Nothing is more abſurd or endleſs, than the common method of comparing eminent writers by an oppoſition of particular paſſages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and diſtinguiſhed excellence of each: It is in *that* we are to conſider him, and in proportion to his degree in *that* we are to admire him. No author or man ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty; and as Homer has done this in *invention*, Virgil has in *judgment*. Not that we are to think Homer wanted judgment, becauſe Virgil had it in a more eminent degree; or that Virgil wanted invention, becauſe Homer poſſeſt a larger ſhare of it: Each of theſe great authors had more of both than perhaps any man beſides, and are only ſaid to have leſs in compariſon with one another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artiſt. In one we moſt admire the man, in the other the work. Homer hurries and tranſports us with a commanding impetuoſity; Virgil leads us with an attractive majeſty: Homer ſcatters with a generous profuſion;

Virgil

Virgil beſtows with a careful magnificence: Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundleſs overflow; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a gentle and conſtant ſtream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two Poets reſemble the Heroes they celebrate: Homer, boundleſs and irreſiſtible as Achilles, bears all before him, and ſhines more and more as the tumult increaſes; Virgil, calmly daring like Aeneas, appears undiſturbed in the midſt of the action; diſpoſes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer ſeems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, ſhaking Olympus, ſcattering the lightnings, and firing the Heavens; Virgil, like the ſame power in his benevolence, counſelling with the Gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

But after all, it is with great parts as with great virtues, they naturally border on ſome imperfection; and it is often hard to diſtinguiſh exactly where the virtue ends, or the fault begins. As prudence may ſometimes ſink to ſuſpicion, ſo may a great judgment decline to coldneſs; and as magnanimity may run up to profuſion or extravagance, ſo may a great invention to redundancy or wildneſs. If we look upon Homer in this view, we ſhall perceive the chief *objections* againſt him to proceed from ſo noble a cauſe as the exceſs of this faculty.

Among theſe we may reckon ſome of his *marvellous fictions*, upon which ſo much criticiſm has been ſpent, as ſurpaſſing all the bounds of probability. Perhaps it may be with great and ſuperior ſouls, as with gigantick bodies, which exerting themſelves with unuſual ſtrength, exceed what is commonly thought the due proportion of parts, to become miracles in the whole; and like the old heroes of that make, commit ſomething near extravagance, amidſt a ſeries of glorious and inimitable perform-

ances. Thus Homer has his *ſpeaking Horſes*, and Virgil his *myrtles diſtilling blood*, where the latter has not ſo much as contrived the eaſy intervention of a Deity to ſave the probability.

It is owing to the ſame vaſt invention, that his *Similes* have been thought too exuberant and full of circumſtances. The force of this faculty is ſeen in nothing more, than in its inability to confine itſelf to that ſingle circumſtance upon which the compariſon is grounded: It runs out into embelliſhments of additional images, which however are ſo managed as not to overpower the main one. His ſimiles are like pictures, where the principal figure has not only its proportion given agreeable to the original, but is alſo ſet off with occaſional ornaments and proſpects. The ſame will account for his manner of heaping a number of compariſons together in one breath, when his fancy ſuggeſted to him at once ſo many various and correſpondent images. The reader will eaſily extend this obſervation to more objections of the ſame kind.

If there are others which ſeem rather to charge him with a defect or narrowneſs of genius, than an exceſs of it; thoſe ſeeming defects will be found upon examination to proceed wholly from the nature of the times he lived in. Such are his *groſſer repreſentations* of the *Gods*, and the vicious and *imperfect manners* of his *Heroes*, which will be treated of in the following [a] *Eſſay*: But I muſt here ſpeak a word of the latter, as it is a point generally carried into extremes, both by the cenſurers and defenders of Homer. It muſt be a ſtrange partiality to antiquity, to think with Madam Dacier, "[b] that thoſe times and manners are ſo much "the more excellent, as they are more contrary to ours." Who can be ſo prejudiced in their favour as to magnify the felicity of

[a] See the articles of Theology and Morality, in the third part of the Eſſay.
[b] Preface to her Homer.

of thoſe ages, when a ſpirit of revenge and cruelty, joined with the practice of rapine and robbery, reigned through the world; when no mercy was ſhewn but for the ſake of lucre, when the greateſt Princes were put to the ſword, and their wives and daughters made ſlaves and concubines? On the other ſide, I would not be ſo delicate as thoſe modern criticks, who are ſhocked at the *ſervile offices* and mean employments in which we ſometimes ſee the Heroes of Homer engaged. There is a pleaſure in taking a view of that ſimplicity in oppoſition to the luxury of ſucceeding ages, in beholding Monarchs without their guards, Princes tending their flocks, and Princeſſes drawing water from the ſprings. When we read Homer, we ought to reflect that we are reading the moſt ancient author in the heathen world; and thoſe who conſider him in this light, will double their pleaſure in the peruſal of him. Let them think they are growing acquainted with nations and people that are now no more; that they are ſtepping almoſt three thouſand years back into the remoteſt Antiquity, and entertaining themſelves with a clear and ſurprizing viſion of things no where elſe to be found, the only true mirrour of that ancient world. By this means alone their greateſt obſtacles will vaniſh; and what uſually creates their diſlike, will become a ſatisfaction.

This conſideration may further ſerve to anſwer for the conſtant uſe of the ſame *epithets* to his Gods and Heroes, ſuch as the *far-darting* Phoebus, the *blue-eyed* Pallas, the *ſwift-footed* Achilles, etc. which ſome have cenſured as impertinent and tediouſly repeated. Thoſe of the Gods depended upon the powers and offices then believed to belong to them, and had contracted a weight and veneration from the rites and ſolemn devotions in which they were uſed: they were a ſort of attributes with which it was a matter of religion to ſalute them on all occaſions, and which it

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was an irreverence to omit. As for the epithets of great men, Monſ. Boileau is of opinion, that they were in the nature of *Surnames*, and repeated as ſuch; for the Greeks having no names derived from their fathers, were obliged to add ſome other diſtinction of each perſon; either naming his parents expreſly, or his place of birth, profeſſion, or the like: As Alexander the ſon of Philip, Herodotus of Halicarnaſſus, Diogenes the Cynic, etc. Homer therefore complying with the cuſtom of his coun try, uſed ſuch diſtinctive additions as better agreed with poetry. And indeed we have ſomething parallel to theſe in modern times, ſuch as the names of Harold Harefoot, Edmund Ironſide, Edward Long-ſhanks, Edward the Black Prince, etc. If yet this be thought to account better for the propriety than for the repetition, I ſhall add a further conjecture. Heſiod, dividing the world into its different ages, has placed a fourth age between the brazen and the iron one, of *Heroes diſtinct from other men, a divine race, who fought at* Thebes *and* Troy, *are called Demi-Gods, and live by the care of* Jupiter *in the iſlands of the bleſſed* [c]. Now among the divine honours which were paid them, they might have this alſo in common with the Gods, not to be mentioned without the ſolemnity of an epithet, and ſuch as might be acceptable to them by its celebrating their families, actions, or qualities.

What other cavils have been raiſed againſt Homer, are ſuch as hardly deſerve a reply, but will yet be taken notice of as they occur in the courſe of the work. Many have been occaſioned by an injudicious endeavour to exalt Virgil; which is much the ſame, as if one ſhould think to raiſe the ſuperſtructure by undermining the foundation: One would imagine by the whole courſe of their parallels, that theſe criticks never ſo much as heard of Homer's having written firſt; a conſideration which whoever compares

[c] Heſiod, Op. et Dier. lib. i. ver. 155, etc.

compares theſe two Poets, ought to have always in his eye. Some accuſe him for the ſame things which they overlook or praiſe in the other; as when they prefer the fable and moral of the Aeneis to thoſe of the Iliad, for the ſame reaſons which might ſet the Odyſſey above the Aeneis: as that the Hero is a wiſer man; and the action of the one more beneficial to his country than that of the other: Or elſe they blame him for not doing what he never deſigned; as becauſe Achilles is not as good and perfect a prince as Aeneas, when the very moral of his poem required a contrary character: It is thus that Rapin judges in his compariſon of Homer and Virgil. Others ſelect thoſe particular paſſages of Homer, which are not ſo laboured as ſome that Virgil drew out of them: This is the whole management of Scaliger in his Poetice. Others quarrel with what they take for low and mean expreſſions, ſometimes through a falſe delicacy and refinement, oftner from an ignorance of the graces of the original; and then triumph in the awkwardneſs of their own tranſlations: This is the conduct of Perault in his Parallels. Laſtly, there are others, who, pretending to a fairer proceeding, diſtinguiſh between the perſonal merit of Homer, and that of his *work*; but when they come to aſſign the cauſes of the great reputation of the Iliad, they found it upon the ignorance of his times, and the prejudice of thoſe that followed: And in purſuance of this principle, they make thoſe accidents (ſuch as the contention of the cities, etc.) to be the cauſes of his fame, which were in reality the conſequences of his merit. The ſame might as well be ſaid of Virgil, or any great author, whoſe general character will infallibly raiſe many caſual additions to their reputation. This is the method of Monſ. de la Motte; who yet confeſſes upon the whole, that in whatever age Homer had lived, he muſt have been the greateſt poet of his nation,

nation, and that he may be ſaid in this ſenſe to be the maſter even of thoſe who ſurpaſſed him.

In all theſe objections we ſee nothing that contradicts his title to the honour of the chief *Invention;* and as long as this (which is indeed the characteriſtic of Poetry itſelf) remains unequalled by his followers, he ſtill continues ſuperior to them. A cooler judgment may commit fewer faults, and be more approved in the eyes of *one ſort* of Criticks; but that warmth of fancy will carry the loudeſt and moſt univerſal applauſes, which holds the heart of a reader under the ſtrongeſt enchantment. Homer not only appears the Inventor of Poetry, but excels all the inventors of other arts in this, that he has ſwallowed up the honour of thoſe who ſucceeded him. What he has done admitted no increaſe, it only left room for contraction or regulation. He ſhewed all the ſtretch of fancy at once; and if he has failed in ſome of his flights, it was but becauſe he attempted every thing. A work of this kind ſeems like a mighty Tree which riſes from the moſt vigorous ſeed, is improved with induſtry, flouriſhes, and produces the fineſt fruit; nature and art conſpire to raiſe it; pleaſure and profit join to make it valuable: and they who find the juſteſt faults, have only ſaid, that a few branches (which run luxuriant through a richneſs of nature) might be lopped into form to give it a more regular appearance.

Having now ſpoken of the beauties and defects of the original, it remains to treat of the tranſlation, with the ſame view to the chief characteriſtic. As far as *that* is ſeen in the main parts of the Poem, ſuch as the fable, manners, and ſentiments, no tranſlator can prejudice it but by wilful omiſſions or contractions. As it alſo breaks out in every particular image, deſcription, and ſimile; whoever leſſens or too much ſoftens

thoſe, takes off from this chief character. It is the firſt grand duty of an interpreter to give his author entire and unmaimed; and for the reſt, the diction and verſification only are his proper province; ſince theſe muſt be his own, but the others he is to take as he finds them.

It ſhould then be conſidered what methods may afford ſome equivalent in our language for the graces of theſe in the Greek. It is certain no literal tranſlation can be juſt to an excellent original in a ſuperior language: but it is a great miſtake to imagine (as many have done) that a raſh paraphraſe can make amends for this general defect; which is no leſs in danger to loſe the ſpirit of an ancient, by deviating into the modern manners of expreſſion. If there be ſometimes a darkneſs, there is often a light in antiquity, which nothing better preſerves than a verſion almoſt literal. I know no liberties one ought to take, but thoſe which are neceſſary for transfuſing the ſpirit of the original, and ſupporting the poetical ſtyle of the tranſlation: And I will venture to ſay, there have not been more men miſled in former times by a ſervile dull adherence to the letter, than have been deluded in ours by a chimerical inſolent hope of raiſing and improving their author. It is not to be doubted that the *fire* of the poem is what a tranſlator ſhould principally regard, as it is moſt likely to expire in his managing: However, it is his ſafeſt way to be content with preſerving this to his utmoſt in the whole, without endeavouring to be more than he finds his author is, in any particular place. 'Tis a great ſecret in writing to know when to be plain, and when poetical and figurative; and it is what Homer will teach us, if we will but follow modeſtly in his footſteps. Where his diction is bold and lofty, let us raiſe ours as high as we can; but where his is plain and humble, we ought not to be deterred from imitating him by the fear of incurring the cenſure

of a mere Engliſh Critic. Nothing that belongs to Homer ſeems to have been more commonly miſtaken than the juſt pitch of his ſtyle: Some of his tranſlators having ſwelled into fuſtian in a proud confidence of the *ſublime*; others ſunk into flatneſs in a cold and timorous notion of *ſimplicity*. Methinks I ſee theſe different followers of Homer, ſome ſweating and ſtraining after him by violent leaps and bounds (the certain ſigns of falſe mettle) others ſlowly and ſervilely creeping in his train, while the Poet himſelf is all the time proceeding with an unaffected and equal majeſty before them. However, of the two extremes one could ſooner pardon frenzy than frigidity: No author is to be envied for ſuch commendations as he may gain by that character of ſtyle, which his friends muſt agree together to call *ſimplicity*, and the reſt of the world will call *dulneſs*. There is a graceful and dignified ſimplicity, as well as a bald and ſordid one, which differ as much from each other as the air of a plain man from that of a ſloven: 'Tis one thing to be tricked up, and another not to be dreſſed at all. Simplicity is the mean between oſtentation and ruſticity.

This pure and noble ſimplicity is no where in ſuch perfection as in the *Scripture* and our Author. One may affirm, with all reſpect to the inſpired writings, that the *divine Spirit* made uſe of no other words but what were intelligible and common to men at that time, and in that part of the world; and as Homer is the author neareſt to thoſe, his ſtyle muſt of courſe bear a greater reſemblance to the ſacred books than that of any other writer. This conſideration (together with what has been obſerved of the parity of ſome of his thoughts) may methinks induce a tranſlator on the one hand, to give into ſeveral of thoſe general phraſes and manners of expreſſion, which have attained a veneration even in our language from being uſed in the Old Teſtament;

Teſtament; as on the other, to avoid thoſe which have been appropriated to the Divinity, and in a manner conſigned to myſtery and religion.

For a further preſervation of this air of ſimplicity, a particular care ſhould be taken to expreſs with all plainneſs thoſe *moral ſentences* and *proverbial ſpeeches* which are ſo numerous in this Poet. They have ſomething venerable, and as I may ſay oracular, in that unadorned gravity and ſhortneſs with which they are delivered: a grace which would be utterly loſt by endeavouring to give them what we call a more ingenious (that is, a more modern) turn in the paraphraſe.

Perhaps the mixture of ſome Greciſms and old words after the manner of Milton, if done without too much affectation, might not have an ill effect in a verſion of this particular work, which moſt of any other ſeems to require a venerable antique caſt. But certainly the uſe of modern terms of war and government, ſuch as *platoon*, *campagne*, *junto*, or the like (into which ſome of his tranſlators have fallen) cannot be allowable; thoſe only excepted, without which it is impoſſible to treat the ſubjects in any living language.

There are two peculiarities in Homer's diction, which are a ſort of *marks* or *moles* by which every common eye diſtinguiſhes him at firſt ſight: Thoſe who are not his greateſt admirers look upon them as defects; and thoſe who are, ſeem pleaſed with them as beauties. I ſpeak of his *compound epithets*, and of his *repetitions*. Many of the former cannot be done literally into Engliſh without deſtroying the purity of our language. I believe ſuch ſhould be retained as ſlide eaſily of themſelves into an Engliſh compound, without violence to the ear or to the received rules of compoſition; as well as thoſe which have received a ſanction from the authority of our beſt Poets, and are become

familiar through their uſe of them; ſuch as the *cloud-compelling* Jove, etc. As for the reſt, whenever any can be as fully and ſignificantly expreſt in a ſingle word as in a compounded one, the courſe to be taken is obvious.

Some that cannot be ſo turned as to preſerve their full image by one or two words, may have juſtice done them by circumlocution; as the epithet εἰνοσίφυλλος to a mountain, would appear little or ridiculous tranſlated literally *leaf-ſhaking*, but affords a majeſtic idea in the *periphraſis: The lofty mountain ſhakes his waving woods.* Others that admit of differing ſignifications, may receive an advantage by a judicious variation, according to the occaſions on which they are introduced. For example, the epithet of Apollo, ἑκηβόλος, or *far-ſhooting*, is capable of two explications; one literal in reſpect of the darts and bow, the enſign of that God; the other allegorical with regard to the rays of the ſun: Therefore in ſuch places where Apollo is repreſented as a God in perſon, I would uſe the former interpretation; and where the effects of the ſun are deſcribed, I would make choice of the latter. Upon the whole, it will be neceſſary to avoid that perpetual repetition of the ſame epithets which we find in Homer, and which, though it might be accommodated (as has been already ſhewn) to the ear of thoſe times, is by no means ſo to ours: But one may wait for opportunities of placing them, where they derive an additional beauty from the occaſions on which they are employed; and in doing this properly, a tranſlator may at once ſhew his fancy and his judgment.

As for Homer's *Repetitions*, we may divide them into three ſorts: of whole narrations and ſpeeches, of ſingle ſentences, and of one verſe or hemiſtich. I hope it is not impoſſible to have ſuch a regard to theſe, as neither to loſe ſo known a mark of the author on the one hand, nor to offend the reader too much on

the other. The repetition is not ungraceful in thoſe ſpeeches where the dignity of the ſpeaker renders it a ſort of inſolence to alter his words; as in the meſſages from Gods to men, or from higher powers to inferiors in concerns of ſtate, or where the ceremonial of religion ſeems to require it, in the ſolemn forms of prayers, oaths, or the like. In other caſes, I believe the beſt rule is to be guided by the nearneſs, or diſtance, at which the repetitions are placed in the original: When they follow too cloſe, one may vary the expreſſion, but it is a queſtion whether a profeſſed tranſlator be authorized to omit any: If they be tedious, the author is to anſwer for it.

It only remains to ſpeak of the *Verſification*. Homer (as has been ſaid) is perpetually applying the ſound to the ſenſe, and varying it on every new ſubject. This is indeed one of the moſt exquiſite beauties of poetry, and attainable by very few: I know only of Homer eminent for it in the Greek, and Virgil in Latin. I am ſenſible it is what may ſometimes happen by chance, when a writer is warm, and fully poſſeſſed of his image: however it may be reaſonably believed they deſigned this, in whoſe verſe it ſo manifeſtly appears in a ſuperior degree to all others. Few readers have the ear to be judges of it; but thoſe who have, will ſee I have endeavoured at this beauty.

Upon the whole, I muſt confeſs myſelf utterly incapable of doing juſtice to Homer. I attempt him in no other hope, but that which one may entertain without much vanity, of giving a more tolerable copy of him than any entire tranſlation in verſe has yet done. We have only thoſe of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. Chapman has taken the advantage of an immeaſurable length of verſe, notwithſtanding which, there is ſcarce any paraphraſe more looſe and rambling than his. He has frequent interpolations of four or ſix lines, and I remember one in the thir-

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teenth book of the Odyſſey, ver. 312. where he has ſpun twenty verſes out of two. He is often miſtaken in ſo bold a manner, that one might think he deviated on purpoſe, if he did not in other places of his notes inſiſt ſo much upon verbal trifles. He appears to have had a ſtrong affectation of extracting new meanings out of his Author, inſomuch as to promiſe in his rhyming preface, a poem of the myſteries he had revealed in Homer: and perhaps he endeavoured to ſtrain the obvious ſenſe to this end. His expreſſion is involved in fuſtian, a fault for which he was remarkable in his original writings, as in the tragedy of Buſſy d'Amboiſe, etc. In a word, the nature of the man may account for his whole performance; for he appears from his preface and remarks to have been of an arrogant turn, and an enthuſiaſt in poetry. His own boaſt of having finiſhed half the Iliad in leſs than fifteen weeks, ſhews with what negligence his verſion was performed. But that which is to be allowed him, and which very much contributed to cover his defects, is a daring fiery ſpirit that animates his tranſlation, which is ſomething like what one might imagine Homer himſelf would have writ before he arrived at years of diſcretion.

Hobbes has given us a correct explanation of the ſenſe in general, but for particulars and circumſtances he continually lops them, and often omits the moſt beautiful. As for its being eſteemed a cloſe tranſlation, I doubt not many have been led into that error by the ſhortneſs of it, which proceeds not from his following the original line by line, but from the contractions above-mentioned. He ſometimes omits whole ſimiles and ſentences, and is now and then guilty of miſtakes, into which no Writer of his learning could have fallen, but through careleſſneſs. His poetry, as well as Ogilby's, is too mean for criticiſm.

It is a great loſs to the poetical world, that Mr. Dryden did not live to tranſlate the Iliad. He has left us only the firſt book, and a ſmall part of the ſixth; in which if he has in ſome places not truly interpreted the ſenſe, or preſerved the antiquities, it ought to be excuſed on account of the haſte he was obliged to write in. He ſeems to have had too much regard to Chapman, whoſe words he ſometimes copies, and has unhappily followed him in paſſages where he wanders from the original. However, had he tranſlated the whole work, I would no more have attempted Homer after him than Virgil, his Verſion of whom (notwithſtanding ſome human errors) is the moſt noble and ſpirited tranſlation I know in any language. But the fate of great geniuſes is like that of great miniſters, though they are confeſſedly the firſt in the commonwealth of letters, they muſt be envied and calumniated only for being at the head of it.

That which in my opinion ought to be the endeavour of any one who tranſlates Homer, is above all things to keep alive that ſpirit and fire which makes his chief character: In particular places, where the ſenſe can bear any doubt, to follow the ſtrongeſt and moſt poetical, as moſt agreeing with that character; to copy him in all the variations of his ſtyle, and the different modulations of his numbers; to preſerve, in the more active or deſcriptive parts, a warmth and elevation; in the more ſedate or narrative, a plainneſs and ſolemnity; in the ſpeeches, a fullneſs and perſpicuity; in the ſentences, a ſhortneſs and gravity: Not to neglect even the little figures and turns on the words, nor ſometimes the very caſt of the periods; neither to omit nor confound any rites or cuſtoms of antiquity: Perhaps too he ought to include the whole in a ſhorter compaſs than has hitherto been done by any tranſlator, who has tolerably preſerved either the ſenſe or poetry. What I would further recommend to him, is to ſtudy

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his Author rather from his own text, than from any commentaries, how learned ſoever, or whatever figure they may make in the eſtimation of the world; to conſider him attentively in compariſon with Virgil above all the ancients, and with Milton above all the moderns. Next theſe, the Archbiſhop of Cambray's Telemachus may give him the trueſt idea of the ſpirit and turn of our Author, and Boſſu's admirable treatiſe of the Epic poem the juſteſt notion of his deſign and conduct. But after all, with whatever judgment and ſtudy a man may proceed, or with whatever happineſs he may perform ſuch a work, he muſt hope to pleaſe but a few; thoſe only who have at once a taſte of poetry, and competent learning. For to ſatisfy ſuch as want either, is not in the nature of this undertaking; ſince a mere modern wit can like nothing that is not *modern*, and a pedant nothing that is not Greek.

What I have done is ſubmitted to the publick, from whoſe opinions I am prepared to learn; though I fear no judges ſo little as our beſt poets, who are moſt ſenſible of the weight of this taſk. As for the worſt, whatever they ſhall pleaſe to ſay, they may give me ſome concern as they are unhappy men, but none as they are malignant writers. I was guided in this tranſlation by judgments very different from theirs, and by perſons for whom they can have no kindneſs, if an old obſervation be true, that the ſtrongeſt antipathy in the world is that of fools to men of wit. Mr. Addiſon was the firſt whoſe advice determined me to undertake this taſk, who was pleaſed to write to me upon that occaſion in ſuch terms as I cannot repeat without vanity. I was obliged to Sir Richard Steele for a very early recommendation of my undertaking to the publick. Dr. Swift promoted my intereſt with that warmth with which he always ſerves his friend. The humanity and frankneſs of Sir Samuel Garth are what

what I never knew wanting on any occaſion. I muſt alſo acknowledge with infinite pleaſure, the many friendly offices, as well as ſincere criticiſms of Mr. Congreve, who had led me the way in tranſlating ſome parts of Homer. I muſt add the names of Mr. Rowe and Dr. Parnell, though I ſhall take a further opportunity of doing juſtice to the laſt, whoſe good-nature (to give it a great panegyrick) is no leſs extenſive than his learning. The favour of theſe gentlemen is not entirely undeſerved by one who bears them ſo true an affection. But what can I ſay of the honour ſo many of the *Great* have done me, while the *firſt names* of the age appear as my ſubſcribers, and the moſt diſtinguiſhed patrons and ornaments of learning as my chief encouragers. Among theſe it is a particular pleaſure to me to find, that my higheſt obligations are to ſuch who have done moſt honour to the name of Poet: That his Grace the Duke of Buckingham was not diſpleaſed I ſhould undertake the Author to whom he has given (in his excellent *Eſſay*) ſo complete a Praiſe.

Read Homer once, *and you can read no more;*
For all Books elſe appear ſo mean, ſo poor,
Verſe will ſeem Proſe: but ſtill perſiſt to read,
And Homer *will be all the books you need.*

That the Earl of Hallifax was one of the firſt to favour me, of whom it is hard to ſay whether the advancement of the polite arts is more owing to his generoſity or his example. That ſuch a Genius as my Lord Bolingbroke, not more diſtinguiſhed in the great ſcenes of buſineſs, than in all the uſeful and entertaining parts of learning, has not refuſed to be the critick of theſe ſheets, and the patron of their writer. And that the noble author of the Tragedy of *Heroic Love*, has continued his partiality to me, from my writing paſtorals, to my attempting the Iliad. I cannot deny myſelf the pride of confeſſing, that I have

had the advantage not only of their advice for the conduct in general, but their correction of ſeveral particulars of this tranſlation.

I could ſay a great deal of the pleaſure of being diſtinguiſhed by the Earl of Carnarvon, but it is almoſt abſurd to particularize any one generous action in a perſon whoſe whole life is a continued ſeries of them. Mr. Stanhope, the preſent Secretary of State, will pardon my deſire of having it known that he was pleaſed to promote this affair. The particular zeal of Mr. Harcourt (the ſon of the late Lord Chancellor) gave me a proof how much I am honoured in a ſhare of his friendſhip. I muſt attribute to the ſame motive that of ſeveral others of my friends, to whom all acknowledgments are rendered unneceſſary by the privileges of a familiar correſpondence: And I am ſatisfied I can no way better oblige men of their turn, than by my ſilence.

In ſhort, I have found more patrons than ever Homer wanted. He would have thought himſelf happy to have met the ſame favour at Athens that has been ſhewed me by its learned rival, the Univerſity of Oxford. And I can hardly envy him thoſe pompous honours he received after death, when I reflect on the enjoyment of ſo many agreeable obligations, and eaſy friendſhips, which make the ſatisfaction of life. This diſtinction is the more to be acknowledged, as it is ſhewn to one whoſe pen has never gratified the prejudices of particular *parties*, or the vanities of particular *men*. Whatever the ſucceſs may prove, I ſhall never repent of an undertaking in which I have experienced the candour and friendſhip of ſo many perſons of merit; and in which I hope to paſs ſome of thoſe years of youth that are generally loſt in a circle of follies, after a manner neither wholly unuſeful to others, nor diſagreeable to myſelf.

PREFACE

TO THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEAR.

IT is not my deſign to enter into a Criticiſm upon this Author; though to do it effectually and not ſuperficially, would be the beſt occaſion that any juſt writer could take, to form the judgment and taſte of our nation. For of all Engliſh Poets, Shakeſpear muſt be confeſſed to be the faireſt and fulleſt ſubject for criticiſm, and to afford the moſt numerous, as well as moſt conſpicuous inſtances, both of beauties and faults of all ſorts. But this far exceeds the bounds of a Preface, the buſineſs of which is only to give an account of the fate of his works, and the diſadvantages under which they have been tranſmitted to us. We ſhall hereby extenuate many faults which are his, and clear him from the imputation of many which are not: A deſign, which though it can be no guide to future criticks to do him juſtice in one way, will at leaſt be ſufficient to prevent their doing him an injuſtice in the other.

I cannot however but mention ſome of his principal and characteriſtick excellencies, for which (notwithſtanding his defects) he is juſtly and univerſally elevated above all other dramatick Writers. Not that this is the proper place of praiſing him, but becauſe I would not omit any occaſion of doing it.

If ever any Author deſerved the Name of an *Original*, it was Shakeſpear. Homer himſelf drew not his art ſo immediately from the fountains of Nature; it proceeded through Egyptian ſtrainers and channels, and came to him not without ſome tinc-

ture of the learning, or ſome caſt of the models, of thoſe before him. The poetry of Shakeſpear was inſpiration indeed: he is not ſo much an Imitator, as an Inſtrument, of Nature; and it is not ſo juſt to ſay that he ſpeaks from her, as that ſhe ſpeaks through him.

His *Characters* are ſo much Nature herſelf, that it is a ſort of injury to call them by ſo diſtant a name as copies of her. Thoſe of other Poets have a conſtant reſemblance, which ſhews that they received them from one another, and were but multipliers of the ſame image: each picture, like a mock-rainbow, is but the reflection of a reflection. But every ſingle character in Shakeſpear is as much an individual, as thoſe in life itſelf; it is as impoſſible to find any two alike; and ſuch as from their relation or affinity in any reſpect appear moſt to be twins, will, upon compariſon, be found remarkably diſtinct. To this life and variety of character, we muſt add the wonderful preſervation of it; which is ſuch throughout his Plays, that, had all the ſpeeches been printed without the very names of the perſons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every ſpeaker.

The *Power* over our *Paſſions* was never poſſeſſed in a more eminent degree, or diſplayed in ſo different inſtances. Yet all along, there is ſeen no labour, no pains to raiſe them; no preparation to guide our gueſs to the effect, or be perceived to lead toward it: But the heart ſwells, and the tears burſt out, juſt at the proper places: We are ſurprized the moment we weep; and yet upon reflection find the paſſion ſo juſt, that we ſhould be ſurprized if we had not wept, and wept at that very moment.

How aſtoniſhing is it again, that the Paſſions directly oppoſite to theſe, Laughter and Spleen, are no leſs at his command! that he is not more a maſter of the *great* than the *ridiculous* in

human nature; of our nobleſt tenderneſſes, than of our vaineſt foibles; of our ſtrongeſt emotions, than of our idleſt ſenſations!

Nor does he only excel in the Paſſions: in the coolneſs of Reflection and Reaſoning he is full as admirable. His *Sentiments* are not only in general the moſt pertinent and judicious upon every ſubject; but by a talent very peculiar, ſomething between penetration and felicity, he hits upon that particular point on which the bent of each argument turns, or the force of each motive depends. This is perfectly amazing, from a man of no education or experience in thoſe great and publick ſcenes of life which are uſually the ſubject of his thoughts: So that he ſeems to have known the world by intuition, to have looked through human nature at one glance, and to be the only Author that gives ground for a very new opinion, That the philoſopher and even the man of the world, may be *born*, as well as the poet.

It muſt be owned, that with all theſe great excellencies, he has almoſt as great defects; and that as he has certainly written better, ſo he has perhaps written worſe, than any other. But I think I can in ſome meaſure account for theſe defects, from ſeveral cauſes and accidents; without which it is hard to imagine that ſo large and ſo enlightened a mind could ever have been ſuſceptible of them. That all theſe contingencies ſhould unite to his diſadvantage ſeems to me almoſt as ſingularly unlucky, as that ſo many various (nay contrary) talents, ſhould meet in one man, was happy and extraordinary.

It muſt be allowed that Stage-poetry, of all other, is more particularly levelled to pleaſe the *populace*, and its ſucceſs more immediately depending upon the *common ſuffrage*. One cannot therefore wonder, if Shakeſpear, having at his firſt appearance no other aim in his writings, than to procure a ſubſiſtence, directed

rected his endeavours ſolely to hit the taſte and humour that then prevailed. The audience was generally compoſed of the meaner ſort of people; and therefore the images of life were to be drawn from thoſe of their own rank: accordingly we find, that not our Author's only, but almoſt all the old comedies have their ſcene among *Tradeſmen* and *Mechanicks:* And even their hiſtorical plays ſtrictly follow the common *old ſtories*, or *vulgar traditions* of that kind of people. In Tragedy, nothing was ſo ſure to *ſurprize* and cauſe *admiration*, as the moſt ſtrange, unexpected, and conſequently moſt unnatural, events and incidents; the moſt exaggerated thoughts; the moſt verboſe and bombaſt expreſſion; the moſt pompous rhymes, and thundering verſification. In Comedy, nothing was ſo ſure to *pleaſe*, as mean buffoonry, vile ribaldry, and unmannerly jeſts of fools and clowns. Yet even in theſe, our author's wit buoys up, and is borne above his ſubject: his genius in thoſe low parts is like ſome prince of a romance in the diſguiſe of a ſhepherd or peaſant; a certain greatneſs and ſpirit now and then break out, which manifeſt his higher extraction and qualities.

It may be added, that not only the common audience had no notion of the rules of writing, but few even of the better ſort piqued themſelves upon any great degree of knowledge or nicety that way; till Ben Johnſon, getting poſſeſſion of the ſtage, brought critical learning into vogue: And that this was not done without difficulty, may appear from thoſe frequent leſſons (and indeed almoſt declamations) which he was forced to prefix to his firſt plays, and put into the mouth of his actors, the *Grex*, *Chorus*, etc. to remove the prejudices, and inform the judgment of his hearers. Till then, our Authors had no thoughts of writing on the model of the ancients: their Tragedies were only hiſtories in dialogue; and their Comedies followed the

thread of any novel as they found it, no leſs implicitly than if it had been true hiſtory.

To judge therefore of Shakeſpear by Ariſtotle's rules, is like trying a man by the laws of one country, who acted under thoſe of another. He writ to the *people*; and writ at firſt without patronage from the better ſort, and therefore without aims of pleaſing them: without aſſiſtance or advice from the learned, as without the advantage of education or acquaintance among them: without that knowledge of the beſt of models, the ancients, to inſpire him with an emulation of them: in a word, without any views of reputation, and of what Poets are pleaſed to call immortality: Some or all of which have encouraged the vanity, or animated the ambition, of other Writers.

Yet it muſt be obſerved, that when his performances had merited the protection of his prince, and when the encouragement of the court had ſucceeded to that of the town; the works of his riper years are manifeſtly raiſed above thoſe of his former. The dates of his plays ſufficiently evidence that his productions improved, in proportion to the reſpect he had for his auditors. And I make no doubt this obſervation would be found true in every inſtance, were but editions extant, from which we might learn the exact time when every piece was compoſed, and whether writ for the town or the court.

Another cauſe (and no leſs ſtrong than the former) may be deduced from our Author's being a *player*, and forming himſelf firſt upon the judgments of that body of men whereof he was a member. They have ever had a ſtandard to themſelves, upon other principles than thoſe of Ariſtotle. As they live by the majority, they know no rule but that of pleaſing the preſent humour, and complying with the wit in faſhion; a conſideration which brings all their judgment to a ſhort point. Players

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are juſt ſuch judges of what is *right*, as taylors are of what is *graceful*. And in this view it will be but fair to allow, that moſt of our Author's faults are leſs to be aſcribed to his wrong judgment as a Poet, than to his right judgment as a Player.

By theſe men it was thought a praiſe to Shakeſpear, that he ſcarce ever *blotted a line*. This they induſtriouſly propagated, as appears from what we are told by Ben Johnſon in his *Diſcoveries*, and from the preface of Heminges and Condell to the firſt folio edition. But in reality (however it has prevailed) there never was a more groundleſs report, or to the contrary of which there are more undeniable evidences. As the Comedy of the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, which he entirely new writ; the *Hiſtory of Henry* VI. which was firſt publiſhed under the Title of *The Contention of York and Lancaſter:* and that of *Henry* V. extremely improved; that of *Hamlet* enlarged to almoſt as much again as at firſt, and many others. I believe the common opinion of his want of learning proceeded from no better ground. This too might be thought a praiſe by ſome, and to this his errors have as injudiciouſly been aſcribed by others. For it is certain, were it true, it could concern but a ſmall part of them; the moſt are ſuch as are not properly defects; but ſuperfoetations; and ariſe not from want of learning or reading, but from want of thinking or judging: or rather (to be more juſt to our Author) from a compliance to thoſe wants in others. As to a wrong choice of the ſubject, a wrong conduct of the incidents, falſe thoughts, forced expreſſions, etc. if theſe are not to be aſcribed to the foreſaid accidental reaſons, they muſt be charged upon the Poet himſelf, and there is no help for it. But I think the two diſadvantages which I have mentioned (to be obliged to pleaſe the loweſt of people, and to keep the worſt of company) if the conſideration be extended as far as it reaſonably may, will appear ſufficient to

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miſlead and depreſs the greateſt Genius upon earth. Nay, the more modeſty with which ſuch a one is endued, the more he is in danger of ſubmitting and conforming to others againſt his own better judgment.

But as to his *want of learning*, it may be neceſſary to ſay ſomething more: There is certainly a vaſt difference between *learning* and *languages*. How far he was ignorant of the latter, I cannot determine; but it is plain he had much reading at leaſt, if they will not call it learning. Nor is it any great matter, if a man has knowledge, whether he has it from one language or from another. Nothing is more evident than that he had a taſte of natural philoſophy, mechanicks, ancient and modern hiſtory, poetical learning and mythology: We find him very knowing in the cuſtoms, rites, and manners of antiquity. In *Coriolanus* and *Julius Caeſar*, not only the ſpirit, but manners, of the Romans are exactly drawn; and ſtill a nicer diſtinction is ſhown, between the manners of the Romans in the time of the former, and of the latter. His reading in the ancient hiſtorians is no leſs conſpicuous, in many references to particular paſſages: and the ſpeeches copied from Plutarch in *Coriolanus* may, I think, as well be made an inſtance of his learning, as thoſe copied from Cicero in *Catiline*, of Ben Johnſon's. The manners of other nations in general, the Egyptians, Venetians, French, etc. are drawn with equal propriety. Whatever object of nature, or branch of ſcience, he either ſpeaks of or deſcribes; it is always with competent, if not extenſive knowledge: his deſcriptions are ſtill exact; all his metaphors appropriated, and remarkably drawn from the true nature and inherent qualities of each ſubject. When he treats of ethic or politic, we may conſtantly obſerve a wonderful juſtneſs of diſtinction, as well as extent of comprehenſion. No one is more a maſter of the poetical ſtory, or has more frequent

alluſions to the various parts of it: Mr. Waller (who has been celebrated for this laſt particular) has not ſhewn more learning this way than Shakeſpear. We have tranſlations from Ovid publiſhed in his name, among thoſe poems which paſs for his, and for ſome of which we have undoubted authority, (being publiſhed by himſelf, and dedicated to his noble patron the Earl of Southampton:) He appears alſo to have been converſant in Plautus, from whom he has taken the plot of one of his plays: he follows the Greek authors, and particularly Dares Phrygius, in another: (although I will not pretend to ſay in what language he read them.) The modern Italian writers of novels he was manifeſtly acquainted with; and we may conclude him to be no leſs converſant with the ancients of his own country, from the uſe he has made of Chaucer in *Troilus and Creſſida*, and in the *Two noble Kinſmen*, if that Play be his, as there goes a tradition it was (and indeed it has little reſemblance of Fletcher, and more of our Author than ſome of thoſe which have been received as genuine.)

I am inclined to think, this opinion proceeded originally from the zeal of the Partizans of our Author and Ben Johnſon; as they endeavoured to exalt the one at the expence of the other. It is ever the nature of Parties to be in extremes; and nothing is ſo probable, as that becauſe Ben Johnſon had much the more learning, it was ſaid on the one hand, that Shakeſpear had none at all; and becauſe Shakeſpear had much the moſt wit and fancy, it was retorted on the other, that Johnſon wanted both. Becauſe Shakeſpear borrowed nothing, it was ſaid that Ben Johnſon borrowed every thing. Becauſe Johnſon did not write extempore, he was reproached with being a year about every piece; and becauſe Shakeſpear wrote with eaſe and rapidity, they cried, he never once made a blot. Nay, the ſpirit of oppoſition ran ſo

high, that whatever thoſe of the one ſide objected to the other, was taken at the rebound, and turned into praiſes; as injudiciouſly as their antagoniſts before had made them objections.

Poets are always afraid of envy; but ſure they have as much reaſon to be afraid of admiration. They are the Scylla and Charybdis of Authors; thoſe who eſcape one, often fall by the other. *Peſſimum genus inimicorum laudantes*, ſays Tacitus: and Virgil deſires to wear a charm againſt thoſe who praiſe a poet without rule or reaſon.

Si ultra placitum laudârit, baccare frontem
Cingito, ne vati noceat.

But however this contention might be carried on by the Partizans on either ſide, I cannot help thinking theſe two great Poets were good friends, and lived on amicable terms, and in offices of ſociety with each other. It is an acknowledged fact, that Ben Johnſon was introduced upon the ſtage, and his firſt works encouraged, by Shakeſpear. And after his death, that Author writes *To the Memory of his beloved Mr.* William Shakeſpear, which ſhews as if the friendſhip had continued through life. I cannot for my own part find any thing *invidious* or *ſparing* in thoſe verſes, but wonder Mr. Dryden was of that opinion. He exalts him not only above all his contemporaries, but above Chaucer and Spenſer, whom he will not allow to be great enough to be ranked with him; and challenges the names of Sophocles, Euripides, and Aeſchylus, nay, all Greece and Rome at once, to equal him; and (which is very particular) expreſly vindicates him from the imputation of wanting *art*, not enduring that all his excellencies ſhould be attributed to *nature*. It is remarkable too, that the praiſe he gives him in his *Diſcoveries* ſeems to proceed from a *perſonal kindneſs*; he tells us, that he loved the man, as well as

honoured his memory; celebrates the honeſty, openneſs, and frankneſs of his temper; and only diſtinguiſhes, as he reaſonably ought, between the real merit of the Author, and the ſilly and derogatory applauſes of the Players. Ben Johnſon might indeed be ſparing in his commendations, (though certainly he is not ſo in this inſtance) partly from his own nature, and partly from judgment. For men of judgment think they do any man more ſervice in praiſing him juſtly, than laviſhly. I ſay, I would fain believe they were friends, though the violence and ill-breeding of their followers and flatterers were enough to give riſe to the contrary report. I would hope that it may be with *parties*, both in wit and ſtate, as with thoſe monſters deſcribed by the poets; and that their heads at leaſt may have ſomething human, though their *bodies* and *tails* are wild beaſts and ſerpents.

As I believe that what I have mentioned gave riſe to the opinion of Shakeſpear's want of learning; ſo what has continued it down to us may have been the many blunders and illiteracies of the firſt publiſhers of his works. In theſe editions their ignorance ſhines almoſt in every page; nothing is more common than *Actus tertia. Exit omnes. Enter three witches ſolus.* Their French is as bad as their Latin, both in conſtruction and ſpelling: Their very Welſh is falſe. Nothing is more likely than that thoſe palpable blunders of Hector's quoting Ariſtotle, with others of that groſs kind, ſprung from the ſame root: it not being at all credible that theſe could be the errors of any man who had the leaſt tincture of a ſchool, or the leaſt converſation with ſuch as had. Ben Johnſon (whom they will not think partial to him) allows him at leaſt to have had *ſome* Latin; which is utterly inconſiſtent with miſtakes like theſe. Nay the conſtant blunders in proper names of perſons and places, are ſuch as

muſt have proceeded from a man, who had not ſo much as read any hiſtory, in any language: ſo could not be Shakeſpear's.

I ſhall now lay before the reader ſome of thoſe almoſt innumerable errors, which have riſen from one ſource, the ignorance of the players, both as his actors, and as his editors. When the nature and kinds of theſe are enumerated and conſidered, I dare to ſay, that not Shakeſpear only, but Ariſtotle or Cicero, had their works undergone the ſame fate, might have appeared to want ſenſe as well as learning.

It is not certain that any one of his plays was publiſhed by himſelf. During the time of his employment in the Theatre, ſeveral of his pieces were printed ſeparately in quarto. What makes me think that moſt of theſe were not publiſhed by him, is the exceſſive careleſſneſs of the preſs: every page is ſo ſcandalouſly falſe ſpelled, and almoſt all the learned or unuſual words ſo intolerably mangled, that it is plain there either was no corrector to the preſs at all, or one totally illiterate. If any were ſuperviſed by himſelf, I ſhould fancy the two parts of *Henry* IV. and *Midſummer Night's Dream* might have been ſo: becauſe I find no other printed with any exactneſs; and (contrary to the reſt) there is very little variation in all the ſubſequent editions of them. There are extant two prefaces, to the firſt quarto edition of *Trolius and Creſſida* in 1609, and to that of *Othello*; by which it appears, that the firſt was publiſhed without his knowledge or conſent, and even before it was acted, ſo late as ſeven or eight years before he died; and that the latter was not printed till after his death. The whole number of genuine plays which we have been able to find printed in his life-time, amounts but to eleven. And of ſome of theſe we meet with two or more editions by different printers, each of which has whole heaps of traſh different from the other: which I ſhould fancy was occaſioned by their

their being taken from different copies, belonging to different Play-houſes.

The folio edition (in which all the plays we now receive as his, were firſt collected) was publiſhed by two Players, Heminges and Condell, in 1623, ſeven years after his deceaſe. They declare, that all the other editions were ſtolen and ſurreptitious, and affirm theirs to be purged from the errors of the former. This is true as to the literal errors, and no other; for in all reſpects elſe it is far worſe than the quarto's.

Firſt, becauſe the additions of trifling and bombaſt paſſages are in this edition far more numerous. For whatever had been added ſince thoſe quarto's, by the actors, or had ſtolen from their mouths into the written parts, were from thence conveyed into the printed text, and all ſtand charged upon the Author. He himſelf complained of this uſage in *Hamlet*, where he wiſhes that *thoſe who play the Clowns would ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them.* (Act iii. Sc. iv.) But as a proof that he could not eſcape it, in the old editions of *Romeo* and *Juliet* there is no hint of a great number of the mean conceits and ribaldries now to be found there. In others, the low ſcenes of Mobs, Plebeians, and Clowns, are vaſtly ſhorter than at preſent: And I have ſeen one in particular (which ſeems to have belonged to their play-houſe, by having the parts divided with lines, and the Actors names in the margin) where ſeveral of thoſe very paſſages were added in a written hand, which are ſince to be found in the folio.

In the next place, a number of beautiful paſſages which are extant in the firſt ſingle editions, are omitted in this: as it ſeems without any other reaſon, than their willingneſs to ſhorten ſome ſcenes: Theſe men (as it was ſaid of Procruſtes) either lopping, or ſtretching an Author, to make him juſt fit for their ſtage.

This

This edition is ſaid to be printed from the *original copies*. I believe they meant thoſe which had lain ever ſince the Author's days in the play-houſe, and had from time to time been cut, or added to, arbitrarily. It appears that this edition, as well as the quarto's, was printed (at leaſt partly) from no better copies than the *prompter's book*, or *piece-meal parts*, written out for the uſe of the actors: For in ſome places their very * names are through careleſſneſs ſet down inſtead of the *perſonae dramatis:* And in others the notes of direction to the *property-men* for their *moveables*, and to the *players* for their *entries*, are inſerted into the text, through the ignorance of the tranſcribers.

The Plays not having been before ſo much as diſtinguiſhed by *acts* and *ſcenes*, they are in this edition divided according as they played them; often where there is no pauſe in the action, or where they thought fit to make a breach in it, for the ſake of muſick, maſques, or monſters.

Sometimes the ſcenes are tranſpoſed and ſhuffled backward and forward; a thing which could no otherwiſe happen, but by their being taken from ſeparate and piece-meal written parts.

Many verſes are omitted entirely, and others tranſpoſed; from whence invincible obſcurities have ariſen, paſt the gueſs of any commentator to clear up, but juſt where the accidental glimpſe of an old edition enlightens us.

Some characters were confounded and mixed, or two put into one, for want of a competent number of actors. Thus in the quarto edition of *Midſummer Night's Dream*, Act v. Shakeſpear introduces a kind of Maſter of the revels called Philoſtrate; all whoſe part is given to another character (that of Egeus) in the ſubſequent

* *Much ado about nothing*, Act ii. Enter Prince Leonato, Claudio, and *Jack Wilſon*, inſtead of Balthaſar. And in Act iv. *Cowley*, and *Kemp*, conſtantly through a whole ſcene. Edit. Fol. of 1623, and 1632.

ſubſequent editions: So alſo in *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. This too makes it probable, that the prompter's books were what they called the original copies.

From liberties of this kind, many ſpeeches alſo were put into the mouths of wrong perſons, where the Author now ſeems chargeable with making them ſpeak out of character: Or ſometimes perhaps for no better reaſon, than that a governing player, to have the mouthing of ſome favourite ſpeech himſelf, would ſnatch it from the unworthy lips of an underling.

Proſe from verſe they did not know, and they accordingly printed one for the other throughout the volume.

Having been forced to ſay ſo much of the Players, I think I ought in juſtice to remark, that the judgment, as well as condition, of that claſs of people was then far inferior to what it is in our days. As then the beſt Playhouſes were inns and taverns, (the Globe, the Hope, the Red Bull, the Fortune, etc.) ſo the top of the profeſſion were then meer Players, not Gentlemen of the ſtage: They were led into the buttery by the ſteward, not placed at the lord's table, or lady's toilette: and conſequently were entirely deprived of thoſe advantages they now enjoy, in the familiar converſation of our nobility, and an intimacy (not to ſay dearneſs) with people of the firſt condition.

From what has been ſaid, there can be no queſtion but had Shakeſpear publiſhed his works himſelf (eſpecially in his latter time, and after his retreat from the ſtage) we ſhould not only be certain which are genuine, but ſhould find in thoſe that are, the errors leſſened by ſome thouſands. If I may judge from all the diſtinguiſhing marks of his ſtyle, and his manner of thinking and writing, I make no doubt to declare that thoſe wretched plays, *Pericles*, *Locrine*, *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, *Yorkſhire Tragedy*, *Lord Cromwell*, *The Puritan*, and *London Prodigal*, cannot be admitted as his.

his. And I ſhould conjecture of ſome of the others (particularly *Love's Labour's Loſt*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Titus Andronicus*) that only ſome characters, ſingle ſcenes, or perhaps a few particular paſſages, were of his hand. It is very probable what occaſioned ſome plays to be ſuppoſed Shakeſpear's was only this; that they were pieces produced by unknown Authors, or fitted up for the theatre while it was under his adminiſtration: and no owner claiming them, they were adjudged to him, as they give ſtrays to the Lord of the manor: a miſtake which (one may alſo obſerve) it was not for the intereſt of the houſe to remove. Yet the players themſelves, Heminges and Condell, afterwards did Shakeſpear the juſtice to reject thoſe eight plays in their edition; though they were then printed in his name, in every body's hands, and acted with ſome applauſe; (as we learn from what Ben Johnſon ſays of *Pericles* in his Ode on the *New Inn.*) That *Titus Andronicus* is one of this claſs I am the rather induced to believe, by finding the ſame Author openly expreſs his contempt of it in the *Induction* to *Bartholomew-Fair*, in the year 1614, when Shakeſpear was yet living. And there is no better authority for theſe latter ſort, than for the former, which were equally publiſhed in his life-time.

If we give into this opinion, how many low and vicious parts and paſſages might no longer reflect upon this great genius, but appear unworthily charged upon him? And even in thoſe which are really his, how many faults may have been unjuſtly laid to his account from arbitrary additions, expunctions, tranſpoſitions of ſcenes and lines, confuſion of characters and perſons, wrong application of ſpeeches, corruptions of innumerable paſſages by the ignorance, and wrong corrections of them again by the impertinence of his firſt editors? From one or other of theſe conſiderations, I am verily perſuaded, that the greateſt and the

groſſeſt part of what are thought his errors would vaniſh, and leave his character in a light very different from that diſadvantageous one in which it now appears to us.

This is the ſtate in which Shakeſpear's writings lie at preſent; for, ſince the abovementioned folio edition, all the reſt have implicitly followed it, without having recourſe to any of the former, or ever making the compariſon between them. It is impoſſible to repair the injuries already done him; too much time has elapſed, and the materials are too few. In what I have done I have rather given a proof of my willingneſs and deſire, than of my ability, to do him juſtice. I have diſcharged the dull duty of an Editor, to my beſt judgment, with more labour than I expect thanks, with a religious abhorrence of all innovation, and without any indulgence to my private ſenſe or conjecture. The method taken in this edition will ſhew itſelf. The various readings are fairly put in the margin, ſo that every one may compare them; and thoſe I have preferred into the text, are conſtantly *ex fide codicum*, upon authority. The alterations or additions which Shakeſpear himſelf made, are taken notice of as they occur. Some ſuſpected paſſages which are exceſſively bad (and which ſeem interpolations by being ſo inſerted that one can entirely omit them without any chaſm, or deficience in the context) are degraded to the bottom of the page; with an aſteriſk referring to the places of their inſertion. The ſcenes are marked ſo diſtinctly, that every removal of place is ſpecified; which is more neceſſary in this Author than in any other, ſince he ſhifts them more frequently: and ſometimes without attending to this particular, the reader would have met with obſcurities. The more obſolete or unuſual words are explained. Some of the moſt ſhining paſſages are diſtinguiſhed by comma's in the margin: and where the beauty lay not in particulars but in the whole, a

ſtar is prefixed to the ſcene. This ſeems to me a ſhorter and leſs oſtentatious method of performing the better half of Criticiſm (namely, the pointing out an Author's excellencies) than to fill a whole paper with citations of fine paſſages, with *general applauſes*, or *empty exclamations* at the tail of them. There is alſo ſubjoined a catalogue of thoſe firſt editions by which the greater part of the various readings and of the corrected paſſages are authoriſed (moſt of which are ſuch as carry their own evidence along with them.) Theſe editions now hold the place of originals, and are the only materials left to repair the deficiencies or reſtore the corrupted ſenſe of the Author: I can only wiſh that a greater number of them (if a greater were ever publiſhed) may yet be found, by a ſearch more ſucceſsful than mine, for the better accompliſhment of this end.

I will conclude by ſaying of Shakeſpear, that with all his faults, and with all the irregularity of his *drama*, one may look upon his works, in compariſon of thoſe that are more finiſhed and regular, as upon an ancient majeſtic piece of Gothic architecture, compared with a neat modern building: The latter is more elegant and glaring, but the former is more ſtrong and more ſolemn. It muſt be allowed, that in one of theſe there are materials enough to make many of the other. It has much the greater variety, and much the nobler apartments; though we are often conducted to them by dark, odd, and uncouth paſſages. Nor does the whole fail to ſtrike us with greater reverence, though many of the parts are childiſh, ill-placed, and unequal to its grandeur.

LETTERS OF MR. POPE,

AND SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS.

Quo Deſiderio veteres revocamus Amores,
Atque olim amiſſas flemus Amicitias! CATULL.

PREFACE

OF THE PUBLISHER OF THE SURREPTITIOUS EDITION, MDCCXXXV.

WE preſume we want no apology to the reader for this publication, but ſome may be thought needful to Mr. Pope: *however he cannot think our offence ſo great as theirs, who firſt ſeparately publiſhed what we have here but collected in a better form and order. As for the letters we have procured to be added, they ſerve but to complete, explain, and ſometimes ſet in a true light, thoſe others, which it was not in the writer's or our power to recall.*

This collection hath been owing to ſeveral cabinets: ſome drawn from thence by accidents, and others (even of thoſe to ladies) voluntarily given. It is to one of that ſex we are beholden for the whole correſpondence with H. C. Eſq; which letters being lent her by that gentleman, ſhe took the liberty to print; as appears by the following, which we ſhall give at length, both as it is ſomething curious, and as it may ſerve for an apology for ourſelves.

TO HENRY CROMWELL, ESQ.

June 27, 1727.

AFTER ſo long a ſilence as the many and great oppreſſions I have ſighed under have occaſioned, one is at a loſs how to begin a letter to ſo kind a friend as yourſelf. But as it was always my reſolution, if I muſt ſink, to do it as decently (that is, as ſilently) as I could; ſo when I found myſelf plunged into unforeſeen

unforeſeen and unavoidable ruin, I retreated from the world, and in a manner buried myſelf in a diſmal place, where I knew none, and none knew me. In this dull unthinking way, I have protracted a lingering death (for life it cannot be called) ever ſince you ſaw me, ſequeſtered from company, deprived of my books, and nothing left to converſe with, but the letters of my dead or abſent friends; among which latter I always placed yours and Mr. Pope's in the firſt rank. I lent ſome of them indeed to an ingenious perſon, who was ſo delighted with the ſpecimen, that he importuned me for a ſight of the reſt, which having obtained, he conveyed them to the preſs, I muſt not ſay altogether with my conſent, nor wholly without it. I thought them too good to be loſt in oblivion, and had no cauſe to apprehend the diſobliging of any. The public, viz. all perſons of taſte and judgment, would be pleaſed with ſo agreeable an amuſement; Mr. Cromwell could not be angry, ſince it was but juſtice to his merit, to publiſh the ſolemn and private profeſſions of love, gratitude, and veneration, made him by ſo celebrated an author; and ſincerely Mr. Pope ought not to reſent the publication, ſince the early pregnancy of his genius was no diſhonour to his character. And yet had either of you been aſked, common modeſty would have obliged you to refuſe, what you would not be diſpleaſed with, if done without your knowledge. And beſides, to end all diſpute, you had been pleaſed to make me a free gift of them, to do what I pleaſed with them; and every one knows, that the perſon to whom a letter is addreſſed, has the ſame right to diſpoſe of it, as he has of goods purchaſed with his money. I doubt not but your generoſity and honour will do me the right, of owning by a line that I came honeſtly by them. I flatter myſelf, in a few months I ſhall again be

be viſible to the world; and whenever through good providence that turn ſhall happen, I ſhall joyfully acquaint you with it, there being none more truly your obliged ſervant, than, Sir,

Your faithful and moſt humble Servant,

E. THOMAS.

P. S. A Letter, Sir, directed to Mrs. Thomas, to be left at my Houſe, will be ſafely tranſmitted to her, by,

Yours, etc.

E. CURLL.

TO MR. POPE.

Epſom, July 6, 1727.

WHEN theſe letters were firſt printed, I wondered how Curll could come by them, and could not but laugh at the pompous title; ſince whatever you wrote to me was humour, and familiar raillery. As ſoon as I came from Epſom, I heard you had been to ſee me, and I writ you a ſhort letter from Will's, that I longed to ſee you. Mr. D——s, about that time, charged me with giving them to a miſtreſs, which I poſitively denied: not in the leaſt, at that time, thinking of it; but ſome time after, finding in the News-papers Letters from Lady Packington, Lady Chudleigh, and Mr. Norris to the ſame Sappho, or E. T. I began to fear that I was guilty. I have never ſeen theſe Letters of Curll's, nor would go to his ſhop about them; I have not ſeen this Sappho, alias E. T. theſe ſeven years.——Her writing, *That I gave her 'em, to do what ſhe would with 'em*, is ſtraining the point too far. I thought not of it, nor do I think ſhe did then; but ſevere neceſſity, which catches hold of a twig, has produced all this; which has lain hid, and forgot by me ſo many years.

Curll ſent me a letter laſt week, deſiring a poſitive anſwer about this matter, but finding I would give him none, he went to E. T. and writ a poſtſcript in her long romantic letter, to direct my anſwer to his houſe; but they not expecting an anſwer, ſent a young man to me, whoſe name, it ſeems, is Pattiſon. I told him I ſhould not write any thing, but I believed it might be ſo as ſhe writ in her letter. I am extremely concerned that my former indiſcretion in putting them into the hands of this *Pretieuſe*, ſhould have given you ſo much diſturbance; for the laſt thing I ſhould do would be to diſoblige you, for whom I have ever preſerved the greateſt eſteem, and ſhall ever be, Sir,

Your faithful friend, and
moſt humble Servant,
HENRY CROMWELL.

TO MR. POPE.

Auguſt 1, 1727.

THOUGH I writ my long narrative from Epſom, till I was tired, yet I was not ſatisfied; leſt any doubt ſhould reſt upon your mind. I could not make proteſtations of my innocence of a grievous crime; but I was impatient till I came to town, that I might ſend you thoſe Letters, as a clear evidence that I was a perfect ſtranger to all their proceeding. Should I have proteſted againſt it, after the printing, it might have been taken for an attempt to decry his purchaſe; and as the little exception you have taken has ſerved him to play his game upon us for theſe two years, a new incident from me might enable him to play it on for two more.——The great value ſhe expreſſes for all you write, and her paſſion for having them, I believe, was what prevailed upon me to let her keep them. By the

the interval of twelve years at leaſt, from her poſſeſſion to the time of printing them, 'tis manifeſt, that I had not the leaſt ground to apprehend ſuch a deſign: but as people in great ſtraits bring forth their hoards of old gold and moſt valued jewels; ſo Sappho had recourſe to her hid treaſure of Letters, and played off not only yours to me, but all thoſe to herſelf (as the lady's laſt ſtake) into the preſs.—As for me, I hope when you ſhall coolly conſider the many thouſand inſtances of our being deluded by the females, ſince that great Original of Adam by Eve, you will have a more favourable thought of the undeſigning error of

Your faithful Friend,
and humble Servant,
HENRY CROMWELL.

Now ſhould our apology for this publication be as ill received as the lady's ſeems to have been by the gentlemen concerned; we ſhall at leaſt have her Comfort, *of being thanked by the reſt of the world. Nor has Mr.* P. *himſelf any great cauſe to think it much offence to his modeſty, or reflection on his judgment, when we take care to inform the public, that there are few Letters of his in this collection, which were not written under twenty years of age: on the other hand, we doubt not the reader will be much more ſurprized to find, at that early period, ſo much variety of ſtyle, affecting ſentiment, and juſtneſs of criticiſm, in pieces which muſt have been writ in haſte, very few perhaps ever reviewed, and none intended for the eye of the public.*

A CATALOGUE

OF THE SURREPTITIOUS AND INCORRECT EDITIONS OF MR. POPE'S LETTERS.

I. FAMILIAR Letters to Henry Cromwell, Eſq. by Mr. Pope, 12mo. Printed for Edmund Curl, 1727.
[In this are *Verſes*, etc. aſcribed to Mr. P. which were *not his*.]

II. Mr. Pope's Literary Correſpondence for thirty years: from 1704 to 1734. Being a Collection of Letters which paſſed between him and ſeveral eminent perſons. Printed for E. Curl, 8vo, 1735, Two editions.

——The ſame in duodecimo, with cuts. The third edition.
[Theſe contain ſeveral Letters *not genuine*.]

III. Mr. Pope's Literary Correſpondence, Vol. II. Printed for the ſame, 8vo, 1735. [In this volume are *no* Letters of Mr. Pope's, but a few of thoſe to Mr. Cromwell *reprinted:* nor any to him, but one ſaid to be Biſhop Atterbury's, and another in that Biſhop's name, certainly not his: One or two Letters from St. Omer's, advertiſed of Mr. Pope, but which proved to be only *concerning* him; ſome ſcandalous Reflections of one Le Neve on the Legiſlature, Courts of Juſtice, and Church of England, pag. 116, 117. and the Divinity of Chriſt expreſly denied, in pag. 123, 124. With ſome ſcandalous Anecdotes, and a Narrative.]

—— The ſame in duodecimo.

IV. Mr. Pope's Literary Correſpondence, Vol. III. Printed for E. Curl, 8vo, 1735. [In this is *only one Letter* by Mr. Pope to the Ducheſs of Buckingham, which the publiſher ſome way procured

cured and printed againſt her order. It alſo contains four Letters, intitled, Mr. Pope's to Miſs Blount, which are literally taken from an old tranſlation of Voiture's to Mad. Rambouillet.]

—— The ſame in duodecimo.

V. Mr. Pope's Literary Correſpondence, Vol. IV. Printed by the ſame, contains *not one Letter* of this Author.

—— The ſame in duodecimo.

VI. Mr. Pope's Literary Correſpondence, Vol. V. containing *only one* Letter of Mr. P. and another of the Lord B. with a ſcandalous preface of Curl's, how he could come at more of their Letters, 8vo, printed for the ſame, 1736.

VII. Letters of Mr. Pope and ſeveral Eminent Perſons, Vol. I. from 1705 to 1711. Printed and ſold by the bookſellers of London and Weſtminſter, 8vo, 1735.

—— The ſame, Vol. II. from 1711, etc. Printed and ſold by the bookſellers of London and Weſtminſter, 8vo, 1735.—The ſame in 12mo, with a Narrative.

VIII. Letters of Mr. Pope and ſeveral Eminent Perſons. From 1705 to 1735. Printed and ſold by the bookſellers of London and Weſtminſter, 12mo, 1735.

[This edition is ſaid in the title to contain *more Letters* than any other, but contains only *Two*, ſaid to be the Biſhop of Rocheſter's, and printed before by Curl.]

IX. Letters of Mr. Pope and ſeveral Eminent Perſons. From the year 1705 to 1735, Vol. I. and Vol. II. Printed for T. Cooper, at the Globe in Pater-noſter-Row, 1735, 12mo.

[In this was inſerted the *Forged Letter* from the Biſhop of Rocheſter, and ſome other things, unknown to Mr. Pope.]

PREFACE

PREFIXED TO THE FIRST GENUINE EDITION IN QUARTO, 1737.

IF what is here offered the reader, ſhould happen in any degree to pleaſe him, the thanks are not due to the author, but partly to his friends, and partly to his enemies: it was wholly owing to the affection of the former, that ſo many Letters, of which he never kept copies, were preſerved; and to the malice of the latter, that they were produced in this manner.

He had been very diſagreeably uſed, in the publication of ſome letters written in his youth, which fell into the hands of a woman who printed them, without his, or his correſpondent's conſent, in 1727. This treatment, and the apprehenſion of more of the ſame kind, put him upon recalling as many as he could from thoſe who he imagined had kept any. He was ſorry to find the number ſo great, but immediately leſſened it by burning three parts in four of them: the reſt he ſpared, not in any preference of their ſtyle or writing, but merely as they preſerved the memory of ſome friendſhips which will ever be dear to him, or ſet in a true light ſome matters of fact, from which the ſcriblers of the times had taken occaſion to aſperſe either his friends or himſelf. He therefore laid by the Originals, together with thoſe of his correſpondents, and cauſed a copy to be taken to depoſite in the library of a noble friend; that in caſe either of the revival of ſlanders, or the publication of ſurreptitious Letters, during his life or after, a proper uſe might be made of them.

The

The next year, the poſthumous works of Mr. Wycherley were printed, in a way diſreputable enough to his memory. It was thought a juſtice due to him, to ſhew the world his better judgment; and that it was his laſt reſolution to have ſuppreſſed thoſe poems. As ſome of the letters which had paſſed between him and our author cleared that point, they were publiſhed in 1729, with a few marginal notes added by a friend.

If in theſe Letters, and in thoſe which were printed without his conſent, there appear too much of a juvenile ambition of wit, or affectation of gaiety, he may reaſonably hope it will be conſidered to *whom*, and at *what age*, he was guilty of it, as well as how ſoon it was over. The reſt, every judge of writing will ſee, were by no means efforts of the genius, but emanations of the heart: and this alone may induce any candid reader to believe their publication an act of neceſſity, rather than of vanity.

It is notorious, how many volumes have been publiſhed under the title of his Correſpondence, with promiſes ſtill of more, and open and repeated offers of encouragement to all perſons who ſhould ſend any letters of his for the preſs. It is as notorious what methods were taken to procure them, even from the publiſher's own accounts in his prefaces, viz. by tranſacting with people in neceſſities, * or of abandoned † characters, or ſuch as dealt without names in the ‡ dark. Upon a quarrel with one of theſe laſt, he betrayed himſelf ſo far, as to appeal to the public in Narratives and Advertiſements: like that Iriſh highwayman a few years before, who preferred a bill againſt his companion, for not ſharing equally in the money, rings and watches,

* See the Preface to Vol. I. of a Book called Mr. Pope's Literary Correſpondence.

† Poſtſcript to the Preface to Vol. IV. ‡ Narrative and Anecdotes before Vol. II.

watches, which they had traded for in partnerſhip upon Hounſlow-heath.

Several have been printed in his name which he never writ, and addreſſed to perſons to whom they never were written *: counterfeited as from biſhop Atterbury to him, which neither that biſhop nor he ever ſaw †; and advertiſed even after that period when it was made felony to correſpond with him.

I know not how it has been this author's fate, whom both his ſituation and his temper have all his life excluded from rivalling any man, in any pretenſion, (except that of pleaſing by poetry) to have been as much aſperſed and written at, as any Firſt Miniſter of his time: pamphlets and news-papers have been full of him, nor was it *there only* that a private man, who never troubled either the world or common converſation with his opinions of Religion or Government, has been repreſented as a dangerous member of Society, a bigotted Papiſt, and an enemy to the eſtabliſhment. The unwarrantable publication of his Letters hath at leaſt done him this ſervice, to ſhew he has conſtantly enjoyed the friendſhip of worthy men; and that if a catalogue were to be taken of his friends and his enemies, he needs not to bluſh at either. Many of them having been written on the moſt trying occurrences, and all in the openneſs of friendſhip, are a proof what were his real ſentiments, as they flowed warm from the heart, and freſh from the occaſion; without the leaſt thought that ever the world ſhould be witneſs to them. Had he ſate down with a deſign to draw his own picture,

* In Vol. III. Letters from Mr. Pope to Mrs. Blount, etc.

† Vol. II. of the ſame, 8vo. p. 20. and at the end of the Edition of his Letters in 12mo, by the bookſellers of London and Weſtminſter; and of the laſt Edition in 12mo, printed for T. Cooper, 1725.

picture, he could not have done it ſo truly; for whoever ſits for it (whether to himſelf or another) will inevitably find the features more compoſed, than his appear in theſe letters. But if an author's hand, like a painter's, be more diſtinguiſhable in a ſlight ſketch than in a finiſhed picture, this very careleſneſs will make them the better known from ſuch counterfeits, as have been, and may be imputed to him, either through a mercenary or malicious deſign.

We hope it is needleſs to ſay, he is not accountable for ſeveral paſſages in the ſurreptitious editions of thoſe Letters, which are ſuch as no man of common ſenſe would have publiſhed himſelf. The errors of the preſs were almoſt innumerable, and could not but be extremely multiplied in ſo many repeated editions, by the avarice and negligence of piratical printers, to not one of whom he ever gave the leaſt Title, or any other encouragement than that of not proſecuting them.

For the *Chaſms* in the correſpondence, we had not the means to ſupply them, the Author having deſtroyed too many Letters to preſerve any Series. Nor would he go about to amend them, except by the omiſſions of ſome paſſages, improper, or at leaſt impertinent, to be divulged to the public: or of ſuch entire Letters, as were either not his, or not approved of by him.

He has been very ſparing of thoſe of his friends, and thought it a reſpect ſhown to their memory, to ſuppreſs in particular ſuch as were moſt in his favour. As it is not to *Vanity* but to *Friendſhip* that he intends this Monument, he would ſave his enemies the mortification of ſhowing any further how well their Betters have thought of him: and at the ſame time ſecure from their cenſure his living friends, who (he promiſes them) ſhall never be put to the bluſh, this way at leaſt, for their partiality to him.

But however this collection may be received, we cannot but lament the *Cauſe*, and the *Neceſſity* of ſuch a publication, and heartily wiſh no honeſt man may be reduced to the ſame. To ſtate the caſe fairly in the preſent ſituation. A Bookſeller adver-tiſes his intention to publiſh your Letters: he openly promiſes encouragement, or even pecuniary rewards, to thoſe who will help him to any; and engages to inſert whatever they ſhall ſend. Any ſcandal is ſure of a reception, and any enemy who ſends it ſcreened from a diſcovery. Any domeſtic or ſervant, who can ſnatch a letter from your pocket or cabinet, is encou-raged to that vile practice. If the quantity falls ſhort of a vo-lume, any thing elſe ſhall be joined with it (more eſpecially ſcandal) which the collector can think for his intereſt, all re-commended under your Name: you have not only Theft to fear, but Forgery. Any Bookſeller, though conſcious in what man-ner they were obtained, not caring what may be the conſequence to your Fame or Quiet, will ſell and diſperſe them in town and country. The better your Reputation is, the more your Name will cauſe them to be demanded, and conſequently the more you will be injured. The injury is of ſuch a nature, as the Law (which does not puniſh for *Intentions*) cannot prevent; and when done, may puniſh, but not redreſs. You are therefore re-duced, either to enter into a perſonal treaty with ſuch a man (which though the readieſt, is the meaneſt of all methods) or to take ſuch other meaſures to ſuppreſs them, as are contrary to your Inclination, or to publiſh them, as are contrary to your Mo-deſty. Otherwiſe your Fame and your Property ſuffer alike; you are at once expoſed and plundered. As an *Author*, you are deprived of that Power, which above all others conſtitutes a good one, the power of rejecting, and the right of judging for

yourſelf, what pieces it may be moſt uſeful, entertaining, or reputable to publiſh, at the time and in the manner you think beſt. As a *Man*, you are deprived of the right even over your own Sentiments, of the privilege of every human creature to divulge or conceal them; of the advantage of your ſecond thoughts; and of all the benefit of your Prudence, your Candour, or your Modeſty. As a *Member of Society*, you are yet more injured; your private conduct, your domeſtic concerns, your family ſecrets, your paſſions, your tenderneſſes, your weakneſſes, are expoſed to the Miſconſtruction or Reſentment of ſome, to the Cenſure or Impertinence of the whole world. The printing private letters in ſuch a manner, is the worſt ſort of *betraying Converſation*, as it has evidently the moſt extenſive, and the moſt laſting, ill conſequences. It is the higheſt Offence againſt *Society*, as it renders the moſt dear and intimate intercourſe of friend with friend, and the moſt neceſſary commerce of man with man, unſafe, and to be dreaded. To open letters is eſteemed the greateſt breach of honour: even to look into them already opened or accidentally dropt, is held an ungenerous, if not an immoral act. What then can be thought of procuring them merely by Fraud, and the printing them merely for Lucre? We cannot but conclude every honeſt man will wiſh, that, if the Laws have as yet provided no adequate remedy, one at leaſt may be found, to prevent ſo great and growing an evil.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

MR. WYCHERLEY.

FROM THE YEAR MDCCIV TO MDCCX.

LETTER I.

Binfield in Windſor Foreſt, Dec. 26, 1704 [b].

IT was certainly a great ſatisfaction to me to ſee and converſe with a Man, whom in his writings I had ſo long known with pleaſure; but it was a high addition to it, to hear you, at our very firſt meeting, doing juſtice to your dead friend Mr. Dryden.

[a] If one were to judge of this ſet of Letters by the manner of thinking and turn of expreſſion, one ſhould conclude they had been all miſ-titled; and that the letters given to the boy of ſixteen, were written by the man of ſeventy, and ſo on the contrary; ſuch ſober ſenſe, ſuch gravity of manners, and ſo much judgment, and knowledge of compoſition, enlivened with the ſprightlineſs of manly wit, diſtinguiſh thoſe of Mr. Pope: while, on the other hand, a childiſh jealouſy, a puerile affectation, an attention and lying at catch for *turns* and *points*, together with a total ignorance and contempt of order, of method, and of all relation of the parts to one another to compoſe a reaſonable whole, make up the character of thoſe of Mr. Wycherley. However, thoſe ingredients in the Characters of the two diſtant ages of life, which Cicero makes Cato ſo much commend, "Adoleſcens in quo "Senile aliquid, Senex in quo eſt Adoleſcens aliquid," ſeem to have been the cement of their friendſhip.

[b] The Author's age then Sixteen. P.

Dryden. I was not ſo happy as to know him: *Virgilium tantum vidi* [c]. Had I been born early enough, I muſt have known and loved him: For I have been aſſured, not only by yourſelf, but by Mr. Congreve and Sir William Trumbul, that his perſonal Qualities were as amiable as his Poetical, notwithſtanding the many libellous miſrepreſentations of them, againſt which the former of theſe Gentlemen has told me he will one day vindicate him [d]. I ſuppoſe thoſe injuries were begun by the violence of Party, but it is no doubt they were continued by envy at his ſucceſs and fame [e]: And thoſe Scriblers who attacked him in his latter times, were only like gnats in a ſummer evening, which are never very troubleſome but in the fineſt and moſt glorious ſeaſon; for his fire, like the ſun's, ſhined cleareſt towards its ſetting.

You muſt not therefore imagine, that when you told me my own performances were above thoſe Critics, I was ſo vain as to believe it; and yet I may not be ſo humble as to think myſelf quite below their notice. For critics, as they are birds of prey, have ever a natural inclination to carrion: and though ſuch poor writers as I are but beggars, no beggar is ſo poor but he can keep a cur, and no author ſo beggarly but he can keep a critic. I am far from thinking the attacks of ſuch people either any honour or diſhonour even to me, much leſs to Mr. Dryden. I agree with you, that whatever leſſer Wits have riſen ſince his death, are but like ſtars appearing when the ſun is ſet, that twinkle

[c] When a very young Boy, he prevailed with a friend to carry him to a Coffee-houſe which Dryden frequented; where he had the ſatisfaction he here ſpeaks of.

[d] He ſince did ſo, in his dedication to the Duke of Newcaſtle, prefixed to the duodecimo Edition of Dryden's Plays, 1717. P.

[e] The fact ſeems to have been juſt the reverſe. One of the firſt Satires againſt him was the Duke of Buckingham's *Rehearſal*; and one of the laſt, Montague's parody of his *Hind and Panther*.

twinkle only in his abſence, and with the rays they have borrowed from him. Our wit (as you call it) is but reflection or imitation, therefore ſcarce to be called ours. True Wit, I believe, may be defined a juſtneſs of thought, and a facility of expreſſion; or (in the midwives phraſe) a perfect conception, with an eaſy delivery [f]. However, this is far from a complete definition; pray help me to a better [g], as I doubt not you can.

I am, etc.

LETTER II.

FROM MR. WYCHERLEY.

Jan. 25, 1704-5.

I HAVE been ſo buſy of late in correcting and tranſcribing ſome of my madrigals for a great man or two who deſired to ſee them, that I have (with your pardon) omitted to return you an anſwer to your moſt ingenious letter: ſo ſcriblers to the public, like bankers to the public, are profuſe in their voluntary loans to it, whilſt they forget to pay their more private and particular, as more juſt debts, to their beſt and neareſt friends. However, I hope, you, who have as much good-nature as good ſenſe (ſince they generally are companions [h]) will have patience with a debtor who has an inclination to pay you his obligations, if he had wherewithal ready about him; and in the mean time ſhould conſider, when you have obliged me beyond my preſent power of returning the favour, that a debtor may be an honeſt man, if

[f] This is no definition of wit at all, but of good writing in general.

[g] Mr. Locke had given a better. But his Eſſay was not to our young Poet's taſte. He had met with it early; but he uſed to ſay, he had then no reliſh for it.

[h] *Good-nature and good ſenſe*, it ſeems, *generally are companions*, yet under the different names *of wit and humanity they ſeldom accompany each other*. But they might keep company or not, juſt as they pleaſed, for the Writer was gone in ſearch of Witticiſms.

if he but intends to be juſt when he is able, though late. But I ſhould be leſs juſt to you, the more I thought I could make a return to ſo much profuſeneſs of Wit and Humanity together; which, though they ſeldom accompany each other in other men, are in you ſo equally met, I know not in which you moſt abound. But ſo much for my opinion of you, which is, that your Wit and Ingenuity is equalled by nothing but your Judgment, or Modeſty, which (though it be to pleaſe myſelf) I muſt no more offend, than I can do either right.

Therefore I will ſay no more now of them, than that your good wit never forfeited your good judgment, but in your partiality to me and mine; ſo that if it were poſſible for a hardened ſcribler to be vainer than he is, what you write of me would make me more conceited than what I ſcrible myſelf: yet, I muſt confeſs, I ought to be more humbled by your praiſe than exalted, which commends my little ſenſe with ſo much more of yours, that I am diſparaged and diſheartened by your commendations; who give me an example of your wit in the firſt part of your letter, and a definition of it in the laſt; to make writing well (that is, like you) more difficult to me than ever it was before. Thus the more great and juſt your example and definition of wit are, the leſs I am capable to follow them. Then the beſt way of ſhewing my Judgment, after having ſeen how you write, is to leave off writing; and the beſt way to ſhew my friendſhip to you, is to put an end to your trouble, and to conclude

Yours, etc.

LETTER III.

March 25, 1705.

WHEN I write to you, I foreſee a long letter, and ought to beg your patience before-hand; for if it proves the longeſt, it will be of courſe the worſt I have troubled you with. Yet to expreſs my gratitude at large for your obliging letter, is not more my duty than my intereſt; as ſome people will abundantly thank you for one piece of kindneſs, to put you in mind of beſtowing another. The more favourable you are to me, the more diſtinctly I ſee my faults: Spots and blemiſhes, you know, are never ſo plainly diſcovered as in the brighteſt ſunſhine. Thus I am mortified by thoſe commendations which were deſigned to encourage me: for praiſe to a young wit, is like rain to a tender flower; if it be moderately beſtowed, it chears and revives; but if too laviſhly, overcharges and depreſſes him. Moſt men in years, as they are generally diſcouragers of youth, are like old trees, that, being paſt bearing themſelves, will ſuffer no young plants to flouriſh beneath them: but, as if it were not enough to have out-done all your coevals in wit, you will excel them in good-nature too. As for my green [a] eſſays, if you find any pleaſure in them, it muſt be ſuch as a man naturally takes in obſerving the firſt ſhoots and buddings of a tree which he has raiſed himſelf: and it is impoſſible they ſhould be eſteemed any otherwiſe, than as we value fruits for being early, which nevertheleſs are the moſt inſipid, and the worſt of the year. In a word, I muſt blame you for treating me with ſo much compliment, which is at beſt but the ſmoke of friendſhip. I neither write nor converſe with you, to gain your praiſe, but your affection. Be ſo much my friend as to appear my

[a] His Paſtorals, written at ſixteen years of age. P.

my enemy, and tell me my faults, if not as a young man, at leaſt as an unexperienced Writer.

I am, etc.

LETTER IV.

FROM MR. WYCHERLEY.

March 29, 1705.

YOUR letter of the twenty-fifth of March I have received, which was more welcome to me than any thing could be out of the country, though it were one's rent due that day; and I can find no fault with it, but that it charges me with want of ſincerity, or juſtice, for giving you your due; who ſhould not let your modeſty be ſo unjuſt to your merit, as to reject what is due to it, and call that compliment, which is ſo ſhort of your deſert, that it is rather degrading than exalting you. But if compliment be the ſmoke only of friendſhip (as you ſay), however, you muſt allow there is no ſmoke but there is ſome fire; and as the ſacrifice of incenſe offered to the Gods would not have been half ſo ſweet to others, if it had not been for its ſmoke; ſo friendſhip, like love, cannot be without ſome incenſe, to perfume the name it would praiſe and immortalize. But ſince you ſay you do not write to me to gain my praiſe, but my affection, pray how is it poſſible to have the one without the other? we muſt admire before we love. You affirm, you would have me ſo much your friend as to appear your enemy, and find out your faults rather than your perfections; but (my friend) that would be ſo hard to do, that I, who love no difficulties, can't be perſuaded to it. Beſides, the vanity of a ſcribler is ſuch, that he will never part with his own judgment to gratify another's; eſpecially when he muſt take pains to do it: and though I am proud to be of your opinion, when you talk of any thing or man but yourſelf, I cannot ſuffer you to murder your fame with your own hand, without oppoſing

you; eſpecially when you ſay your laſt letter is the worſt (ſince the longeſt) you have favoured me with; which I therefore think the beſt, as the longeſt life (if a good one) is the beſt; as it yields the more variety, and is the more exemplary; as a chearful ſummer's day, though longer than a dull one in the winter, is leſs tedious and more entertaining. Therefore let your friendſhip be like your letter, as laſting as it is agreeable, and it can never be tedious, but more acceptable and obliging to

Your, etc.

LETTER V.

FROM MR. WYCHERLEY.

April 7, 1705.

I HAVE received yours of the fifth, wherein your modeſty refuſes the juſt praiſes I give you, by which you lay claim to more, as a biſhop gains his biſhopric by ſaying he will not epiſcopate; but I muſt confeſs, whilſt I diſpleaſe you by commending you, I pleaſe myſelf; juſt as incenſe is ſweeter to the offerer than the deity to whom it is offered, by his being ſo much above it: For indeed every man partakes of the praiſe he gives, when it is ſo juſtly given.

As to my enquiry after your intrigues with the Muſes, you may allow me to make it, ſince no old man can give ſo young, ſo great, and able a favourite of theirs, jealouſy. I am, in my enquiry, like old Sir Bernard Gaſcoign, who uſed to ſay, that when he was grown too old to have his viſits admitted alone by the ladies, he always took along with him a young man to enſure his welcome to them; for had he come alone he had been rejected, only becauſe his viſits were not ſcandalous to them. So I am (like an old rook, who is ruined by gaming) forced to live on the good fortune of puſhing young men, whoſe

fancies are ſo vigorous that they enſure their ſucceſs in their adventures with the Muſes, by their ſtrength of imagination.

Your papers are ſafe in my cuſtody (you may be ſure) from any one's theft but my own; for it is as dangerous to truſt a ſcribler with your wit, as a gameſter with the cuſtody of your money.—If you happen to come to town, you will make it more difficult for me to leave it, who am

Your, etc.

LETTER VI.

April 30, 1705.

I Cannot contend with you: You muſt give me leave at once to wave all your compliments, and to collect only this in general from them, that your deſign is to encourage me. But I ſeparate from all the reſt that paragraph or two, in which you make me ſo warm an offer of your friendſhip. Were I poſſeſſed of that, it would put an end to all thoſe ſpeeches with which you now make me bluſh; and change them to wholeſome advices, and free ſentiments, which might make me wiſer and happier. I know 'tis the general opinion, that friendſhip is beſt contracted betwixt perſons of equal age; but I have ſo much intereſt to be of another mind, that you muſt pardon me if I cannot forbear telling you a few notions of mine in oppoſition to that opinion.

In the firſt place 'tis obſervable, that the love we bear to our friends, is generally cauſed by our finding the ſame diſpoſitions in them, which we feel in ourſelves. This is but ſelf-love at the bottom: whereas the affection betwixt people of different ages cannot well be ſo, the inclinations of ſuch being commonly various. The friendſhip of two young men is often occaſioned by love of pleaſure or voluptuouſneſs, each being deſirous for his

his own ſake of one to aſſiſt or encourage him in the courſes he purſues; as that of two old men is frequently on the ſcore of ſome profit, lucre, or deſign upon others. Now, as a young man, who is leſs acquainted with the ways of the world, has in all probability leſs of intereſt; and an old man, who may be weary of himſelf, has, or ſhould have, leſs of ſelf-love; ſo the friendſhip between them is the more likely to be true, and unmixed with too much ſelf-regard. One may add to this, that ſuch a friendſhip is of greater uſe and advantage to both; for the old man will grow gay and agreeable to pleaſe the young one; and the young man more diſcreet and prudent by the help of the old one: ſo it may prove a cure of thoſe epidemical diſeaſes of age and youth, fourneſs and madneſs. I hope you will not need many arguments to convince you of the poſſibility of this; one alone abundantly ſatisfies me, and convinces to the heart, which is, that [a] young as I am, and old as you are, I am your entirely affectionate, etc.

LETTER VII.

June 23, 1705.

I Should believe myſelf happy in your good opinion, but that you treat me ſo much in the ſtyle of compliment. It hath been obſerved of women, that they are more ſubject in their youth to be touched with vanity, than men, on account of their being generally treated this way; but the weakeſt women are not more weak than that claſs of men, who are thought to pique themſelves upon their Wit. The world is never wanting, when a coxcomb is accompliſhing himſelf, to help to give him the finiſhing ſtroke.

Every

[a] Mr. Wycherley was at this time about ſeventy years old, Mr. Pope under ſeventeen.

Every man is apt to think his neighbour overſtocked with vanity, yet I cannot but fancy there are certain times, when moſt people are in a diſpoſition of being informed; and 'tis incredible what a vaſt good a little truth might do, ſpoken in ſuch ſeaſons. A ſmall alms will do a great kindneſs to people in extreme neceſſity.

I could name an acquaintance of yours, who would at this time think himſelf more obliged to you for the information of his faults, than the confirmation of his follies. If you would make thoſe the ſubject of a letter, it might be as long as I could wiſh your letters always were.

I do not wonder you have hitherto found ſome difficulty (as you are pleaſed to ſay) in writing to me, ſince you have always choſen the taſk of commending me: take but the other way, and, I dare engage, you will find none at all.

As for my verſes, which you praiſe ſo much, I may truly ſay they have never been the cauſe of any vanity in me, except what they gave me when they firſt occaſioned my acquaintance with you. But I have ſeveral times ſince been in danger of this vice; as often, I mean, as I received any letters from you. 'Tis certain, the greateſt magnifying glaſſes in the world are a man's own eyes, when they look upon his own perſon; yet even in thoſe, I cannot fancy myſelf ſo extremely like Alexander the great, as you would perſuade me. If I muſt be like him, 'tis you will make me ſo, by complimenting me into a better opinion of myſelf than I deſerve: They made him think he was the ſon of Jupiter, and you aſſure me I am a man of parts. But is this all you can ſay to my honour? you ſaid ten times as much before, when you called me your friend. After having made me believe I poſſeſſed a ſhare in your affection, to treat me with compliments and ſweet ſayings, is like the proceeding

with

with poor Sancho Pancho: they perſuaded him, that he enjoyed a great dominion, and then gave him nothing to ſubſiſt upon but wafers and marmalade. In our days the greateſt obligation you can lay upon a Wit, is to make a fool of him. For as when madmen are found incurable, wiſe men give them their way, and pleaſe them as well as they can; ſo when thoſe incorrigible things, Poets, are once irrecoverably be-muſed, the beſt way both to quiet them, and ſecure yourſelf from the effects of their frenzy, is to feed their vanity; which indeed, for the moſt part, is all that is fed in a poet.

You may believe me, I could be heartily glad that all you ſay were as true, applied to me, as it would be to yourſelf, for ſeveral weighty reaſons; but for none ſo much as that I might be to you what you deſerve; whereas I can now be no more than is conſiſtent with the ſmall, though utmoſt capacity of, etc.

LETTER VIII.

Oct. 26, 1705.

I Have now changed the ſcene from the town to the country; from Will's coffee-houſe to Windſor-foreſt. I find no other difference than this, between the common town-wits, and the downright country-fools, that the firſt are pertly in the wrong, with a little more flouriſh and gayety; and the laſt neither in the right nor the wrong, but confirmed in a ſtupid ſettled medium betwixt both. However, methinks, theſe are moſt in the right, who quietly and eaſily reſign themſelves over to the gentle reign of dulneſs, which the Wits muſt do at laſt, though after a great deal of noiſe and reſiſtance. Ours are a ſort of modeſt and inoffenſive people, who neither have ſenſe, nor pretend to any, but enjoy a jovial ſort of dulneſs: They are commonly known in the

the world by the name of honeſt, civil gentlemen: They live, much as they ride, at random; a kind of hunting life, purſuing with earneſtneſs and hazard ſomething not worth the catching; never in the way, nor out of it. I can't but prefer ſolitude to the company of all theſe; for though a man's ſelf may poſſibly be the worſt fellow to converſe with in the world, yet one would think the company of a perſon whom we have the greateſt regard to and affection for, could not be very unpleaſant. As a man in love with a miſtreſs, deſires no converſation but hers, ſo a man in love with himſelf (as moſt men are) may be beſt pleaſed with his own. Beſides, if the trueſt and moſt uſeful knowledge be the knowledge of ourſelves, ſolitude, conducing moſt to make us look into ourſelves, ſhould be the moſt inſtructive ſtate of life. We ſee nothing more commonly, than men, who for the ſake of the circumſtantial part and mere outſide of life, have been half their days rambling out of their nature, and ought to be ſent into ſolitude to ſtudy themſelves over again. People are uſually ſpoiled, inſtead of being taught, at their coming into the world; whereas, by being more converſant with Obſcurity, without any pains, they would naturally follow what they were meant for. In a word, if a man be a coxcomb, Solitude is his beſt School: and if he be a fool, it is his beſt Sanctuary.

Theſe are good reaſons for my own ſtay here, but I wiſh I could give you any for your coming hither, except that I earneſtly invite you. And yet I can't help ſaying I have ſuffered a great deal of diſcontent that you do not come, though I ſo little merit that you ſhould.

I muſt complain of the ſhortneſs of your laſt. Thoſe who have moſt wit, like thoſe who have moſt money, are generally moſt ſparing of either.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

FROM MR. WYCHERLEY.

Nov. 5, 1705.

YOURS of the 26th of October I have received, as I have always done yours, with no little ſatisfaction, and am proud to diſcover by it, that you find fault with the ſhortneſs of mine, which I think the beſt excuſe for it: And though they (as you ſay) who have moſt wit or money are moſt ſparing of either; there are ſome who appear poor to be thought rich, and are poor, which is my caſe. I cannot but rejoice that you have undergone ſo much diſcontent for want of my company; but if you have a mind to puniſh me for my fault (which I could not help) defer your coming to town, and you will do it effectually. But I know your charity always exceeds your revenge, ſo that I will not deſpair of ſeeing you, and, in return to your inviting me to your foreſt, invite you to my foreſt, the town; where the beaſts that inhabit, tame or wild, of long ears or horns, purſue one another either out of love or hatred. You may have the pleaſure to ſee one pack of blood-hounds purſue another herd of brutes, to bring each other to their fall, which is their whole ſport: Or if you affect a leſs bloody chace, you may ſee a pack of ſpaniels, called lovers, in a hot purſuit of a two-legged vixen, who only flies the whole loud pack to be ſingled out by one dog, who runs mute to catch her up the ſooner from the reſt, as they are making a noiſe to the loſs of their game. In fine, this is the time for all ſorts of ſport in the town, when thoſe of the country ceaſe; therefore leave your foreſt of beaſts for ours of brutes, called men, who now in full cry (pack'd by the court or country) run down in the houſe of commons a deſerted horned

beaſt of the Court, to the ſatisfaction of their ſpectators: Beſides, (more for your diverſion) you may ſee not only the two great play-houſes of the nation, thoſe of the lords and commons, in diſpute with one another; but the two other play-houſes in high conteſt, becauſe the members of one houſe are removed up to the other, as it is often done by the court for reaſons of ſtate. Inſomuch that the lower houſes, I mean the play-houſes, are going to act tragedies on one another without doors, and the Sovereign is put to it (as it often happens in the other two houſes) to ſilence one or both, to keep peace between them. Now I have told you all the news of the town.

I am, etc.

LETTER X.

FROM MR. WYCHERLEY.

Feb. 5, 1705-6.

I Have received your kind letter, with my paper [a] to Mr. Dryden corrected. I own you have made more of it by making it leſs, as the Dutch are ſaid to burn half the ſpices they bring home, to inhance the price of the remainder, ſo to be greater gainers by their loſs, (which is indeed my caſe now.) You have pruned my fading laurels of ſome ſuperfluous, ſapleſs, and dead branches, to make the remainder live the longer; thus, like your maſter Apollo, you are at once a poet and a phyſician.

Now, Sir, as to my impudent invitation of you to the town, your good nature was the firſt cauſe of my confident requeſt; but excuſe me, I muſt (I ſee) ſay no more upon this ſubject, ſince

[a] The ſame which was printed in the year 1717, in a miſcellany of Bern. Lintot's, and in the poſthumous works of Mr. Wycherley.

ſince I find you a little too nice to be dealt freely with; though you have given me ſome encouragement to hope, our friendſhip might be without ſhyneſs, or criminal modeſty; for a friend, like a miſtreſs, though he is not to be mercenary, to be true, yet ought not to refuſe a friend's kindneſs becauſe it is ſmall or trivial: I have told you (I think) what a Spaniſh lady ſaid to her poor poetical gallant, that a Queen, if ſhe had to do with a groom, would expect a mark of his kindneſs from him, though it were but his curry-comb. But you and I will diſpute this matter when I am ſo happy as to ſee you here; and perhaps 'tis the only diſpute in which I might hope to have the better of you.

Now, Sir, to make you another excuſe for my boldneſs in inviting you to town, I deſigned to leave with you ſome more of my papers, (ſince theſe return ſo much better out of your hands than they went from mine) for I intended (as I told you formerly) to ſpend a month or ſix weeks this ſummer, near you in the country. You may be aſſured there is nothing I deſire ſo much, as an improvement of your friendſhip.

LETTER XI.

April 10, 1706.

BY one of yours of the laſt month, you deſire me to ſelect, if poſſible, ſome things from the [a] firſt volume of your Miſcellanies, which may be altered ſo as to appear again. I doubted your meaning in this; whether it was to pick out the beſt of thoſe verſes (as thoſe on the Idleneſs of buſineſs, on Ignorance, on Lazineſs, etc.) to make the method and numbers exact, and avoid repetitions? For though (upon reading 'em on this occaſion) I believe, they might receive ſuch an alteration with

[a] Printed in folio, in the year 1704. P.

with advantage; yet they would not be changed ſo much, but any one would know them for the ſame at firſt ſight. Or if you mean to improve the worſt pieces? which are ſuch, as, to render them very good, would require great addition, and almoſt the entire new writing of them. Or, laſtly, if you mean the middle ſort, as the Songs and Love-verſes? For theſe will need only to be ſhortened, to omit repetition; the words remaining very little different from what they were before. Pray let me know your mind in this, for I am utterly at a loſs. Yet I have tried what I could do to ſome of the ſongs, and the poems on Lazineſs, and Ignorance, but can't (even in my own partial judgment) think my alterations much to the purpoſe. So that I muſt needs deſire you would apply your care wholly at preſent to thoſe which are yet unpubliſhed, of which there are more than enough to make a conſiderable volume, of full as good ones, nay, I believe, of better than any in Vol. I. which I could wiſh you would defer, at leaſt till you have finiſhed theſe that are yet unprinted.

I ſend you a ſample of ſome few of theſe; namely, the verſes to Mr. Waller in his old age; your new ones on the Duke of Marlborough, and two others. I have done all that I thought could be of advantage to them: ſome I have contracted, as we do ſun-beams, to improve their energy and force; ſome I have taken quite away, as we take branches from a tree, to add to the fruit; others I have entirely new expreſs'd, and turned more into poetry. Donne (like one of his ſucceſſors) had infinitely more wit than he wanted verſification; for the great dealers of wit, like thoſe in trade, take leaſt pains to ſet off their goods; while the haberdaſhers of ſmall wit ſpare for no decorations or ornaments. You have commiſſioned me to paint your ſhop, and

I have

I have done my beſt to bruſh you up like your neighbours[b]. But I can no more pretend to the merit of the production, than a midwife to the virtues and good qualities of the child ſhe helps into the light.

The few things I have entirely added, you will excuſe; you may take them lawfully for your own, becauſe they are no more than ſparks lighted up by your fire: and you may omit them at laſt, if you think them but ſquibs in your triumphs.

I am, etc.

LETTER XII.

FROM MR. WYCHERLEY.

Nov. 11, 1707.

I Received yours of the 9th yeſterday, which has (like the reſt of your letters) at once pleas'd and inſtructed me; ſo that I aſſure you, you can no more write too much to your abſent friends, than ſpeak too much to the preſent. This is a truth that all men own, who have either ſeen your writings, or heard your diſcourſe; enough to make others ſhow their judgment, in ceaſing to write or talk, eſpecially to you, or in your company. However, I ſpeak or write to you, not to pleaſe you, but myſelf; ſince I provoke your anſwers; which, whilſt they humble me, give me vanity; though I am leſſened by you, even when you commend me: ſince you commend my little ſenſe with ſo much more of yours, that you put me out of countenance, whilſt you would keep me in it. So that you have found a way (againſt the cuſtom

[b] Several of Mr. Pope's lines, very eaſy to be diſtinguiſhed, may be found in the Poſthumous Editions of Wycherley's Poems; particularly in thoſe *on Solitude*, *on the Public*, and *on the Mixed Life*.

cuſtom of great wits) to ſhew even a great deal of good-nature with a great deal of good ſenſe.

I thank you for the book you promiſed me, by which I find you would not only correct my lines, but my life.

As to the damn'd verſes I entruſted you with, I hope you will let them undergo your purgatory, to ſave them from other people's damning them: ſince the critics, who are generally the firſt damn'd in this life, like the damn'd below, never leave to bring thoſe above them under their own circumſtances. I beg you to peruſe my papers, and ſelect what you think beſt or moſt tolerable, and look over them again; for I reſolve ſuddenly to print ſome of them, as a hardened old gameſter will (in ſpite of all former ill uſage by fortune) puſh on an ill hand in expectation of recovering himſelf; eſpecially ſince I have ſuch a *Croupier* or Second to ſtand by me as Mr. Pope.

LETTER XIII.

Nov. 20, 1707.

MR. Englefyld being upon his journey to London, tells me I muſt write to you by him, which I do, not more to comply with his deſire, than to gratify my own; though I did it ſo lately by the meſſenger you ſent hither: I take it too as an opportunity of ſending you the fair copy of the poem [a] on Dulneſs, which was not then finiſhed, and which I ſhould not care to hazard by the common poſt. Mr. Englefyld is ignorant of the contents,

[a] The original of it in blots, and with figures of the References from copy to copy, in Mr. Pope's hand, is yet extant, among other ſuch Broüillons of Mr. Wycherley's Poems, corrected by him.

contents, and I hope your prudence will let him remain ſo, for my ſake no leſs than your own: ſince, if you ſhould reveal any thing of this nature, it would be no wonder reports ſhould be raiſed, and there are thoſe (I fear) who would be ready to improve them to my diſadvantage. I am ſorry you told the great man, whom you met in the court of requeſts, that your papers were in my hands; no man alive ſhall ever know any ſuch thing from me; and I give you this warning beſides, that though yourſelf ſhould ſay I had any ways aſſiſted you, I am notwithſtanding reſolved to deny it.

The method of the copy I ſend you is very different from what it was, and much more regular: for the better help of your memory, I deſire you to compare it by the figures in the margin, anſwering to the ſame in this letter. The poem is now divided into four parts, marked with the literal figures 1. 2. 3. 4. The firſt contains the Praiſe of Dulneſs, and ſhews how upon ſeveral ſuppoſitions it paſſes for 1. religion. 2. philoſophy. 3. example. 4. wit. and 5. the cauſe of wit, and the end of it. The ſecond part contains the Advantages of Dulneſs; 1ſt, in buſineſs; and 2dly, at Court, where the ſimilitudes of the Byaſs of a bowl, and the Weights of a clock, are directly tending to the ſubject, though introduced before in a place where there was no mention made of thoſe advantages (which was your only objection to my adding them.) The third contains the happineſs of Dulneſs in all ſtations, and ſhews in a great many particulars, that it is ſo fortunate as to be eſteemed ſome good quality or other in all ſorts of people; that it is thought quiet, ſenſe, caution, policy, prudence, majeſty, valour, circumſpection, honeſty, etc. The fourth part I have wholly added, as a climax which ſums up all the praiſe, advantage, and happineſs of Dulneſs in a few words,

and ſtrengthens them by the oppoſition of the diſgrace, diſadvantage, and unhappineſs of Wit, with which it concludes [b].

Though the whole be as ſhort again as at firſt, there is not one thought omitted, but what is a repetition of ſomething in your firſt volume, or in this very paper: ſome thoughts are contracted, where they ſeemed encompaſſed with too many words; and ſome new expreſſed or added, where I thought there wanted heightening, (as you'll ſee particularly in the Simile of the clock-weights [c]) and the verſification throughout is, I believe, ſuch as no body can be ſhocked at. The repeated permiſſions you give me of dealing freely with you, will (I hope) excuſe what I have done: for if I have not ſpared you when I thought ſeverity would do you a kindneſs, I have not mangled you where I thought there was no abſolute need of amputation. As to particulars, I can ſatisfy you better when we meet; in the mean time pray write to me when you can, you cannot too often.

LET-

[b] This is totally omitted in the preſent Edition: Some of the lines are theſe:

" Thus Dulneſs, the ſafe opiate of the mind,
" The laſt kind refuge weary wit can find;
" Fit for all ſtations, and in each content,
" Is ſatisfy'd, ſecure, and innocent;
" No pains it takes, and no offence it gives,
" Unfear'd, unhated, undiſturb'd it lives," etc.

[c] It was originally thus expreſſed:

" As Clocks run faſteſt when moſt lead is on."

in a Letter of Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley, dated April 3, 1705, and in a Paper of verſes of his, To the Author of a Poem called Succeſſio, which got out in a Miſcellany in 1712, three years before Mr. Wycherley died, and two after he had laid aſide the whole deſign of publiſhing any poems. P.

Theſe two ſimilies of the *Byaſs of a Bowl*, and the *Weights of a Clock*, were at length put into the firſt book of the *Dunciad*. And thus we have the hiſtory of their birth, fortunes, and final eſtabliſhment.

LETTER XIV.

FROM MR. WYCHERLEY.

Nov. 22, 1707.

YOU may ſee by my ſtyle, I had the happineſs and ſatisfaction to receive yeſterday, by the hands of Mr. Englefyld, your extreme kind and obliging letter, of the 20th of this month; which, like all the reſt of yours, did at once mortify me, and make me vain; ſince it tells me, with ſo much more wit, ſenſe, and kindneſs than mine can expreſs, that my letters are always welcome to you. So that even whilſt your kindneſs invites me to write to you, your wit and judgment forbid me: ſince I may return you a letter, but never an anſwer.

Now, as for your owning your aſſiſtance to me, in overlooking my unmuſical numbers, and harſher ſenſe, and correcting them both with your genius, or judgment; I muſt tell you, I always own it (in ſpite of your unpoetic modeſty) who would do with your friendſhip as your charity; conceal your bounty to magnify the obligation; and even while you lay on your friend the favour, acquit him of the debt: but that ſhall not ſerve your turn; I will always own, it is my infallible Pope, has, or would redeem me from a poetical damning, the ſecond time; and ſave my rhymes from being condemned to the critic's flames to all eternity; but (by the faith you profeſs) you know your works of ſupererogation, transferred upon an humble acknowledging ſinner, may ſave even him: having good works enough of your own beſides, to enſure yours, and their immortality.

And now for the pains you have taken to recommend my Dulneſs, by making it more methodical, I give you a thouſand

thanks; ſince true and natural dulneſs is ſhown more by its pretence to form and method, as the ſprightlineſs [a] of wit by its deſpiſing both. I thank you a thouſand times for your repeated invitations to come to Binfield: You will find, it will be as hard for you to get quit of my mercenary kindneſs to you, as it would be for me to deſerve, or return yours: however, it ſhall be the endeavour of my future life, as it will be to demonſtrate myſelf

Your, etc.

LETTER XV.

Nov. 29, 1707.

THE compliments you make me, in regard of any inconſiderable ſervice I could do you, are very unkind, and do but tell me in other words, that my friend has ſo mean an opinion of me, as to think I expect acknowledgments for trifles: which upon my faith I ſhall equally take amiſs, whether made to myſelf, or to any other. For God's ſake (my dear friend) think better of me, and believe I deſire no ſort of favour ſo much, as that of ſerving you more conſiderably than I have been yet able to do.

I ſhall proceed in this manner with ſome others of your pieces; but ſince you deſire I would not deface your copy for the future, and only mark the repetitions; I muſt, as ſoon as I have marked theſe, tranſcribe what is left on another paper; and in that, blot, alter, and add all I can deviſe, for their improvement.

For

[a] By *ſprightlineſs* he muſt mean *extravagance of wit.* For ſober wit would no more deſpiſe *method* than it would deſpiſe *words*, or any other vehicle it uſes, to make itſelf ſeen to advantage.

For you are ſenſible, the omiſſion of Repetitions is but one, and the eaſieſt part, of yours and my deſign; there remaining beſides, to rectify the Method, to connect the Matter, and to mend the Expreſſion and Verſification. I will go next upon the poems of Solitude, on the Public, and on the Mixt Life; the Bill of Fare; the praiſes of Avarice, and ſome others.

I muſt take notice of what you ſay, of "my pains to make "your dulneſs methodical;" and of your hint, "that the "ſprightlineſs of wit deſpiſes method." This is true enough, if by wit you mean no more than fancy or conceit; but in the better notion of wit, conſidered as propriety, ſurely method is not only neceſſary for perſpicuity and harmony of parts, but gives beauty even to the minute and particular thoughts, which receive an additional advantage from thoſe which precede or follow in their due place. You remember a ſimile Mr. Dryden uſed in converſation, of feathers in the crowns of the wild Indians, which they not only chuſe for the beauty of their colours, but place them in ſuch a manner as to reflect a luſtre on each other. I will not diſguiſe any of my ſentiments from you: to methodize in your caſe, is full as neceſſary as to ſtrike out; otherwiſe you had better deſtroy the whole frame, and reduce them into ſingle thoughts in proſe, like Rochefoucault, as I have more than once hinted to you.

LETTER XVI.

FROM MR. WYCHERLEY.

Feb. 28, 1707-8.

I HAVE had yours of the 23d of this inſtant, for which I give you many thanks, ſince I find by it, that even abſence (the uſual bane of love or friendſhip) cannot leſſen yours, no

more than mine. As to your hearing of my being ill, I am glad and ſorry for the report: in the firſt place, glad that it was not true; and in the next, ſorry that it ſhould give you any diſturbance, or concern more than ordinary for me; for which, as well as your concern for my future well-being or life, I think myſelf moſt eternally obliged to you; aſſuring, your concern for either will make me more careful of both. Yet for your ſake I love this life ſo well, that I ſhall the leſs think of the other; but it is in your power to enſure my happineſs in one and the other, both by your ſociety, and good example, ſo not only contribute to my felicity here, but hereafter.

Now as to your excuſe for the plainneſs of your ſtyle, I muſt needs tell you, that friendſhip is much more acceptable to a true friend than wit, which is generally falſe reaſoning; and a friend's reprimand often ſhews more friendſhip than his compliment: nay love, which is more than friendſhip, is often ſeen by our friend's correction of our follies or crimes. Upon this teſt of your friendſhip I intend to put you when I return to London, and thence to you at Binfield, which, I hope, will be within a month.

Next to the news of your good health, I am pleaſed with the good news of your going to print ſome of your poems, and proud to be known by them to the public for your friend; who intend (perhaps the ſame way) to be revenged of you for your kindneſs; by taking your name in vain in ſome of my future madrigals: yet ſo as to let the world know, my love or eſteem for you are no more poetic than my talent in ſcribling. But of all the arts of fiction I deſire you to believe I want that of feigning friendſhip, and that I am ſincerely

Your, etc.

LETTER XVII.

FROM MR. WYCHERLEY.

May 13, 1708.

I HAVE received yours of the firſt of May. Your Paſtoral muſe outſhines in her modeſt and natural dreſs all Apollo's court-ladies, in their more artful, laboured and coſtly finery. Therefore I am glad to find by your letter you deſign your country-beauty of a muſe ſhall appear at court and in public: to outſhine all the farded, lewd, confident, affected Town-dowdies, who aim at being honoured only to their ſhame: but her artful innocence (on the contrary) will gain more honour as ſhe becomes public; and, in ſpite of cuſtom, will bring modeſty again into faſhion, or at leaſt make her ſiſter-rivals of this age bluſh for ſpite, if not for ſhame. As for my ſtale, antiquated, poetical puſs, whom you would keep in countenance by ſaying ſhe has once been tolerable, and would yet paſs muſter by a little licking over; it is true that (like moſt vain antiquated jades which have once been paſſable) ſhe yet affects youthfulneſs in her age, and would ſtill gain a few admirers (who the more ſhe ſeeks or labours for their liking, are but more her contemners.) Nevertheleſs ſhe is reſolved henceforth to be ſo cautious as to appear very little more in the world, except it be as an Attendant on your Muſe, or as a foil, not a rival to her wit, or fame: ſo that let your Country-gentlewoman appear when ſhe will in the world [a], my old worn-out jade of a loſt

[a] This, and what follows, is a full Confutation of John Dennis and others, who aſſerted that Mr. Pope wrote theſe verſes on himſelf (though publiſhed by Mr. Wycherley ſix years before his death.) We find here, it was a voluntary Act of his, promiſed before-hand, and written while Mr. Pope was abſent. The firſt Broüillon of thoſe verſes, and the ſecond Copy with corrections, are both yet extant in Mr. Wycherley's own hand: In another of his letters of May 18, 1708, are theſe words. "I have made a damn'd Compliment in verſe "upon the printing your Paſtorals, which you ſhall ſee when you ſee me." P.

loſt reputation ſhall be her attendant into it, to procure her admirers; as an old whore, who can get no more friends of her own, bawds for others, to make ſport or pleaſure yet, one way or other, for mankind. I approve of your making Tonſon your muſe's introductor into the world, or maſter of the ceremonies, who has been ſo long a pimp, or gentleman-uſher to the Muſes.

I wiſh you good fortune; ſince a man with ſtore of wit, as ſtore of money, without the help of good fortune, will never be popular; but I wiſh you a great many admirers, which will be ſome credit to my judgment as well as your wit, who always thought you had a great deal, and am

Your, etc.

LETTER XVIII.

FROM MR. WYCHERLEY.

May 17, 1709.

I MUST thank you for a book of your Miſcellanies, which Tonſon ſent me, I ſuppoſe, by your order; and all I can tell you of it is, that nothing has lately been better received by the public, than your part of it. You have only diſpleaſed the critics by pleaſing them too well; having not left them a word to ſay for themſelves, againſt you and your performances; ſo that, now your hand is in, you muſt perſevere, till my prophecies of you be fulfilled. In earneſt, all the beſt judges of good ſenſe or poetry, are admirers of yours; and like your part of the book ſo well, that the reſt is liked the worſe. This is true upon my word, without compliment; ſo that your firſt ſucceſs will make you for all your life a poet, in ſpite of your wit; for a poet's

ſucceſs

ſucceſs at firſt, like a gameſter's fortune at firſt, is like to make him a loſer at laſt, and to be undone by his good fortune and merit.

But hitherto your miſcellanies have ſafely run the gantlet, through all the coffee-houſes; which are now entertained with a whimſical new news-paper, called the TATLER, which I ſuppoſe you have ſeen. This is the neweſt thing I can tell you of, except it be of the Peace, which now (moſt people ſay) is drawing to ſuch a concluſion, as all Europe is, or muſt be ſatisfied with; ſo Poverty, you ſee, which makes peace in Weſtminſter-hall, makes it likewiſe in the camp or field, throughout the world. Peace then be to you, and to me, who am now grown peaceful, and will have no conteſt with any man, but him who ſays he is more your friend or humble ſervant, than

Your, etc.

LETTER XIX.

May 20, 1709.

I AM glad you received the [a] Miſcellany, if it were only to ſhew you that there are as bad poets in the nation as your ſervant. This modern cuſtom of appearing in miſcellanies, is very uſeful to the poets, who, like other thieves, eſcape by getting into a crowd, and herd together like Banditti, ſafe only in their multitude. Methinks Strada has given a good deſcription of theſe kind of collections; *Nullus hodie mortalium aut naſcitur, aut moritur, aut praeliatur, aut ruſticatur, aut abit peregre, aut redit, aut nubit, aut eſt, aut non eſt, (nam etiam mortuis iſti canunt) cui non illi exemplo cudant Epicedia, Genethliaca, Protreptica, Panegyrica, Epithalamia, Vaticinia, Propemptica, Soterica, Paraenetica, Naenias, Nugas.* As to

[a] Jacob Tonſon's ſixth Vol. of Miſcellany Poems. P.

to the ſucceſs, which, you ſay, my part has met with, it is to be attributed to what you was pleaſed to ſay of me to the world; which you do well to call your prophecy, ſince whatever is ſaid in my favour, muſt be a prediction of things that are not yet; you, like a true Godfather, engage on my part for much more than ever I can perform. My paſtoral Muſe, like other country girls, is but put out of countenance, by what you courtiers ſay to her; yet I hope you would not deceive me too far, as knowing that a young ſcribler's vanity needs no recruits from abroad: for nature, like an indulgent mother, kindly takes care to ſupply her ſons with as much of their own, as is neceſſary for their ſatisfaction. If my verſes ſhould meet with a few flying commendations, Virgil has taught me, that a young author has not too much reaſon to be pleaſed with them, when he conſiders that the natural conſequence of praiſe is envy and calumny.

— Si ultra placitum laudarit, baccare frontem
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.

When once a man has appeared as a poet, he may give up his pretenſions to all the rich and thriving arts: thoſe who have once made their court to thoſe miſtreſſes without portions, the Muſes, are never like to ſet up for fortunes. But for my part, I ſhall be ſatisfied if I can loſe my time agreeably this way, without loſing my reputation: as for gaining any, I am as indifferent in the matter as Falſtaffe was, and may ſay of fame as he did of honour, " If it comes, it comes unlooked for; and " there's an end on't." I can be content with a bare ſaving game, without being thought an eminent hand, (with which title Jacob has graciouſly dignified his adventurers and volunteers in poetry.) Jacob creates poets, as Kings ſometimes do knights, not for their honour, but for their money. Certainly he

he ought to be eſteemed a worker of miracles, who is grown rich by poetry.

What Authors loſe, their Bookſellers have won,
So Pimps grow rich, while Gallants are undone.

I am your, etc.

LETTER XX.

FROM MR. WYCHERLEY.

May 26, 1709.

THE laſt I received from you was dated the 22d of May. I take your charitable hint to me very kindly, wherein you do like a true friend, and a true chriſtian, and I ſhall endeavour to follow your advice, as well as your example.—As for your wiſhing to ſee your friend an Hermit with you, I cannot be ſaid to leave the world, ſince I ſhall enjoy in your converſation all that I can deſire of it; nay, can learn more from you alone, than from my long experience of the great or little vulgar in it.

As to the ſucceſs of your poems in the late miſcellany, which I told you of in my laſt; upon my word I made you no compliment, for you may be aſſured that all ſorts of readers like them, except they are writers too; but for them (I muſt needs ſay) the more they like them, they ought to be the leſs pleaſed with them: ſo that you do not come off with a bare ſaving game (as you call it) but have gained ſo much credit at firſt, that you muſt needs ſupport it to the laſt: ſince you ſet up with ſo great a ſtock of good ſenſe, judgment, and wit, that your judgment enſures all that your wit ventures at. The ſalt of your wit has been enough to give a reliſh to the whole inſipid hotch-potch it is mingled with; and you will make Jacob's Ladder raiſe you to

immortality, by which others are turned off ſhamefully to their damnation (for poetic thieves as they are) who think to be ſaved by others good works, how faulty ſoever their own are: but the coffee-houſe wits, or rather anti-wits the critics, prove their judgments by approving your wit; and even the news-mongers and poets will own, you have more invention than they; nay, the detractors or the envious, who never ſpeak well of any body (not even of thoſe they think well of in their abſence) yet will give you even in your abſence their good word; and the critics only hate you, for being forced to ſpeak well of you whether they will or no: All this is true upon the word of

Your, etc.

LETTER XXI.

FROM MR. WYCHERLEY.

Aug. 11, 1709.

MY letters, ſo much inferior to yours, can only make up their ſcarcity of ſenſe by their number of lines; which is like the Spaniards paying a debt of gold with a load of braſs money. But to be a *plain dealer*, I muſt tell you, I will revenge the raillery of your letters by printing them (as Dennis did mine) without your knowledge too, which would be a revenge upon your judgment for the raillery of your wit; for ſome dull rogues (that is the moſt in the world) might be ſuch fools as to think what you ſaid of me was in earneſt: It is not the firſt time your great wits have gained reputation by their paradoxical or ironical praiſes; your forefathers have done it, Eraſmus and others. For all mankind who know me muſt confeſs, he muſt be no ordinary genius, or little friend, who can find out any thing to commend in me ſeriouſly; who have given no ſign of

my

my judgment but my opinion of yours, nor mark of my wit, but my leaving off writing to the public now you are beginning to ſhew the world what you can do by yours: whoſe wit is as ſpiritual as your judgment infallible: in whoſe judgment I have an implicit faith, and ſhall always ſubſcribe to it to ſave my works, in this world, from the flames and damnation.— Pray, preſent my moſt humble ſervice to Sir William Trumbull; for whom and whoſe judgment I have ſo profound a reſpect, that his example had almoſt made me marry, more than my nephew's ill carriage to me; having once reſolved to have revenged myſelf upon him by my marriage, but now am reſolved to make my revenge greater upon him by His marriage.

LETTER XXII.

FROM MR. WYCHERLEY.

April 1, 1710.

I HAVE had yours of the 30th of the laſt month, which is kinder than I deſire it ſhould be, ſince it tells me you could be better pleaſed to be ſick again in Town in my company, than to be well in the Country without it; and that you are more impatient to be deprived of happineſs than of health. Yet, my dear friend, ſet raillery or compliment aſide, I can bear your abſence (which procures your health and eaſe) better than I can your company when you are in pain: for I cannot ſee you ſo without being ſo too. Your love to the Country I do not doubt, nor do you (I hope) my love to it or you, ſince there I can enjoy your company without ſeeing you in pain to give me ſatisfaction and pleaſure; there I can have you without rivals or diſturbers; without the too civil, or the too rude: without the

noiſe of the loud, or the cenſure of the ſilent: and would rather have you abuſe me there with the truth, than at this diſtance with your compliment: ſince now, your buſineſs of a friend, and kindneſs to a friend, is by finding fault with his faults, and mending them by your obliging ſeverity. I hope (in point of your good-nature) you will have no cruel charity for thoſe papers of mine, you are ſo willing to be troubled with; which I take moſt infinitely kind of you, and ſhall acknowledge with gratitude, as long as I live. No friend can do more for his friend than preſerving his reputation (nay, not by preſerving his life) ſince by preſerving his life he can only make him live about threeſcore or fourſcore years; but by preſerving his reputation, he can make him live as long as the world laſts; ſo ſave him from damning, when he is gone to the devil. Therefore, I pray, condemn me in private, as the Thieves do their accomplices in Newgate, to ſave them from condemnation by the public. Be moſt kindly unmerciful to my poetical faults, and do with my papers, as you country-gentlemen do with your trees, ſlaſh, cut, and lop off the excreſcences and dead parts of my withered bays, that the little remainder may live the longer, and increaſe the value of them by diminiſhing the number. I have troubled you with my papers rather to give you pain than pleaſure, notwithſtanding your compliment, which ſays you take the trouble kindly: ſuch is your generoſity to your friends, that you take it kindly to be deſired by them to do them a kindneſs; and you think it done to you, when they give you an opportunity to do it them. Wherefore you may be ſure to be troubled with my letters out of intereſt, if not kindneſs; ſince mine to you will procure yours to me: ſo that I write to you more for my own ſake than yours; leſs to make you think I write well,

than

than to learn from you to write better. Thus you ſee intereſt in my kindneſs, which is like the friendſhip of the world, rather to make a friend than be a friend; but I am yours, as a true Plain-dealer.

LETTER XXIII.

FROM MR. WYCHERLEY.

April 11, 1710.

IF I can do part of my buſineſs at Shrewſbury in a fortnight's time (which I propoſe to do) I will be ſoon after with you, and trouble you with my company for the remainder of the ſummer: in the mean time I beg you to give yourſelf the pains of altering, or leaving out what you think ſuperfluous in my papers, that I may endeavour to print ſuch a number of them as you and I ſhall think fit, about Michaelmas next. In order to which (my dear friend) I beg you to be ſo kind to me, as to be ſevere to them; that the critics may be leſs ſo; for I had rather be condemned by my friend in private, than expoſed to my foes in public, the critics, or common judges, who are made ſuch by having been old offenders themſelves. Pray believe I have as much faith in your friendſhip and ſincerity, as I have deference to your judgment; and as the beſt mark of a friend is telling his friend his faults in private, ſo the next is concealing them from the public, till they are fit to appear. In the mean time I am not a little ſenſible of the great kindneſs you do me, in the trouble you take for me, in putting my Rhimes in tune, ſince good ſounds ſet off often ill ſenſe, as the Italian ſongs, whoſe good airs, with the worſt words or meaning, make the beſt muſic; ſo by your tuning my Welch harp, my rough ſenſe may be the leſs offenſive to the nicer ears of thoſe critics, who deal

deal more in ſound than ſenſe. Pray then take pity at once both of my readers and me, in ſhortening my barren abundance, and increaſing their patience by it, as well as the obligations I have to you: And ſince no madrigaller can entertain the head, unleſs he pleaſes the ear; and ſince the crowded Operas have left the beſt Comedies with the leaſt audiences, it is a ſign ſound can prevail over ſenſe; therefore ſoften my words, and ſtrengthen my ſenſe, and

Eris mihi magnus Apollo.

LETTER XXIV.

April 15, 1710.

I Received your moſt extreme kind letter but juſt now. It found me over thoſe papers you mention, which have been my employment ever ſince Eaſter-monday: I hope before Michaelmas to have diſcharged my taſk; which, upon the word of a friend, is the moſt pleaſing one I could be put upon. Since you are ſo near going into Shropſhire, (whither I ſhall not care to write of this matter, for fear of the miſcarriage of any letters) I muſt deſire your leave to give you a plain and ſincere account of what I have found from a more ſerious application to them. Upon compariſon with the former volume, I find much more repeated than I till now imagined, as well as in the preſent volume, which, if (as you told me laſt) you would have me daſh over with a line, will deface the whole copy extremely, and to a degree that (I fear) may diſpleaſe you. I have every where marked in the margins the page and line, both in this and the other part. But if you order me not to croſs the lines, or would any way elſe limit my commiſſion, you will oblige me by doing it in your next letter; for I am at once equally

fearful

fearful of ſparing you, and of offending you by too impudent a correction. Hitherto however I have croſſed them ſo as to be legible, becauſe you bade me. When I think all the repetitions are ſtruck out in a copy, I ſometimes find more upon dipping in the firſt volume, and the number increaſes ſo much, that, I believe, more ſhortening will be requiſite than you may be willing to bear with, unleſs you are in good earneſt reſolved to have no thought repeated. Pray forgive this freedom, which as I muſt be ſincere in this caſe, ſo I could not but take; and let me know if I am to go on at this rate, or if you could preſcribe any other method.

I am very glad you continue your reſolution of ſeeing me in my Hermitage this ſummer; the ſooner you return, the ſooner I ſhall be happy, which indeed my want of any company that is entertaining or eſteemable, together with frequent infirmities and pains, hinder me from being in your abſence. It is (I am ſure) a real truth, that my ſickneſs cannot make me quite weary of myſelf when I have you with me; and I ſhall want no company but yours, when you are here.

You ſee how freely and with how little care I talk rather than write to you: this is one of the many advantages of friendſhip, that one can ſay to one's friend the things that ſtand in need of pardon, and at the ſame time be ſure of it. Indeed I do not know whether or no the letters of friends are the worſe for being fit for none elſe to read. It is an argument of the truſt repoſed in a friend's good-nature, when one writes ſuch things to him as require a good portion of it. I have experienced yours ſo often and ſo long, that I can now no more doubt of the greatneſs of it, than I hope you do of the greatneſs of my affection, or of the ſincerity with which I am, etc.

LETTER XXV.

FROM MR. WYCHERLEY.

April 27, 1710.

YOU give me an account in your letter of the trouble you have undergone for me, in comparing my papers you took down with you, with the old printed volume, and with one another, of that bundle you have in your hands; amongſt which (you ſay) you find numerous repetitions of the ſame thoughts and ſubjects; all which, I muſt confeſs, my want of memory has prevented me from imagining, as well as made me capable of committing: ſince, of all figures, that of Tautology is the laſt I would uſe, or leaſt forgive myſelf for. But ſeeing is believing; wherefore I will take ſome pains to examine and compare thoſe papers in your hands with one another, as well as with the former printed copies, or books of my damned miſcellanies; all which (as bad a memory as I have) with a little more pains and care I think I can remedy. Therefore I would not have you give yourſelf more trouble about them, which may prevent the pleaſure you have, and may give the world in writing upon new ſubjects of your own, whereby you will much better entertain yourſelf and others. Now as to your remarks upon the whole volume of my papers; all that I deſire of you is to mark in the margin (without defacing the copy at all) either any repetition of words, matter, or ſenſe, or any thoughts or words too much repeated; which if you will be ſo kind as to do for me, you will ſupply my want of Memory with your good one, and my deficiencies of ſenſe, with the infallibility of yours; which if you do, you will moſt infinitely oblige me, who almoſt repent the trouble I have given you, ſince ſo much. Now

as to what you call freedom with me, (which you desire me to forgive) you may be assured I would not forgive you unless you did use it; for I am so far from thinking your plainness an offence to me, that I think it a charity and an obligation; which I shall always acknowledge, with all sort of gratitude to you for it; who am, etc.

All the news I have to send you, is, that poor Mr. Betterton is going to make his Exit from the stage of this world, the gout being gotten up into his head, and (as the physicians say) will certainly carry him off suddenly.

LETTER XXVI.

May 2, 1710.

I AM sorry you persist to take ill my not accepting your invitation, and to find (if I mistake not) your exception not unmixed with some suspicion. Be certain I shall most carefully observe your request, not to cross over, or deface the copy of your papers for the future, and only to mark in the margin the Repetitions. But as this can serve no further than to get rid of those repetitions, and no way rectify the Method nor connect the Matter, nor improve the Poetry in expression or numbers, without further blotting, adding, and altering; so it really is my opinion and desire, that you should take your papers out of my hands into your own, and that no alterations may be made but when both of us are present; when you may be satisfied with every blot, as well as every addition, and nothing be put upon the papers but what you shall give your own sanction and assent to, at the same time.

Do not be so unjust, as to imagine from hence that I would decline any part of this task; on the contrary, you know I have

been at the pains of tranſcribing ſome pieces, at once to comply with your deſire of not defacing the copy, and yet to loſe no time in proceeding upon the correction. I will go on the ſame way, if you pleaſe; though truly it is (as I have often told you) my ſincere opinion, that the greater part would make a much better figure as Single Maxims and Reflections in proſe, after the manner of your favourite Rochefoucault, than in verſe[a]: And this, when nothing more is done but marking the repetitions in the margin, will be an eaſy taſk to proceed upon, notwithſtanding the bad Memory you complain of. I am unfeignedly, dear Sir, Your, etc.

A. POPE.

[a] Mr. Wycherley lived five years after, to December, 1715, but little progreſs was made in this deſign, through his old age, and the increaſe of his infirmities. However, ſome of the Verſes, which had been touched by Mr. P. with CCCVIII of theſe Maxims in Proſe were found among his papers, which having the misfortune to fall into the hands of a Mercenary, were publiſhed in 1728 in octavo, under the title of The Poſthumous Works of William Wycherley, Eſq. P.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

W. WALSH *, ESQ.

FROM THE YEAR MDCCV TO MDCCVII.

LETTER I.

MR. WALSH TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

April 20, 1705.

I Return you the † papers you favoured me with, and had ſent them to you yeſterday morning, but that I thought to have brought them to you laſt night myſelf. I have read them over ſeveral times with great ſatisfaction. The Preface is very judicious and very learned; and the verſes very tender and eaſy. The Author ſeems to have a particular genius for that kind of poetry, and a judgment that much exceeds the years you told me he was of. He has taken very freely from the ancients, but what he has mixed of his own with theirs, is not inferior to what he has taken from them. 'Tis no flattery at all to ſay, that Virgil had written nothing ſo good at his age ‡. I ſhall take it as

* Of Abberly in Worceſterſhire, Gentleman of the Horſe in Queen Anne's reign, Author of ſeveral beautiful pieces in Proſe and Verſe, and in the opinion of Mr. Dryden (in his poſtſcript to Virgil) the beſt critic of our nation in his time. P.

† Mr. Pope's Paſtorals. P.

‡ Sixteen. P.

as a favour if you will bring me acquainted with him: and if he will give himſelf the trouble any morning to call at my houſe, I ſhall be very glad to read the verſes over with him, and give him my opinion of the particulars more largely than I can well do in this letter. I am, Sir, etc.

LETTER II.

MR. WALSH TO MR. POPE.

June 24, 1706.

I Received the favour of your letter, and ſhall be very glad of the continuance of a correſpondence, by which I am like to be ſo great a gainer. I hope when I have the happineſs of ſeeing you again in London, not only to read over the verſes I have now of yours, but more that you have written ſince; for I make no doubt but any one who writes ſo well, muſt write more. Not that I think the moſt voluminous poets always the beſt; I believe the contrary is rather true. I mentioned ſomewhat to you in London of a Paſtoral Comedy, which I ſhould be glad to hear you had thought upon ſince. I find Menage in his obſervations upon Taſſo's Aminta, reckons up fourſcore paſtoral plays in Italian: and in looking over my old Italian books, I find a great many paſtoral and piſcatory plays, which, I ſuppoſe, Menage reckons together. I find alſo by Menage, that Taſſo is not the firſt that writ in that kind, he mentioning another before him which he himſelf had never ſeen, nor indeed have I. But as the Aminta, Paſtor Fido, and Filli di Sciro of Bonarelli are the three beſt, ſo, I think, there is no diſpute but Aminta is the beſt of the three: not but that the diſcourſes in Paſtor Fido are more entertaining and copious in ſeveral people's opinion, though not

ſo proper for paſtoral; and the fable of Bonarelli more ſurprizing. I do not remember many in other languages, that have written in this kind with ſucceſs. Racan's *Bergeries* are much inferior to his lyric poems; and the Spaniards are all too full of conceits. Rapin will have the deſign of paſtoral plays to be taken from the Cyclops of Euripides. I am ſure there is nothing of this kind in Engliſh worth mentioning, and therefore you have that field open to yourſelf. You ſee I write to you without any ſort of conſtraint or method, as things come into my head, and therefore uſe the ſame freedom with me, who am, etc.

LETTER III.

TO MR. WALSH.

Windſor-Foreſt, July 2, 1706.

I Cannot omit the firſt opportunity of making you my acknowledgments for reviewing thoſe papers of mine. You have no leſs right to correct me, than the ſame hand that raiſed a tree has to prune it. I am convinced as well as you that one may correct too much; for in poetry as in painting, a man may lay colours one upon another till they ſtiffen and deaden the piece. Beſides, to beſtow heightening on every part is monſtrous: ſome parts ought to be lower than the reſt; and nothing looks more ridiculous than a work, where the thoughts, however different in their own nature, ſeem all on a level: 'tis like a meadow newly mown, where weeds, graſs and flowers, are all laid even, and appear undiſtinguiſhed. I believe too that ſometimes our firſt thoughts are the beſt, as the firſt ſqueezing of the grapes makes the fineſt and richeſt wine.

I have

I have not attempted any thing of a paſtoral comedy, becauſe I think the taſte of our age will not reliſh a poem of that ſort. People ſeek for what they call wit, on all ſubjects, and in all places; not conſidering that nature loves truth ſo well, that it hardly ever admits of flouriſhing: Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needleſs, but impairs what it would improve. There is a certain majeſty in ſimplicity which is far above all the quaintneſs of wit: inſomuch that the critics have excluded wit from the loftieſt poetry, as well as the loweſt, and forbid it to the Epic no leſs than the Paſtoral. I ſhould certainly diſpleaſe all thoſe who are charmed with Guarini and Bonarelli, and imitate Taſſo not only in the ſimplicity of his Thoughts, but in that of the Fable too. If ſurprizing diſcoveries ſhould have place in the ſtory of a paſtoral comedy, I believe it would be more agreeable to probability to make them the effects of chance than of deſign; intrigue not being very conſiſtent with that innocence, which ought to conſtitute a ſhepherd's character. There is nothing in all the Aminta (as I remember) but happens by mere accident; unleſs it be the meeting of Aminta with Sylvia at the fountain, which is the contrivance of Daphne; and even that is the moſt ſimple in the world: the contrary is obſervable in Paſtor Fido, where Coſirca is ſo perfect a miſtreſs of intrigue, that the plot could not have been brought to paſs without her. I am inclined to think the paſtoral comedy has another diſadvantage, as to the manners: its general deſign is to make us in love with the innocence of rural life, ſo that to introduce ſhepherds of a vicious character muſt in ſome meaſure debaſe it; and hence it may come to paſs, that even the virtuous characters will not ſhine ſo much, for want of being oppoſed to their contraries. Theſe thoughts are purely my own, and therefore I

have reaſon to doubt them: but I hope your judgment will ſet me right.

I would beg your opinion too as to another point: it is, how far the liberty of borrowing may extend? I have defended it ſometimes by ſaying, that it ſeems not ſo much the perfection of ſenſe [a], to ſay things that had never been ſaid before, as to expreſs thoſe beſt that have been ſaid oftenеſt; and that writers, in the caſe of borrowing from others, are like trees, which of themſelves would produce only one ſort of fruit, but by being grafted upon others may yield variety. A mutual commerce makes poetry flouriſh; but then poets, like merchants, ſhould repay with ſomething of their own what they take from others; not, like pirates, make prize of all they meet. I deſire you to tell me ſincerely if I have not ſtretched this licence too far in theſe paſtorals? I hope to become a critic by your precepts, and a poet by your example. Since I have ſeen your Eclogues, I cannot be much pleaſed with my own; however, you have not taken away all my vanity, ſo long as you give me leave to profeſs myſelf Yours, etc.

LETTER IV.

FROM MR. WALSH.

July 20, 1706.

I HAD ſooner returned you thanks for the favour of your letter, but that I was in hopes of giving you an account at the ſame time of my journey to Windſor; but I am now forced to put that quite off, being engaged to go to my corporation at Richmond in Yorkſhire. I think you are perfectly in the right in your

[a] He ſhould rather have ſaid, *the perfection of conception.*

your notions of Paſtoral; but I am of opinion, that the redundancy of wit you mention, though 'tis what pleaſes the common people, is not what ever pleaſes the beſt judges. Paſtor Fido indeed has had more admirers than Aminta; but I will venture to ſay, there is a great deal of difference between the admirers of one and the other. Coſirca, which is a character generally admired by the ordinary judges, is intolerable in a Paſtoral; and Bonarelli's fancy of making his ſhepherdeſs in love with two men equally, is not to be defended, whatever pains he has taken to do it. As for what you aſk of the liberty of borrowing; 'tis very evident the beſt Latin Poets have extended this very far; and none ſo far as Virgil, who was the beſt of them. As for the Greek Poets, if we cannot trace them ſo plainly, 'tis perhaps becauſe we have none before them; 'tis evident that moſt of them borrowed from Homer, and Homer has been accuſed of burning thoſe that wrote before him, that his thefts might not be diſcovered. The beſt of the modern Poets in all languages are thoſe that have the neareſt copied the Ancients. Indeed in all the common ſubjects of Poetry, the thoughts are ſo obvious (at leaſt if they are natural) that whoever writes laſt, muſt write things like what have been ſaid before: But they may as well applaud the Ancients for the arts of eating and drinking, and accuſe the Moderns of having ſtolen thoſe inventions from them; it being evident in all ſuch caſes, that whoever lived firſt, muſt firſt find them out. 'Tis true, indeed, when

unus et alter
Aſſuitur pannus,

when there are one or two bright thoughts ſtolen, and all the reſt is quite different from it, a poem makes a very fooliſh figure: But when it is all melted down together, and the gold of the Ancients ſo mixed with that of the Moderns, that none can diſtinguiſh

diſtinguiſh the one from the other, I can never find fault with it. I cannot however but own to you, that there are others of a different opinion, and that I have ſhewn your verſes to ſome who have made that objection to them. I have ſo much company round me while I write this, and ſuch a noiſe in my ears, that it is impoſſible I ſhould write any thing but nonſenſe, ſo muſt break off abruptly. I am, Sir,

Your moſt affectionate,

and moſt humble Servant.

LETTER V.

FROM MR. WALSH.

Sept. 9, 1706.

AT my return from the North, I received the favour of your letter, which had lain there till then. Having been abſent about ſix weeks, I read over your Paſtorals again, with a great deal of pleaſure, and to judge the better read Virgil's Eclogues, and Spenſer's Calendar, at the ſame time; and, I aſſure you, I continue the ſame opinion I had always of them. By the little hints you take upon all occaſions to improve them, 'tis probable you will make them yet better againſt winter; though there is a mean to be kept even in that too, and a man may correct his verſes till he takes away the true ſpirit of them; eſpecially if he ſubmits to the correction of ſome who paſs for great Critics, by mechanical rules, and never enter into the true deſign and Genius of an author. I have ſeen ſome of theſe that would hardly allow any one good Ode in Horace, who cry Virgil wants fancy, and that Homer is very incorrect. While they talk at this rate, one would think them above the common rate of mortals:

but generally they are great admirers of Ovid and Lucan; and when they write themſelves, we find out all the myſtery. They ſcan their verſes upon their fingers; run after Conceits and glaring thoughts: their poems are all made up of Couplets, of which the firſt may be laſt, or the laſt firſt, without any ſort of prejudice to their works: in which there is no deſign, or method, or any thing natural or juſt. For you are certainly in the right, that in all writings whatſoever (not poetry only) nature is to be followed; and we ſhould be jealous of ourſelves for being fond of Similes, Conceits, and what they call ſaying fine Things. When we were in the North, my Lord Wharton ſhewed me a letter he had received from a certain great General in Spain [a]; I told him I would by all means have that General recalled and ſet to writing here at home, for it was impoſſible that a man with ſo much Wit as he ſhewed, could be fit to command an Army, or do any other buſineſs [b]. As for what you ſay of Expreſſion: 'tis indeed the ſame thing to Wit, as Dreſs is to Beauty: I have ſeen many women over-dreſſed, and ſeveral look better in a careleſs night-gown, with their hair about their ears, than Mademoiſelle Spanheim dreſſed for a ball. I do not deſign to be in London till towards the parliament: then I ſhall certainly be there; and hope by that time you will have finiſhed your Paſtorals as you would have them appear in the world, and particularly the third, of Autumn, which I have not yet ſeen. Your laſt Eclogue being upon the ſame ſubject as that of mine on Mrs. Tempeſt's Death, I ſhould take it very kindly in you to give it a little turn, as if it were to the memory of the ſame Lady, if they were not written

[a] The Earl of Peterborrow.

[b] Mr. Walſh's Remark will be thought very innocent, when the reader is informed that it was made on the Earl of Peterborrow, juſt before the glorious campaigns of Barcelona and Valentia. P.

written for ſome particular Woman whom you would make immortal. You may take occaſion to ſhew the difference between Poets Miſtreſſes, and other mens. I only hint this, which you may either do, or let alone, juſt as you think fit. I ſhall be very much pleaſed to ſee you again in Town, and to hear from you in the mean time. I am, with very much eſteem,

Your, etc.

LETTER VI.

Oct. 22, 1706.

AFTER the thoughts I have already ſent you on the ſubject of Engliſh Verſification, you deſire my opinion as to ſome further particulars. There are indeed certain Niceties, which, though not much obſerved even by correct verſifiers, I cannot but think, deſerve to be better regarded.

1. It is not enough that nothing offends the ear, but a good poet will adapt the very Sounds, as well as Words, to the things he treats of. So that there is (if one may expreſs it ſo) a Style of Sound. As in deſcribing a gliding ſtream, the numbers ſhould run eaſy and flowing; in deſcribing a rough torrent or deluge, ſonorous and ſwelling, and ſo of the reſt. This is evident every where in Homer and Virgil, and no where elſe, that I know of, to any obſervable degree. The following examples will make this plain, which I have taken from *Vida*.

Molle viam tacito lapſu per levia radit.
Incedit tardo molimine ſubſidendo.
Luctantes ventos, tempeſtateſque ſonoras.
Immenſo cum praecipitans ruit Oceano Nox.
Telum imbelle ſine ictu, conjecit.

Tolle moras, cape ſaxa manu, cape robora, Paſtor.
Ferte citi flammas, data tela, repellite peſtem.

This, I think, is what very few obſerve in practice, and is undoubtedly of wonderful force in imprinting the image on the reader: We have one excellent example of it in our language, Mr. Dryden's Ode on St. Caecilia's day, entitled *Alexander's Feaſt.*

2. Every nice ear muſt (I believe) have obſerved, that in any ſmooth Engliſh verſe of ten ſyllables, there is naturally a *Pauſe* at the fourth, fifth, or ſixth ſyllable. It is upon theſe the ear reſts, and upon the judicious change and management of which depends the variety of verſification. For example,

At the fifth.

Where'er thy navy | ſpreads her canvaſs wings,

At the fourth.

Homage to thee | and peace to all ſhe brings.

At the ſixth.

Like tracks of leverets | in morning ſnow.

Now I fancy, that, to preſerve an exact Harmony and Variety, the Pauſe at the 4th or 6th ſhould not be continued above three lines together, without the interpoſition of another; elſe it will be apt to weary the ear with one continued tone, at leaſt it does mine: That at the 5th runs quicker, and carries not quite ſo dead a weight, ſo tires not ſo much, though it be continued longer.

3. Another nicety is in relation to Expletives, whether words or ſyllables, which are made uſe of purely to ſupply a vacancy: *Do* before verbs plural is abſolutely ſuch; and it is not improbable but future refiners may explode *did* and *does* in the ſame manner, which are almoſt always uſed for the ſake of rhyme. The ſame cauſe has occaſioned the promiſcuous uſe of *you* and *thou*

thou to the ſame perſon, which can never ſound ſo graceful as either one or the other.

4. I would alſo object to the irruption of Alexandrine verſes, of twelve ſyllables, which, I think, ſhould never be allowed but when ſome remarkable beauty or propriety in them atones for the liberty: Mr. Dryden has been too free of theſe, eſpecially in his latter works. I am of the ſame opinion as to Triple Rhymes.

5. I could equally object to the repetition of the ſame Rhymes within four or ſix lines of each other, as tireſome to the ear through their Monotony.

6. Monoſyllable Lines, unleſs very artfully managed, are ſtiff, or languiſhing: but may be beautiful to expreſs Melancholy, Slowneſs, or Labour.

7. To come to the Hiatus, or Gap between two words, which is cauſed by two vowels opening on each other (upon which you deſire me to be particular) I think the rule in this caſe is either to uſe the Caeſura, or admit the Hiatus, juſt as the ear is leaſt ſhocked by either: For the Caeſura ſometimes offends the ear more than the Hiatus itſelf, and our language is naturally overcharged with conſonants: As for example; if in this verſe,

The old have Int'reſt ever in their eye,

we ſhould ſay, to avoid the Hiatus,

But th' old have Int'reſt.

The Hiatus which has the worſt effect, is when one word ends with the ſame vowel that begins the following; and next to this, thoſe vowels whoſe ſounds come neareſt to each other, are moſt to be avoided. O, A, or U, will bear a more full and graceful ſound than E, I, or Y. I know, ſome people will think theſe Obſervations trivial, and therefore I am glad to corroborate them by

ſome great authorities, which I have met with in Tully and Quintilian. In the fourth book of Rhetoric to Herennius, are theſe words: *Fugiemus crebras vocalium concurſiones, quae vaſtam atque hiantem reddunt orationem; ut hoc eſt, Baccae aeneae amoeniſſimae impendebant.* And Quintilian, l. ix. cap. 4. *Vocalium concurſus cum accidit, hiat et interſiſtit, et quaſi laborat oratio. Peſſime longae quae eaſdem inter ſe literas committunt, ſonabunt: Praecipuus tamen erit hiatus earum quae cavo aut patulo ore efferuntur.* E *plenior litera eſt*, I *anguſtior.* But he goes on to reprove the exceſs on the other hand of being too ſolicitous in this matter, and ſays admirably, *Neſcio an negligentia in hoc, aut ſolicitudo ſit pejor.* So likewiſe Tully *(Orator. ad Brut.) Theopompum reprehendunt, quod eas literas tanto opere fugerit, etſi idem magiſter ejus Socrates:* which laſt author, as Turnebus on Quintilian obſerves, has hardly one Hiatus in all his works. Quintilian tells us, that Tully and Demoſthenes did not much obſerve this nicety, though Tully himſelf ſays in his Orator, *Crebra iſta vocum concurſio, quam magna ex parte vitioſam, fugit Demoſthenes.* If I am not miſtaken, Malherbe of all the moderns has been the moſt ſcrupulous in this point; and I think Menage in his obſervations upon him ſays, he has not one in his poems. To conclude, I believe the Hiatus ſhould be avoided with more care in poetry than in Oratory; and I would conſtantly try to prevent it, unleſs where the cutting it off is more prejudicial to the ſound than the Hiatus itſelf. I am, etc.

A. POPE.

Mr. Walſh died at forty-nine years old, in the year 1708, the year before the Eſſay on Criticiſm was printed, which concludes with his Elogy.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

H. CROMWELL, ESQ.

FROM THE YEAR MDCCVIII TO MDCCXI.

LETTER I.

March 18, 1708.

I Believe it was with me when I left the Town, as it is with a great many men when they leave the world, whoſe loſs itſelf they do not ſo much regret, as that of their friends whom they leave behind in it. For I do not know one thing for which I can envy London, but for your continuing there. Yet I gueſs you will expect me to recant this expreſſion, when I tell you that Sappho (by which heatheniſh name you have chriſtened a very orthodox Lady) did not accompany me into the Country. Well, you have your Lady in the Town ſtill, and I have my Heart in the Country ſtill, which being wholly unemployed as yet, has the more room in it for my friends, and does not want a corner at your ſervice. You have extremely obliged me by your frankneſs and kindneſs; and if I have abuſed it by too much freedom on my part, I hope you will attribute it to the natural openneſs of my temper, which hardly knows how to ſhow Reſpect, where

it

it feels Affection. I would love my Friend, as my Miſtreſs, without ceremony: and hope a little rough uſage ſometimes may not be more diſpleaſing to the one, than it is to the other.

If you have any curioſity to know in what manner I live, or rather loſe a life, Martial will inform you in one line:

Prandeo, poto, cano, ludo, lego, coeno, quieſco.

Every day with me is literally another yeſterday, for it is exactly the ſame: It has the ſame buſineſs, which is Poetry, and the ſame pleaſure, which is Idleneſs. A man might indeed paſs his time much better, but I queſtion if any man could paſs it much eaſier. If you will viſit our ſhades this ſpring, which I very much deſire, you may perhaps inſtruct me to manage my game more wiſely; but at preſent I am ſatisfied to trifle away my time any way, rather than let it ſtick by me; as ſhop-keepers are glad to be rid of thoſe goods at any rate, which would otherwiſe always be lying upon their hands.

Sir, if you will favour me ſometimes with your letters, it will be a great ſatisfaction to me on ſeveral accounts; and on this in particular, that it will ſhow me (to my comfort) that even a wiſe man is ſometimes very idle; for ſo you muſt needs be when you can find leiſure to write to

Your, etc.

LETTER II.

April 27, 1708.

I Have nothing to ſay to you in this letter; but I was reſolved to write to tell you ſo. Why ſhould not I content myſelf with ſo many great Examples of deep Divines, profound Caſuiſts, grave Philoſophers, who have written, not letters only, but whole Tomes and voluminous Treatiſes about Nothing? Why ſhould a fellow

fellow like me, who all his life does nothing, be aſhamed to write nothing; and that to one who has nothing to do but to read it? But perhaps you will ſay, the whole world has ſomething to do, ſomething to talk of, ſomething to wiſh for, ſomething to be employed about: But pray, Sir, caſt up the account, put all theſe ſomethings together, and what is the ſum total but juſt nothing? I have no more to ſay, but to deſire you to give my ſervice (that is nothing) to your friends, and to believe that I am nothing more than

Your, etc.

Ex nihilo nil fit. LUCR.

LETTER III.

May 10, 1708.

YOU talk of fame and glory, and of the great men of Antiquity: Pray, tell me, what are all your great dead men, but ſo many little living letters? What a vaſt reward is here for all the ink waſted by Writers, and all the blood ſpilt by Princes? There was in old time one Severus a Roman Emperor. I dare ſay you never called him by any other name in your life: and yet in his days he was ſtyled Lucius, Septimius, Severus, Pius, Pertinax, Auguſtus, Parthicus, Adiabenicus, Arabicus, Maximus, and what not? What a prodigious waſte of letters has time made! what a number have here dropt off, and left the poor ſurviving ſeven unattended! For my own part, four are all I have to take care for; and I'll be judged by you if any man could live in leſs compaſs? Well, for the future I'll drown all high thoughts in the Lethe of cowſlip-wine; as for Fame, Renown, Reputation, take 'em Critics!

Tradam protervis in Mare Criticum
Ventis.

If ever I ſeek for Immortality here, may I be damn'd, for there's not ſo much danger in a Poet's being damn'd:

Damnation follows death in other men,
But your damn'd Poet lives and writes agen.

LETTER IV.

Nov. 1, 1708.

I Have been ſo well ſatisfied with the Country ever ſince I ſaw you, that I have not once thought of the Town, or enquired of any one in it beſides Mr. Wycherley and yourſelf. And from him I underſtand of your journey this ſummer into Leiceſterſhire; from whence I gueſs you are returned by this time, to your old apartment in the widow's corner, to your old buſineſs of comparing Critics, and reconciling Commentators, and to your old diverſions of loſing a game at piquet with the ladies, and half a play, or a quarter of a play, at the theatre: where you are none of the malicious audience, but the chief of amorous ſpectators; and for the infirmity of one [a] ſenſe, which there, for the moſt part, could only ſerve to diſguſt you, enjoy the vigour of another, which raviſhes you.

[[b] *You know, when one ſenſe is ſuppreſt,*
It but retires into the reſt.

according to the poetical, not the learned, Dodwell; who has done one thing worthy of eternal memory; wrote two lines in his life that are not nonſenſe!] So you have the advantage of being entertained with all the beauty of the boxes, without being troubled

[a] His Hearing. P.

[b] Omitted by the author in his own edition. P.

troubled with any of the Dulneſs of the ſtage. You are ſo good a critic, that 'tis the greateſt happineſs of the modern Poets that you do not hear their works: and next, that you are not ſo arrant a critic, as to damn them (like the reſt) without hearing. But now I talk of thoſe critics, I have good news to tell you concerning myſelf, for which I expect you ſhould congratulate with me: It is that, beyond all my expectations, and far above my demerits, I have been moſt mercifully reprieved by the ſovereign power of Jacob Tonſon, from being brought forth to public puniſhment; and reſpited from time to time from the hands of thoſe barbarous executioners of the Muſes, whom I was juſt now ſpeaking of. It often happens, that guilty Poets, like other guilty Criminals, when once they are known and proclaimed, deliver themſelves into the hands of juſtice, only to prevent others from doing it more to their diſadvantage, and not out of any ambition to ſpread their fame, by being executed in the face of the world, which is a fame but of ſhort continuance. That Poet were a happy man who could but obtain a grant to preſerve his for ninety-nine years; for thoſe names very rarely laſt ſo many days, which are planted either in Jacob Tonſon's, or the Ordinary of Newgate's Miſcellanies.

I have an hundred things to ſay to you, which ſhall be deferred till I have the happineſs of ſeeing you in town, for the ſeaſon now draws on, that invites every body thither. Some of them I had communicated to you by letters before this, if I had not been uncertain where you paſſed your time the laſt ſeaſon: So much fine weather, I doubt not, has given you all the pleaſure you could deſire from the country, and your own thoughts the beſt company in it. But nothing could allure Mr. Wycherley to our foreſt; he continued (as you told me long ſince he would) an obſtinate lover of the town, in ſpite of friendſhip and fair

weather. Therefore henceforward, to all thoſe conſiderable qualities I know you poſſeſſed of, I ſhall add that of Prophecy. But I ſtill believe Mr. Wycherley's intentions were good, and am ſatisfied that he promiſes nothing, but with a real deſign to perform it: how much ſoever his other excellent qualities are above my imitation, his ſincerity, I hope, is not; and it is with the utmoſt that I am,

Sir, etc.

LETTER V.

Jan. 22, 1708-9.

I Had ſent you the incloſed [a] papers before this time, but that I intended to have brought them myſelf, and afterwards could find no opportunity of ſending them without ſuſpicion of their miſcarrying; not that they are of the leaſt value, but for fear ſome body might be fooliſh enough to imagine them ſo, and inquiſitive enough to diſcover thoſe faults which I (by your help) would correct. I therefore beg the favour of you to let them go no further than your chamber, and to be very free of your remarks in the margins, not only in regard to the accuracy, but to the fidelity of the tranſlation; which I have not had time to compare with its original. And I deſire you to be the more ſevere, as it is much more criminal to me to make another ſpeak nonſenſe, than to do it in my own proper perſon. For your better help in comparing, it may be fit to tell you, that this is not an intire verſion of the firſt book. There is an omiſſion from the 168th line—*Jam murmura ſerpunt Plebis Agenoreae*—to the 312th —*Interea*

[a] This was a tranſlation of the firſt book of Statius, done when the author was but fourteen years old, as appears by an advertiſement before the firſt edition of it in a miſcellany publiſhed by B. Lintot, 8vo. 1711. P.

—*Interea patriis olim vagus exul ab oris*—(between theſe[b] two Statius has a deſcription of the council of the Gods, and a ſpeech of Jupiter; which contain a peculiar beauty and majeſty, and were left out for no other reaſon, but becauſe the conſequence of this machine appears not till the ſecond book.) The tranſlation goes on from thence to the words *Hic vero ambobus rabiem fortuna cruentam*, where there is an odd account of a battle at fiſty-cuffs between the two Princes on a very ſlight occaſion, and at a time when, one would think, the fatigue of their journey, in ſo tempeſtuous a night, might have rendered them very unfit for ſuch a ſcuffle. This I had actually tranſlated, but was very ill ſatisfied with it, even in my own words, to which an author cannot but be partial enough of conſcience; it was therefore omitted in this copy, which goes on above eighty lines further, at the words—*Hic primum luſtrare oculis*, etc.—to the end of the book.

You will find, I doubt not, that Statius was none of the diſcreeteſt Poets, though he was the beſt verſifier next Virgil: In the very beginning he unluckily betrays his ignorance in the rules of Poetry (which Horace had already taught the Romans) when he aſks his Muſe where to begin his Thebaid, and ſeems to doubt whether it ſhould not be *ab ovo Ledaeo.* When he comes to the ſcene of his Poem, and the prize in diſpute between the brothers, he gives us a very mean opinion of it—*Pugna eſt de paupere regno*——Very different from the conduct of his maſter Virgil, who at the entrance of his poem informs his reader of the greatneſs of its ſubjects——*Tantae molis erat Romanam condere gentem.* [Boſſu on Epic Poetry.] There are innumerable little faults in him, among which I cannot but take notice of one in this book, where, ſpeaking of the implacable hatred of the brothers, he ſays,

[b] Theſe he ſince tranſlated, and they are extant in the printed verſion. P.

ſays, *The whole world would be too ſmall a prize to repay ſo much impiety.*

Quid ſi peteretur crimine tanto
Limes uterque poli, quem Sol emiſſus Eoo
Cardine, quem porta vergens proſpectat Ibera?

This was pretty well, one would think, already; but he goes on.

Quaſque procul terras obliquo ſydere tangit
Avius, aut Borea gelidas, madidive tepentes
Igne Noti?

After all this, what could a Poet think of but Heaven itſelf for the prize? but what follows is aſtoniſhing.

Quid ſi Tyriae Phrygiaeve ſub unum
Convectentur opes?

I do not remember to have met with ſo great a fall in any ancient author whatſoever. I ſhould not have inſiſted ſo much on the faults of this Poet, if I did not hope you would take the ſame freedom with, and revenge it upon his Tranſlator. I ſhall be extremely glad if the reading this can be any amuſement to you, the rather becauſe I had the diſſatisfaction to hear you have been confined to your chamber by an illneſs, which, I fear, was as troubleſome a companion as I have ſometimes been in the ſame place; where, if ever you found any pleaſure in my company, it muſt ſurely have been that which moſt men take in obſerving the faults and follies of another; a pleaſure, which, you ſee, I take care to give you even in my abſence.

If you will oblige me at your leiſure with the confirmation of your recovery, under your own hand, it will be extremely grateful to me, for next to the pleaſure of ſeeing my friends, is that I take in hearing from them; and in this particular I am beyond all acknowledgments obliged to our friend Mr. Wy-

cherley. I know I need no apology to you for ſpeaking of him, whoſe example as I am proud of following in all things, ſo in nothing more than in profeſſing myſelf, like him,

Your, etc.

LETTER VI.

March 7, 1709.

YOU had long before this time been troubled with a letter from me, but that I deferred it till I could ſend you either the [a] Miſcellany, or my continuation of the verſion of Statius. The firſt I imagined you might have had before now, but ſince the contrary has happened, you may draw this moral from it, That authors in general are more ready to write nonſenſe than bookſellers are to publiſh it. I had I know not what extraordinary flux of rhyme upon me for three days together, in which time all the verſes you ſee added, have been written; which I tell you, that you may more freely be ſevere upon them. It is a mercy I do not aſſault you with a number of original Sonnets and Epigrams, which our modern bards put forth in the ſpring-time, in as great abundance, as trees do bloſſoms, a very few whereof ever come to be fruit, and pleaſe no longer than juſt in their birth. They make no leſs haſte to bring their flowers of wit to the preſs, than gardeners to bring their other flowers to the market, which if they cannot get off their hands in the morning, are ſure to die before night. Thus the ſame reaſon that furniſhes Covent-garden with thoſe noſegays you ſo delight in, ſupplies the *Muſes Mercury* and *Britiſh Apollo* (not to ſay *Jacob*'s Miſcellanies) with verſes. And it is the happineſs of this

[a] Jacob Tonſon's ſixth volume of Poetical Miſcellanies, in which Mr. Pope's Paſtorals, and ſome verſions of Homer and Chaucer were firſt printed. P.

this age, that the modern invention of printing poems for pence a-piece, has brought the noſegays of Parnaſſus to bear the ſame price; whereby the public-ſpirited Mr. Henry Hills of Black-friars has been the cauſe of great eaſe and ſingular comfort to all the learned, who never over-abounding in tranſitory coin, ſhould not be diſcontented (methinks) even though poems were diſtributed gratis about the ſtreets, like Bunyan's ſermons and other pious treatiſes, uſually publiſhed in a like volume and character.

The time now drawing nigh, when you uſe with Sappho to croſs the water in an evening to Spring-garden, I hope you will have a fair opportunity of raviſhing her:—I mean only (as Oldfox in the Plain-dealer ſays) through the ear, with your well-penned verſes. I wiſh you all the pleaſures which the ſeaſon and the nymph can afford; the beſt company, the beſt coffee, and the beſt news you can deſire: and what more to wiſh you than this, I do not know; unleſs it be a great deal of patience to read and examine the verſes I ſend you: I promiſe you in return a great deal of deference to your judgment, and an extraordinary obedience to your ſentiments for the future, (to which, you know, I have been ſometimes a little refractory.) If you will pleaſe to begin where you left off laſt, and mark the margins, as you have done in the pages immediately before (which you will find corrected to your ſenſe ſince your laſt peruſal) you will extremely oblige me, and improve my tranſlation. Beſides thoſe places which may deviate from the ſenſe of the author, it would be very kind in you to obſerve any deficiencies in the diction or numbers. The Hiatus in particular I would avoid as much as poſſible, to which you are certainly in the right to be a profeſſed enemy: though, I confeſs, I could not think it poſſible at all times to be avoided by any writer, till I found by reading Malherbe

herbe lately, that there is ſcarce any throughout his poems. I thought your obſervation true enough to be paſſed into a rule, but not a rule without exceptions, nor that ever it had been reduced to practice: But this example of one of the moſt correct and beſt of their Poets has undeceived me, and confirms your opinon very ſtrongly, and much more than Mr. Dryden's authority, who, though he made it a rule, ſeldom obſerved it.

Your, etc.

LETTER VII.

June 10, 1709.

I HAVE received part of the verſion of Statius, and return you my thanks for your remarks, which I think to be juſt, except where you cry out (like one in Horace's Art of Poetry) *pulchre, bene, recte!* There I have ſome fears you are often, if not always, in the wrong.

One of your objections, namely on that paſſage,

The reſt revolving years ſhall ripen into fate,

may be well grounded, in relation to its not being the exact ſenſe of the words—[a] *Certo reliqua ordine ducam.* But the duration of the Action of Statius's poem may as well be excepted againſt, as many things beſides in him: (which I wonder Boſſu[b] has not obſerved) for inſtead of confining his narration to *one year*, it is manifeſtly exceeded in the very firſt two books: The narration begins with Oedipus's prayer to the Fury to promote diſcord betwixt his ſons; afterwards the Poet expreſly deſcribes their entering

[a] See the firſt book of Statius, v. 302. P.

[b] Boſſu did not write a critique upon Statius, but only uſed him, as he did other poets, occaſionally, for an example. So that it is no wonder there ſhould be faults and beauties in Statius which he did not take notice of.

tering into the agreement of reigning a year by turns; and Polynices takes his flight from Thebes on his brother's refusal to resign the throne. All this is in the first book; in the next Tydeus is sent ambassador to Eteocles, and demands his resignation in these terms,

Astriferum velox jam circulus orbem
Torsit, et amissae redierunt montibus umbrae,
Ex quo frater inops, ignota per oppida tristes
Exul agit casus.

But Bossu himself is mistaken in one particular, relating to the commencement of the action; saying in book ii. chap. 8. that Statius opens it with Europa's Rape, whereas the Poet at most only deliberates whether he should or not [c].

Unde jubetis
Ire, Deae? gentisne canam primordia dirae,
Sidonios raptus? etc.

but then expressly passes all this with a *longa retro series*——and says

limes mihi carminis esto
Oedipodae confusa domus.

Indeed there are numberless particulars blame-worthy in our author, which I have tried to soften in the version:

dubiamque jugo fragor impulit Oeten
in latus, et geminis vix fluctibus obstitit Isthmus,

is most extravagantly hyperbolical: Nor did I ever read a greater piece of tautology than

Vacua cum solus *in aula*
Respiceres jus omne tuum, cunctosque minores,
Et nusquam par *stare* caput.

In

[c] That was the same to Bossu's purpose; which was only to shew, that there were epic Poets so ignorant, or so negligent of composition, as not to know where their subject should begin.

In the journey of Polynices is ſome geographical error,

In mediis audit duo litora campis

could hardly be; for the Iſthmus of Corinth is full five miles over: And *caligantes abrupto ſole Mycenas*, is not conſiſtent with what he tells us, in lib. iv. lin. 305. "that thoſe of Mycenae came "not to the war at this time, becauſe they were then in confuſion "by the diviſions of the brothers, Atreus and Thyeſtes." Now from the raiſing the Greek army againſt Thebes, back to the time of this journey of Polynices, is (according to Statius's own account) three years.

Yours, etc.

LETTER VIII.

July 17, 1709.

THE morning after I parted from you, I found myſelf (as I had propheſied) all alone, in an uneaſy Stage-coach; a doleful change from that agreeable company I enjoyed the night before! without the leaſt hope of entertainment but from my laſt recourſe in ſuch caſes, a Book. I then began to enter into acquaintance with your Moraliſts, and had juſt received from them ſome cold conſolation for the inconveniencies of this life, and the uncertainty of human affairs; when I perceived my vehicle to ſtop, and heard from the ſide of it the dreadful news of a ſick woman preparing to enter it. It is not eaſy to gueſs at my mortification, but being ſo well fortified with philoſophy, I ſtood reſigned with a ſtoical conſtancy to endure the worſt of evils, a ſick woman. I was indeed a little comforted to find by her voice and dreſs, that ſhe was young and a gentlewoman; but no ſooner was her hood removed, but I ſaw one of

the fineſt faces I ever beheld, and, to increaſe my ſurprize, heard her ſalute me by my name. I never had more reaſon to accuſe nature for making me ſhort-ſighted than now, when I could not recollect I had ever ſeen thoſe fair eyes which knew me ſo well, and was utterly at a loſs how to addreſs myſelf; till with a great deal of ſimplicity and innocence ſhe let me know (even before I diſcovered my ignorance) that ſhe was the daughter of one in our neighbourhood, lately married, who having been conſulting her phyſicians in town, was returning into the country, to try what good air and a huſband could do to recover her. My father, you muſt know, has ſometimes recommended the ſtudy of phyſic to me, but I never had any ambition to be a doctor till this inſtant. I ventured to preſcribe ſome fruit (which I happened to have in the coach) which being forbidden her by her doctors, ſhe had the more inclination to. In ſhort, I tempted, and ſhe eat; nor was I more like the Devil than ſhe like Eve. Having the good ſucceſs of the 'foreſaid tempter before my eyes, I put on the gallantry of the old ſerpent, and in ſpite of my evil form accoſted her with all the gaiety I was maſter of; which had ſo good effect, that in leſs than an hour ſhe grew pleaſant, her colour returned, and ſhe was pleaſed to ſay my preſcription had wrought an immediate cure: In a word, I had the pleaſanteſt journey imaginable.

Thus far (methinks) my letter has ſomething of the air of a romance, though it be true. But I hope you will look on what follows as the greateſt of truths, that I think myſelf extremely obliged by you in all points; eſpecially for your kind and honourable information and advice in a matter of the utmoſt concern to me, which I ſhall ever acknowledge as the higheſt proof at once of your friendſhip, juſtice, and ſincerity. At the ſame

time be aſſured, that Gentleman [a] we ſpoke of, ſhall never by any alteration in me diſcover my knowledge of his miſtake; the hearty forgiving of which is the only kind of return I can poſſibly make him for ſo many favours: And I may derive this pleaſure at leaſt from it, that whereas I muſt otherwiſe have been a little uneaſy to know my incapacity of returning his obligations, I may now, by bearing his frailty, exerciſe my gratitude and friendſhip more than himſelf either is, or perhaps ever will be, ſenſible of.

Ille meos, primus qui me ſibi junxit, amores
Abſtulit; ille habeat ſecum, ſervetque ſepulchro!

But in one thing, I muſt confeſs you have yourſelf obliged me more than any man, which is, that you have ſhewed me many of my faults, to which as you are the more an implacable enemy, by ſo much the more you are a kind friend to me. I could be proud in revenge, to find a few ſlips in your verſes, which I read in London, and ſince in the country, with more application and pleaſure: the thoughts are very juſt, and you are ſure not to let them ſuffer by the verſification. If you would oblige me with the truſt of any thing of yours, I ſhould be glad to execute any commiſſions you would give me concerning them. I am here ſo perfectly at leiſure, that nothing would be ſo agreeable an entertainment to me; but if you will not afford me that, do not deny me at leaſt the ſatisfaction of your letters

[a] Mr. Wycherley.—From his laſt letters to Mr. Pope, the Reader may perceive ſomething of a growing coldneſs and diſguſt, apparently proceeding from the liberties his young friend had taken with his verſification and compoſition. Little virtue, and an exceſſive affectation of being witty, joined to the common infirmities of old age, jealouſy and loſs of memory, are ſufficient to account for the inſtability of his friendſhip, though we were not to ſuppoſe (what was the fact) that our Poet had ill offices done him by thoſe who were generally about the old man. *For* (as Mr. Pope rightly obſerves) *each ill Author is as bad a friend.*

letters as long as we are abſent, if you would not have him very unhappy, who is very ſincerely

Your, etc.

Having a vacant ſpace here, I will fill it with a ſhort Ode on Solitude, which I found yeſterday by great accident, and which I find by the date, was written when I was not twelve years old; that you may perceive how long I have continued in my paſſion for a rural life, and in the ſame employments of it.

Happy the man, whoſe wiſh and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whoſe herds with milk, whoſe fields with bread,
Whoſe flocks ſupply him with attire,
Whoſe trees in ſummer yield him ſhade,
In winter, fire.

Bleſt who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years ſlide ſoft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound ſleep by night; ſtudy and eaſe,
Together mix'd; ſweet recreation,
And innocence which moſt does pleaſe,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unſeen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a ſtone
Tell where I lie.

LETTER IX.

Aug. 19, 1709.

IF I were to write to you as often as I think of you, my letters would be as bad as a rent-charge; but though the one be but too little for your good-nature, the other would be too much for your quiet, which is one bleſſing good-nature ſhould indiſpenſably receive from mankind, in return for thoſe many it gives. I have been informed of late, how much I am indebted to that quality of yours, in ſpeaking well of me in my abſence; the only thing by which you prove yourſelf no wit nor critic: though indeed I have often thought, that a friend will ſhow juſt as much indulgence (and no more) to my faults when I am abſent, as he does ſeverity to them when I am preſent. To be very frank with you, Sir, I muſt own, that where I received ſo much civility at firſt, I could hardly have expected ſo much ſincerity afterwards. But now I have only to wiſh, that the laſt were but equal to the firſt, and that as you have omitted nothing to oblige me, ſo you would omit nothing to improve me.

I cauſed an acquaintance of mine to enquire twice of your welfare, by whom I have been informed, that you have left your ſpeculative angle in the Widow's Coffee-houſe, and bidding adieu for ſome time to all the Rehearſals, Reviews, Gazettes, etc. have marched off into Lincolnſhire. Thus I find you vary your life in the ſcene at leaſt, though not in the action; for though life for the moſt part, like an old play, be ſtill the ſame, yet now and then a new ſcene may make it more entertaining. As for myſelf, I would not have my life a very regular play, let it be * a good merry farce, a G-d's name, and a fig for the critical unities! For the generality of men, a true modern life is

* *Tolerable farce* in the Author's own Edit. *a G-d's name* omitted there. P.

is like a true modern play, neither tragedy, comedy, nor farce, nor one nor all of theſe; every actor is much better known by his having the ſame face, than by keeping the ſame character: for we change our minds as often as they can their parts, and he who was yeſterday Caeſar, is to-day Sir John Daw. So that one might aſk the ſame queſtion of a modern life, that Rich did of a modern play; "Pray do me the favour, Sir, to inform me; "is this your Tragedy or your Comedy?"

I have dwelt the longer upon this, becauſe I perſuade myſelf it might be uſeful, at a time when we have no theatre, to divert ourſelves at this great one. Here is a glorious ſtanding comedy of Fools, at which every man is heartily merry, and thinks himſelf an unconcerned ſpectator. This (to our ſingular comfort) neither my Lord Chamberlain, nor the Queen herſelf can ever ſhut up or ſilence.—— [b] While that of Drury (alas!) lies deſolate, in the profoundeſt peace: and the melancholy proſpect of the nymphs yet lingering about its beloved avenues, appears no leſs moving than that of the Trojan dames lamenting over their ruined Ilium! What can they hope, diſpoſſeſſed of their ancient ſeats, but to ſerve as captives to the inſulting victors of the Haymarket? The afflicted ſubjects of France do not, in our Poſtman, ſo grievouſly deplore the obſtinacy of their arbitrary monarch, as theſe periſhing people of Drury the obdurate heart of that Pharaoh, Rich, who, like him, diſdains all propoſals of peace and accommodation. Several libels have been ſecretly affixed to the great gates of his imperial palace in Bridges-ſtreet; and a memorial, repreſenting the diſtreſſes of theſe perſons, has been accidentally dropt (as we are credibly informed by a perſon of quality) out of his firſt miniſter the chief box-keeper's pocket,

[b] What follows to the end of this Letter, is omitted in the Author's own Edit.

pocket, at a late conference of the ſaid perſon of quality, and others, on the part of the Confederates, and his Theatrical Majeſty on his own part. Of this you may expect a copy as ſoon as it ſhall be tranſmitted to us from a good hand. As for the late Congreſs, it is here reported, that it has not been wholly ineffectual; but this wants confirmation; yet we cannot but hope the concurring prayers and tears of ſo many wretched ladies may induce this haughty prince to reaſon.

I am, etc.

LETTER X.

Oct. 19, 1709.

I May truly ſay I am more obliged to you this ſummer than to any of my acquaintance, for had it not been for the two kind letters you ſent me, I had been perfectly *oblituſque meorum, obliviſcendus et illis.* The only companions I had were thoſe Muſes, of whom Tully ſays, *Adoleſcentiam alunt, ſenectutem oblectant, ſecundas res ornant, adverſis perfugium ac ſolatium praebent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiſcum, peregrinantur, ruſticantur:* which indeed is as much as ever I expected from them: For the Muſes, if you take them as companions, are very pleaſant and agreeable, but whoever ſhould be forced to live or depend upon 'em, would find himſelf in a very bad condition. That Quiet which Cowley calls the *Companion of Obſcurity*, was not wanting to me, unleſs it was interrupted by thoſe fears you ſo juſtly gueſs I had for our friend's welfare. 'Tis extremely kind in you to tell me the news you heard of him, and you have delivered me from more anxiety than he imagines me capable of on his account, as I am convinced by his long ſilence. However, the love of ſome things rewards itſelf, as of virtue, and of Mr. Wycherley.

I am ſurprized at the danger you tell me he has been in, and muſt agree with you, that our nation would have loſt in him, as much wit and probity, as would have remained (for ought I know) in the reſt of it. My concern for his friendſhip will excuſe me (ſince I know you honour him ſo much, and ſince you know I love him above all men) if I vent a part of my uneaſineſs to you, and tell you, that there has not been wanting one, to inſinuate malicious untruths of me to Mr. Wycherley, which, I fear, may have had ſome effect upon him. If ſo, he will have a greater puniſhment for his credulity than I could wiſh him, in that fellow's acquaintance. The loſs of a faithful creature is ſomething, though of ever ſo contemptible a one; and if I were to change my dog for ſuch a man as the aforeſaid, I ſhould think my dog undervalued; (who follows me about as conſtantly here in the country, as I was uſed to do Mr. Wycherley in the town.)

Now I talk of my dog, that I may not treat of a worſe ſubject, which my ſpleen tempts me to, I will give you ſome account of him; a thing not wholly unprecedented, ſince Montaigne (to whom I am but a dog in compariſon) has done the ſame thing of his cat. *Dic mihi quid melius deſidioſus agam?* You are to know then, that as 'tis likeneſs begets affection, ſo my favourite dog is a little one, a lean one, and none of the fineſt ſhaped. He is not much a ſpaniel in his fawning, but has (what might be worth any man's while to imitate him in) a dumb ſurly ſort of kindneſs, that rather ſhows itſelf when he thinks me ill-uſed by others, than when we walk quietly and peaceably by ourſelves. If it be the chief point of friendſhip to comply with a friend's motions and inclinations, he poſſeſſes this in an eminent degree; he lies down when I ſit, and walks when I walk, which is more than many good friends can pretend to, witneſs our walk a year

ago in St. James's Park.——Hiſtories are more full of examples of the fidelity of dogs than of friends, but I will not inſiſt upon many of them, becauſe it is poſſible ſome may be almoſt as fabulous as thoſe of Pylades and Oreſtes, etc. I will only ſay for the honour of dogs, that the two moſt ancient and eſteemable books, ſacred and prophane, extant (viz. the Scripture and Homer) have ſhewn a particular regard to theſe animals. That of Toby is the more remarkable, becauſe there ſeemed no manner of reaſon to take notice of the dog, beſides the great humanity of the author. Homer's account of Ulyſſes's dog Argus is the moſt pathetic imaginable, all the circumſtances conſidered, and an excellent proof of the old bard's good-nature. Ulyſſes had left him at Ithaca when he embarked for Troy, and found him at his return after twenty years (which by the way is not unnatural, as ſome critics have ſaid, ſince I remember the dam of my dog was twenty-two years old when ſhe dy'd: May the omen of longevity prove fortunate to her ſucceſſors.) You ſhall have it in verſe.

A R G U S.

When wiſe Ulyſſes, from his native coaſt
Long kept by wars, and long by tempeſts toſt,
Arriv'd at laſt, poor, old, diſguis'd, alone,
To all his friends, and even his Queen unknown:
Chang'd as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrow'd his reverend face, and white his hairs,
In his own palace forc'd to aſk his bread,
Scorn'd by thoſe ſlaves his former bounty fed,
Forgot of all his own domeſtic crew;
The faithful dog alone his rightful maſter knew!
Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay,
Like an old ſervant now caſhier'd, he lay;

Touch'd with reſentment of ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his ancient Lord again.
Him when he ſaw—he roſe, and crawl'd to meet,
('Twas all he cou'd) and fawn'd, and kiſs'd his feet,
Seiz'd with dumb joy—then falling by his ſide,
Own'd his returning Lord, look'd up, and dy'd!

Plutarch, relating how the Athenians were obliged to abandon Athens in the time of Themiſtocles, ſteps back again out of the way of his hiſtory, purely to deſcribe the lamentable cries and howlings of the poor dogs they left behind. He makes mention of one that followed his maſter acroſs the ſea to Salamis, where he died, and was honoured with a tomb by the Athenians, who gave the name of the Dog's Grave to that part of the Iſland where he was buried. This reſpect to a dog in the moſt polite people in the world, is very obſervable. A modern inſtance of gratitude to a dog (though we have few ſuch) is that the chief order of Denmark (now injuriouſly called the order of the Elephant) was inſtituted in memory of the fidelity of a dog, named Wild-brat, to one of their Kings who had been deſerted by his ſubjects; he gave his Order this motto, or to this effect (which ſtill remains) *Wild-brat was faithful.* Sir William Trumbull has told me a ſtory [a] which he heard from one that was preſent: King Charles I. being with ſome of his court during his troubles, a diſcourſe aroſe what ſort of dogs deſerved pre-eminence, and it being on all hands agreed to belong either to the ſpaniel or grey-hound, the king gave his opinion on the part of the greyhound, becauſe (ſaid he) it has all the good-nature of the other, without fawning. A good piece of ſatire upon his courtiers, with which I will conclude my diſcourſe of dogs. Call me a cynic, or what you

[a] Sir Philip Warwick tells us this ſtory in his Memoirs.

you pleaſe in revenge for all this impertinence, I will be contented; provided you will but believe me, when I ſay a bold word for a Chriſtian, that, of all dogs, you will find none more faithful than

Your, etc.

LETTER XI.

April 10, 1710.

I Had written to you ſooner, but that I made ſome ſcruple of ſending prophane things to you in Holy Week. Beſides, our family would have been ſcandalized to ſee me write, who take it for granted I write nothing but ungodly verſes. I aſſure you I am looked upon in the neighbourhood for a very well diſpoſed perſon, no great Hunter indeed, but a great admirer of the noble ſport, and only unhappy in my want of conſtitution for that, and Drinking. They all ſay 'tis pity I am ſo ſickly, and I think 'tis pity they are ſo healthy. But I ſay nothing that may deſtroy their good opinion of me: I have not quoted one Latin Author ſince I came down, but have learned without book a ſong of Mr. Thomas Durfey's, who is your only Poet of tolerable reputation in this country. He makes all the merriment in our entertainments, and but for him, there would be ſo miſerable a dearth of catches, that, I fear, they would put either the Parſon or me upon making ſome for 'em. Any man, of any quality, is heartily welcome to the beſt toping table of our gentry, who can roar out ſome Rhapſodies of his works; ſo that in the ſame manner as it was ſaid of Homer to his detractors, What? dares any man ſpeak againſt him who has given ſo many men to *eat?* (meaning the Rhapſodiſts who lived by repeating his verſes) thus may it be

ſaid

ſaid of Mr. Durfey to his detractors; Dares any one deſpiſe him who has made ſo many men *drink?* Alas, Sir! this is a glory which neither you nor I muſt ever pretend to. Neither you with your Ovid, nor I with my Statius, can amuſe a board of juſtices and extraordinary 'ſquires, or gain one hum of approbation, or laugh of admiration. Theſe Things (they would ſay) are too ſtudious, they may do well enough with ſuch as love reading, but give us your ancient Poet Mr. Durfey! 'Tis mortifying enough, it muſt be confeſſed; but, however, let us proceed in the way that nature has directed us—*Multi multa ſciunt, ſed nemo omnia*, as is ſaid in the almanack. Let us communicate our works for our mutual comfort: ſend me elegies, and you ſhall not want heroics. At preſent, I have only theſe arguments in proſe to the Thebaid, which you claim by promiſe, as I do your Tranſlation of *Pars me Sulmo tenet*,—and the *Ring;* the reſt I hope for as ſoon as you can conveniently tranſcribe them, and whatſoever orders you are pleaſed to give me ſhall be punctually obeyed by Your, etc.

LETTER XII.

May 10, 1710.

I Had not ſo long omitted to expreſs my acknowledgments to you for ſo much good-nature and friendſhip as you lately ſhowed me; but that I am but juſt returned to my own hermitage, from Mr. C*'s, who has done me ſo many favours, that I am almoſt inclined to think my friends infect one another, and that your converſation with him has made him as obliging to me as yourſelf. I can aſſure you, he has a ſincere reſpect for you, and this, I believe, he has partly contracted from me, who am too full of

of you not to overflow upon thoſe I converſe with. But I muſt now be contented to converſe only with the dead of this world, that is to ſay the dull and obſcure, every way obſcure, in their intellects as well as their perſons: or elſe have recourſe to the living dead, the old authors with whom you are ſo well acquainted, even from Virgil down to Aulus Gellius, whom I do not think a critic by any means to be compared to Mr. Dennis: and I muſt declare poſitively to you, that I will perſiſt in this opinion, till you become a little more civil to Atticus. Who could have imagined, that he, who had eſcaped all the misfortunes of his time, unhurt even by the proſcriptions of Antony and Auguſtus, ſhould in theſe days find an enemy more ſevere and barbarous than thoſe tyrants? and that enemy the gentleſt too, the beſt natured of mortals, Mr. Cromwell, whom I muſt in this compare once more to Auguſtus; who ſeemed not more unlike himſelf in the ſeverity of one part of his life and the clemency of the other, than you. I leave you to reflect on this, and hope that time (which mollifies rocks, and of ſtiff things makes limber) will turn a reſolute critic to a gentle reader; and inſtead of this poſitive, tremendous new-faſhioned Mr. Cromwell, reſtore unto us our old acquaintance, the ſoft, beneficent, and courteous Mr. Cromwell.

I expect much, towards the civilizing you in your critical capacity, from the innocent air and tranquillity of our Foreſt, when you do me the favour to viſit it. In the mean time, it would do well by way of preparative, if you would duly and conſtantly every morning read over a paſtoral of Theocritus or Virgil; and let the lady Iſabella put your Macrobius and Aulus Gellius ſomewhere out of your way, for a month or ſo. Who knows but travelling and long airing in an open field, may contribute more

ſucceſsfully

ſucceſsfully to the cooling a critic's ſeverity, than it did to the aſſuaging of Mr. Cheek's anger of old? In theſe fields, you will be ſecure of finding no enemy, but the moſt faithful and affectionate of your friends, etc.

LETTER XIII.

May 17, 1710.

AFTER I had recovered from a dangerous illneſs, which was firſt contracted in town about a fortnight after my coming hither, I troubled you with a letter, and [a] paper incloſed, which you had been ſo obliging as to deſire a ſight of when laſt I ſaw you, promiſing me in return ſome tranſlations of yours from Ovid. Since when, I have not had a ſyllable from your hands, ſo that 'tis to be feared that though I have eſcaped death, I have not oblivion. I ſhould at leaſt have expected you to have finiſhed that elegy upon me, which you told me, you was upon the point of beginning when I was ſick in London; if you will but do ſo much for me firſt, I will give you leave to forget me afterwards; and for my own part will die at diſcretion, and at my leiſure. But I fear I muſt be forced, like many learned authors, to write my own epitaph, if I would be remembered at all. Monſieur de la Fontaine's would fit me to a hair, but it is a kind of ſacrilege (do you think it is not?) to ſteal epitaphs. In my preſent, living dead condition, nothing would be properer than *Oblituſque meorum, obliviſcendus et illis*, but that unluckily I cannot forget my friends, and the civilities I received from yourſelf, and ſome others. They ſay indeed it is one quality of generous minds

[a] Verſes on Silence, in imitation of the Earl of Rocheſter's poem on Nothing; done at fourteen years old. P.

minds to forget the obligations they have conferred, and perhaps too it may be ſo to forget thoſe on whom they conferred them: Then indeed I muſt be forgotten to all intents and purpoſes! I am, it muſt be owned, dead in a natural capacity, according to Mr. Bickerſtaff; dead in a poetical capacity, as a damned author; and dead in a civil capacity, as a uſeleſs member of the Commonwealth. But reflect, dear Sir, what melancholy effects may enſue, if dead men are not civil to one another! If he who has nothing to do himſelf will not comfort and ſupport another in his idleneſs: If thoſe who are to die themſelves, will not now and then pay the charity of viſiting a tomb and a dead friend, and ſtrowing a few flowers over him: In the ſhades where I am, the inhabitants have a mutual compaſſion for each other; being all alike Inanes; we ſaunter to one another's habitations, and daily aſſiſt each other in doing nothing at all. This I mention for your edification and example, that all alive as you are, you may not ſometimes diſdain—*deſipere in loco.* Though you are no Papiſt, and have not ſo much regard to the dead as to addreſs yourſelf to them (which I plainly perceive by your ſilence) yet I hope you are not one of thoſe heterodox, who hold them to be totally inſenſible of the good offices and kind wiſhes of their living friends, and to be in a dull ſtate of ſleep without one dream of thoſe they left behind them. If you are, let this letter convince you to the contrary, which aſſures you, I am ſtill, though in a ſtate of ſeparation, Your, etc.

P. S. This letter of deaths, puts me in mind of poor Mr. Betterton's; over whom I would have this ſentence of Tully for an epitaph, which will ſerve him as well in his Moral, as his Theatrical capacity.

Vitae bene actae jucundiſſima eſt recordatio.

LETTER XIV.

June 24, 1710.

'TIS very natural for a young friend, and a young lover, to think the perſons they love have nothing to do but to pleaſe them; when perhaps they, for their parts, had twenty other engagements before. This was my caſe when I wondered I did not hear from you; but I no ſooner received your ſhort Letter, but I forgot your long ſilence: and ſo many fine things as you ſaid of me could not but have wrought a cure on my own ſickneſs, if it had not been of the nature of that which is deaf to the voice of the charmer. 'Twas impoſſible you could have better timed your compliment on my philoſophy; it was certainly propereſt to commend me for it juſt when I moſt needed it, and when I could be leaſt proud of it; that is, when I was in pain. It is not eaſy to expreſs what an exaltation it gave to my ſpirits, above all the cordials of my doctor; and it is no compliment to tell you, that your compliments were ſweeter than the ſweeteſt of his juleps and ſyrups. But if you will not believe ſo much,

Pour le moins, votre compliment
M' a ſoulagé dans ce moment;
Et des qu'on me l'eſt venu faire
J' ai chaſſé mon apoticaire,
Et renvoyé mon lavement.

Nevertheleſs I would not have you entirely lay aſide the thoughts of my epitaph, any more than I do thoſe of the probability of my becoming (ere long) the ſubject of one. For death has of late been very familiar with ſome of my ſize; I am told my Lord Lumley and Mr. Litton are gone before me; and though I may now, without vanity, eſteem myſelf the leaſt thing like a man in England, yet I cannot but be ſorry, two

heroes of ſuch a make ſhould die inglorious in their beds; when it had been a fate more worthy our ſize, had they met with theirs from an irruption of cranes, or other warlike animals, thoſe ancient enemies to our pygmaean anceſtors! You of a ſuperior ſpecies little regard what befals us *homunciones ſeſquipedales*; however, you have no reaſon to be ſo unconcerned, ſince all phyſicians agree there is no greater ſign of a plague among men, than a mortality among frogs. I was the other day in company with a lady, who rallied my perſon ſo much, as to cauſe a total ſubverſion of my countenance: ſome days after, to be revenged on her, I preſented her, among other company, the following Rondeau on that occaſion, which I deſire you to ſhow Sappho.

You know where you did deſpiſe
(T'other day) my little eyes,
Little legs, and little thighs,
And ſome things of little ſize,
You know where.

You, 'tis true, have fine black eyes,
Taper legs, and tempting thighs,
Yet what more than all we prize
Is a thing of little ſize,
You know where.

This ſort of writing called the Rondeau is what I never knew practiſed in our nation, and, I verily believe, it was not in uſe with the Greeks or Romans, neither Macrobius nor Hyginus taking the leaſt notice of it. 'Tis to be obſerved, that the vulgar ſpelling and pronouncing it Round O, is a manifeſt corruption, and by no means to be allowed of by critics. Some may miſ-

takenly imagine that it was a ſort of Rondeau which the Gallic ſoldiers ſung in Caeſar's triumph over Gaul—*Gallias Caeſar ſubegit*, etc. as it is recorded by Suetonius in Julio, and ſo derive its original from the ancient Gauls to the modern French: but this is erroneous; the words there not being ranged according to the Laws of the Rondeau, as laid down by Clement Marot. If you will ſay, that the ſong of the ſoldiers might be only the rude beginning of this kind of poem, and ſo conſequently imperfect, neither Heinſius nor I can be of that opinion; and ſo I conclude, that we know nothing of the matter.

But, Sir, I aſk your pardon for all this buffoonery, which I could not addreſs to any one ſo well as to you, ſince I have found by experience, you moſt eaſily forgive my impertinencies. 'Tis only to ſhow you that I am mindful of you at all times, that I write at all times; and as nothing I can ſay can be worth your reading, ſo I may as well throw out what comes uppermoſt, as ſtudy to be dull. I am, etc.

LETTER XV.

FROM MR. CROMWELL.

July 15, 1710.

AT laſt I have prevailed over a lazy humour to tranſcribe this elegy: I have changed the ſituation of ſome of the Latin verſes, and made ſome interpolations, but I hope they are not abſurd, and foreign to my author's ſenſe and manner: but they are referred to your cenſure, as a debt; whom I eſteem no leſs a critic than a poet: I expect to be treated with the ſame rigour as I have practiſed to Mr. Dryden and you.

Hanc veniam petimuſque damuſque viciſſim.

I desire the favour of your opinion why Priam, in his speech to Pyrrhus in the second Aeneid, says this to him,

At non ille, satum quo te mentiris, Achilles.

He would intimate (I fancy by Pyrrhus's answer) only his degeneracy: but then these following lines of the version (I suppose from Homer's history) seem absurd in the mouth of Priam, viz.

He chear'd my sorrows, and for sums of gold
The bloodless carcase of my Hector *sold.*

I am, Your, etc.

LETTER XVI.

July 20, 1710.

I GIVE you thanks for the version you sent me of Ovid's elegy. It is very much an image of that author's writing, who has an agreeableness that charms us without correctness, like a mistress, whose faults we see, but love her with them all. You have very judiciously altered his method in some places, and I can find nothing which I dare insist upon as an error: what I have written in the margins being merely guesses at a little improvement, rather than criticisms. I assure you I do not expect you should subscribe to my private notions but when you shall judge them agreeable to reason and good sense. What I have done is not as a critic, but as a friend; I know too well how many qualities are requisite to make the one, and that I want almost all I can reckon up; but I am sure I do not want inclination, nor, I hope, capacity, to be the other. Nor shall I take it at all amiss, that another dissents from my opinion: It is no more than I have often done from my own; and indeed, the more a man advances in understanding, he becomes the more every day a critic upon himself,

himſelf, and finds ſomething or other ſtill to blame in his former notions and opinions. I could be glad to know if you have tranſlated the 11th elegy of lib. ii. *Ad amicam navigantem.* The 8th of book iii, or the 11th of book iii, which are above all others my particular favourites, eſpecially the laſt of theſe.

As to the paſſage of which you aſk my opinion in the ſecond Aeneid, it is either ſo plain as to require no ſolution; or elſe (which is very probable) you ſee further into it than I can. Priam would ſay, that "Achilles (whom ſurely you only feign "to be your father, ſince your actions are ſo different from his) "did not uſe me thus inhumanly. He bluſhed at his murder "of Hector, when he ſaw my ſorrows for him; and reſtored "his dead body to me to be buried." To this the anſwer of Pyrrhus ſeems to be agreeable enough. "Go then to the ſhades, "and tell Achilles how I degenerate from him:" granting the truth of what Priam had ſaid of the difference between them. Indeed Mr. Dryden's mentioning here what Virgil more judiciouſly paſſes in ſilence, the circumſtance of Achilles's ſelling *for money* the body of Hector, ſeems not ſo proper; it in ſome meaſure leſſening the character of Achilles's generoſity and piety, which is the very point of which Priam endeavours in this place to convince his ſon, and to reproach him with the want of. But the truth of this circumſtance is no way to be queſtioned, being expreſly taken from Homer, who repreſents Achilles weeping for Priam, yet receiving the gold, Iliad xxiv. For when he gives the body, he uſes theſe words, "O my friend Patroclus! "forgive me that I quit the corpſe of him who killed thee; I "have great gifts in ranſom for it, which I will beſtow upon "thy funeral."

I am, etc.

LETTER XVII.

FROM MR. CROMWELL.

Aug. 5, 1710.

LOOKING among ſome French rhymes, I was agreeably ſurprized to find in the Rondeau of [a] *Pour le moins*——your Apoticaire and Lavement, which I took for your own; ſo much is your Muſe of intelligence with the wits of all languages. You have refined upon Voiture, whoſe *Où vous ſavez* is much inferior to your *You know where*——You do not only pay your club with your author (as our friend ſays) but the whole reckoning; who can form ſuch pretty lines from ſo trivial a hint.

For my [b] Elegy; it is confeſſed, that the topography of Sulmo in the Latin makes but an aukward figure in the verſion. Your couplet of the dog-ſtar is very fine, but may be too ſublime in this place. I laughed heartily at your note upon paradiſe; for to make Ovid talk of the garden of Eden, is certainly moſt abſurd; but Xenophon in his Oeconomics, ſpeaking of a garden finely planted and watered (as is here deſcribed) calls it Paradiſos: It is an interpolation indeed, and ſerves for a gradation to the celeſtial orb; which expreſſes in ſome ſort the *Sidus Caſtoris in parte coeli*——How trees can enjoy, let the naturaliſts determine; but the poets make them ſenſitive, lovers, bachelors, and married. Virgil in his Georgics, lib. ii. Horace Ode xv. lib. ii. *Platanus coelebs evincet ulmos.* Epod. ii. *Ergo aut adulta vitium propagine Altas maritat populos.* Your critique is a very *Dolcepiccante*; for after the many faults you juſtly find, you ſmooth your rigour; but an obliging thing is owing (you think) to one who ſo much eſteems and admires you, and who ſhall ever be

Your, etc.

[a] In Voiture's Poems. P.

[b] Ovid's Amorum, l. ii. el. 16. Pars me Sulmo, etc. P.

LETTER XVIII.

Aug. 21, 1710.

YOUR Letters are a perfect charity to a man in retirement, utterly forgotten of all his friends but you; for ſince Mr. Wycherley left London, I have not heard a word from him; though juſt before, and once ſince, I writ to him, and though I know myſelf guilty of no offence but of doing ſincerely juſt what he [a] bid me —*Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit!* But the greateſt injury he does me is the keeping me in ignorance of his welfare, which I am always very ſolicitous for, and very uneaſy in the fear of any indiſpoſition that may befal him. In what I ſent you ſome time ago, you have not verſe enough to be ſevere upon, in revenge for my laſt criticiſm: In one point I muſt perſiſt, that is to ſay, my diſlike of your Paradiſe, in which I take no pleaſure; I know very well that in Greek it is not only uſed by Xenophon, but is a common word for any garden; but in Engliſh it bears the ſignification and conveys the idea of Eden, which alone is (I think) a reaſon againſt making Ovid uſe it; who will be thought to talk too much like a Chriſtian in your verſion at leaſt, whatever it might have been in Latin or Greek. As for all the reſt of my remarks, ſince you do not laugh at them as at this, I can be ſo civil as not to lay any ſtreſs upon them (as, I think, I told you before) and in particular in the point of *trees enjoying*, you have, I muſt own, fully ſatisfied me that the expreſſion is not only defenſible, but beautiful. I ſhould be very glad to ſee your tranſlation of the elegy, *Ad amicam navigantem*, as ſoon as you can; for (without a compliment to you) every thing you write, either in verſe or proſe,

[a] Correcting his verſes. See the letters in 1706, and the following years, of Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Pope. P.

proſe, is welcome to me; and you may be confident (if my opinion can be of any ſort of conſequence in any thing) that I will never be unſincere, though I may be often miſtaken. To uſe ſincerity with you is but paying you in your own coin, from whom I have experienced ſo much of it; and I need not tell you how much I really eſteem you, when I eſteem nothing in the world ſo much as that quality. I know, you ſometimes ſay civil things to me in your epiſtolary ſtyle, but thoſe I am to make allowance for, as particularly when you talk of *admiring*; it is a word you are ſo uſed to in converſation of Ladies, that it will creep into your diſcourſe, in ſpite of you, even to your friends. But as women, when they think themſelves ſecure of admiration, commit a thouſand negligences, which ſhow them ſo much at diſadvantage and off their guard, as to loſe the little real love they had before: ſo when men imagine others entertain ſome eſteem for their abilities, they often expoſe all their imperfections and fooliſh works, to the diſparagement of the little wit they were thought maſters of. I am going to exemplify this to you, in putting into your hands (being encouraged by ſo much indulgence) ſome verſes of my youth, or rather childhood; which (as I was a great admirer of Waller) were intended in imitation of his manner[b]; and are, perhaps, ſuch imitations, as thoſe you ſee in aukward country dames, of the fine and well-bred ladies of the court. If you will take them with you into Lincolnſhire, they may ſave you one hour from the converſation of the country gentlemen and their tenants (who differ but in dreſs and name) which, if it be there as bad as here, is even worſe than my poetry. I hope your ſtay there will be no longer than (as Mr. Wycherley calls it) to rob the

[b] One or two of theſe were ſince printed among other Imitations done in his youth. P.

the country, and run away to London with your money. In the mean time I beg the favour of a line from you, and am (as I will never ceaſe to be)

Your, etc.

LETTER XIX.

Oct. 12, 1710.

I Deferred anſwering your laſt, upon the advice I received, that you were leaving the town for ſome time, and expected your return with impatience, having then a deſign of ſeeing my friends there, amongſt the firſt of which I have reaſon to account yourſelf. But my almoſt continual illneſſes prevent that, as well as moſt other ſatisfactions of my life: However, I may ſay one good thing of ſickneſs, that it is the beſt cure in nature for ambition, and deſigns upon the world or fortune: It makes a man pretty indifferent for the future, provided he can but be eaſy, by intervals, for the preſent. He will be content to compound for his quiet only, and leave all the circumſtantial part and pomp of life to thoſe, who have a health vigorous enough to enjoy all the miſtreſſes of their deſires. I thank God, there is nothing out of myſelf which I would be at the trouble of ſeeking, except a friend; a happineſs I once hoped to have poſſeſſed in Mr. Wycherley; but—*Quantum mutatus ab illo!*—I have for ſome years been employed much like children that build houſes with cards, endeavouring very buſily and eagerly to raiſe a friendſhip, which the firſt breath of any ill-natured by-ſtander could puff away.——But I will trouble you no further with writing, nor myſelf with thinking, on this ſubject.

I was mightily pleaſed to perceive by your quotation from Voiture, that you had tracked me ſo far as France. You ſee it is with weak heads as with weak ſtomachs, they immediately throw

throw out what they received laſt; and what they read floats upon the ſurface of the mind, like oil upon water, without incorporating. This, I think, however, cannot be ſaid of the love-verſes I laſt troubled you with, where all (I am afraid) is ſo puerile and ſo like the author, that no body will ſuſpect any thing to be borrowed. Yet you (as a friend, entertaining a better opinion of them) it ſeems, ſearched in Waller, but ſearched in vain. Your judgment of them is (I think) very right,—for it was my own opinion before. If you think them not worth the trouble of correcting, pray tell me ſo freely, and it will ſave me a labour; if you think the contrary, you would particularly oblige me by your remarks on the ſeveral thoughts as they occur. I long to be nibbling at your verſes, and have not forgot who promiſed me Ovid's elegy *Ad amicam navigantem.* Had Ovid been as long compoſing it, as you in ſending it, the lady might have ſailed to Gades, and received it at her return. I have really a great itch of criticiſm upon me, but want matter here in the country; which I deſire you to furniſh me with, as I do you in the town,

Sic ſervat ſtudii foedera quiſque ſui.

I am obliged to Mr. Caryl (whom, you tell me, you met at Epſom) for telling you truth, as a man is in theſe days to any one that will tell truth to his advantage; and I think none is more to mine, than what he told you, and I ſhould be glad to tell all the world, that I have an extreme affection and eſteem for you.

Tecum etenim longos memini conſumere ſoles,
Et tecum primas epulis decerpere noctes;
Unum opus et requiem pariter diſponimus ambo,
Atque verecunda laxamus ſeria menſa.

By theſe *Epulae*, as I take it, Perſius meant the Portugal ſnuff and burnt Claret, which he took with his maſter Cornutus; and the *verecunda menſa* was, without diſpute, ſome coffee-houſe table of the ancients.—I will only obſerve, that theſe four lines are as elegant and muſical as any in Perſius, not excepting thoſe ſix or ſeven which Mr. Dryden quotes as the only ſuch in all that author.—I could be heartily glad to repeat the ſatisfaction deſcribed in them, being truly

Your, etc.

LETTER XX.

October 28, 1710.

I AM glad to find by your laſt letter that you write to me with the freedom of a friend, ſetting down your thoughts as they occur, and dealing plainly with me in the matter of my own trifles, which, I aſſure you, I never valued half ſo much as I do that ſincerity in you which they were the occaſion of diſcovering to me; and which while I am happy in, I may be truſted with that dangerous weapon, Poetry; ſince I ſhall do nothing with it but after aſking and following your advice. I value ſincerity the more, as I find, by ſad experience, the practice of it is more dangerous; writers rarely pardoning the executioners of their verſes, even though themſelves pronounce ſentence upon them.——As to Mr. Philips's Paſtorals, I take the firſt to be infinitely the beſt, and the ſecond the worſt; the third is for the greateſt part a tranſlation from Virgil's Daphnis. I will not foreſtal your judgment of the reſt, only obſerve in that of the Nightingale theſe lines (ſpeaking of the muſician's playing on the harp)

Now lightly ſkimming o'er the ſtrings they paſs,
Like winds that gently bruſh the plying graſs,

And

And melting airs ariſe at their command;
And now, laborious, with a weighty hand,
He ſinks into the cords, with ſolemn pace,
And gives the ſwelling tones a manly grace.

To which nothing can be objected, but that they are too lofty for paſtoral, eſpecially being put into the mouth of a ſhepherd, as they are here; in the poet's own perſon they had been (I believe) more proper. They are more after Virgil's manner than that of Theocritus, whom yet in the character of paſtoral he rather ſeems to imitate. In the whole, I agree with the Tatler, that we have no better Eclogues in our language. There is a ſmall copy of the ſame author publiſhed in the Tatler, N° 12. on the Daniſh winter: It is poetical painting, and I recommend it to your peruſal.

Dr. Garth's poem I have not ſeen, but believe I ſhall be of that critic's opinion you mention at *Will*'s, who ſwore it was good: for, though I am very cautious of ſwearing after critics, yet I think one may do it more ſafely when they commend, than when they blame.

I agree with you in your cenſure of the uſe of ſea-terms in Mr. Dryden's Virgil; not only becauſe Helenus was no great prophet in theſe matters, but becauſe no terms of art or cant-words ſuit with the majeſty and dignity of ſtyle which epic poetry requires.—*Cui mens divinior atque os magna ſonaturum.*——The Tarpawlin phraſe can pleaſe none but ſuch *qui aurem habent Batavam;* they muſt not expect *auribus Atticis probari*, I find by you. (I think I have brought in two phraſes of Martial here very dextrouſly.)

Though you ſay you did not rightly take my meaning in the verſe I quoted from Juvenal, yet I will not explain it; becauſe, though

though it ſeems you are reſolved to take me for a critic, I would by no means be thought a commentator:—And for another reaſon too, becauſe I have quite forgot both the verſe and the application.

I hope it will be no offence to give my moſt hearty ſervice to Mr. Wycherley, though I perceive by his laſt to me, I am not to trouble him with my letters, ſince he there told me he was going inſtantly out of town, and till his return was my ſervant, etc. I gueſs by yours he is yet with you, and beg you to do what you may with all truth and honour, that is, aſſure him I have ever borne all the reſpect and kindneſs imaginable to him. I do not know to this hour what it is that has eſtranged him from me; but this I know, that he may for the future be more ſafely my friend, ſince no invitation of his ſhall ever more make me ſo free with him. I could not have thought any man ſo very cautious and ſuſpicious, as not to credit his own experience of a friend. Indeed to believe no body, may be a maxim of ſafety, but not ſo much of honeſty. There is but one way I know of converſing ſafely, with all men, that is, not by concealing what we ſay or do, but by ſaying or doing nothing that deſerves to be concealed, and I can truly boaſt this comfort in my affairs with Mr. Wycherley. But I pardon his Jealouſy, which is become his nature, and ſhall never be his enemy, whatſoever he ſays of me.

Your, etc.

LETTER XXI.

FROM MR. CROMWELL.

Nov. 5, 1710.

I FIND I am obliged to the ſight of your love-verſes, for your opinion of my ſincerity; which had never been called in queſtion, if you had not forced me, upon ſo many other occaſions, to expreſs my eſteem.

I have juſt read and compared [a] Mr. Rowe's verſion of the ixth of Lucan, with very great pleaſure, where I find none of thoſe abſurdities ſo frequent in that of Virgil, except in two places, for the ſake of laſhing the prieſts; one where Cato ſays —*Sortilegis egeant dubii*—and one in the ſimile of the Haemorrhois—*fatidici Sabaei*—He is ſo arrant a whig, that he ſtrains even beyond his author, in paſſion for liberty, and averſion to tyranny; and errs only in amplification. *Lucan* ix *in initio*, deſcribing the ſeat of the *Semidei manes*, ſays,

Quodque patet terras inter lunaeque meatus,
Semidei manes habitant.

Mr. Rowe has this line,

Then looking down on the Sun's feeble Ray.

Pray your opinion, if there be an Error-Sphaericus in this or no?

Your, etc.

LETTER XXII.

Nov. 11, 1710.

YOU miſtake me very much in thinking the freedom you kindly uſed with my love-verſes, gave me the firſt opinion of your ſincerity: I aſſure you it only did what every good-natured

[a] Pieces printed in the 6th vol. of Tonſon's Miſcellanies, P.

natured action of yours has done since, confirmed me more in that opinion. The fable of the Nightingale in Philips's Pastorals is taken from Famianus Strada's Latin poem on the same subject, in his *Prolusiones Academicae;* only the tomb he erects at the end, is added from Virgil's conclusion of the *Culex*. I cannot forbear giving a passage out of the Latin poem I mention, by which you will find the English poet is indebted to it.

Alternat mira arte fides: dum torquet acutas,
Inciditque, graves operoso verbere pulsat.
Jamque manu per fila volat; simul hos, simul illos
Explorat numeros, chordaque laborat in omni.—
Mox silet. Illa modis totidem respondet, et artem
Arte refert. Nunc ceu rudis, aut incerta canendi,
Praebet iter liquidum labenti e pectore voci,
Nunc caesim variat, moduliſque canora minutis
Delibrat vocem, tremuloque reciprocat ore.

This poem was many years since imitated by Crashaw, out of whose verses the following are very remarkable.

From this to that, from that to this he flies,
Feels music's pulse in all its arteries;
Caught in a net which there Apollo *spreads,*
His fingers struggle with the vocal threads.

I have (as I think I formerly told you) a very good opinion of Mr. Rowe's ixth book of Lucan: Indeed he amplifies too much, as well as Breboeuf, the famous French imitator. If I remember right, he sometimes takes the whole comment into the text of the version, as particularly in lin. 808. *Utque solet pariter totis se effundere signis Corycii pressura croci.*—And in the place you quote, he makes of those two lines in the Latin,

Vidit quanta ſub nocte jaceret
Noſtra dies, riſitque ſui ludibria trunci,

no leſs than eight in Engliſh.

What you obſerve, ſure, cannot be an Error-Sphaericus, ſtrictly ſpeaking, either according to the Ptolemaic, or our Copernican ſyſtem; Tycho Brahe himſelf will be on the tranſlator's ſide. For Mr. Rowe here ſays no more, than that he looked down on the rays of the ſun, which Pompey might do, even though the body of the ſun were above him.

You cannot but have remarked what a journey Lucan here makes Cato take for the ſake of his fine deſcriptions. From Cyrene he travels by land, for no better reaſon than this;

Haec eadem ſuadebat hiems, quae clauſerat aequor.

The winter's effects on the ſea, it ſeems, were more to be dreaded than all the ſerpents, whirlwinds, ſands, etc. by land, which immediately after he paints out in his ſpeech to the ſoldiers: Then he fetches a compaſs a vaſt way round about, to the Naſamones and Jupiter Ammon's temple, purely to ridicule the oracles: and Labienus muſt pardon me, if I do not believe him when he ſays—*ſors obtulit, et fortuna viae*—either Labienus, or the map, is very much miſtaken here. Thence he returns back to the Syrtes (which he might have taken firſt in his way to Utica) and ſo to Leptis Minor, where our author leaves him; who ſeems to have made Cato ſpeak his own mind, when he tells his army—*Ire ſat eſt*—no matter whither. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER XXIII.

FROM MR. CROMWELL.

Nov. 20, 1710.

THE ſyſtem of Tycho Brahe (were it true, as it is novel) could have no room here: Lucan with the reſt of the Latin poets, ſeems to follow Plato; whoſe order of the ſpheres is clear in Cicero, *De natura Deorum*, *De ſomnio Scipionis*, and in Macrobius. The ſeat of the *Semidei manes* is Platonic too, for *Apuleius De deo Socratis* aſſigns the ſame to the Genii, viz. the region of the Air for their intercourſe with gods and men; ſo that, I fancy, Rowe miſtook the ſituation, and I cannot be reconciled to, *Look down on the ſun's rays.* I am glad you agree with me about the latitude he takes; and wiſh you had told me, if the *ſortilegi*, and *fatidici*, could licenſe his invective againſt prieſts; but, I ſuppoſe, you think them (with Helena) undeſerving of your protection. I agree with you in Lucan's errors, and the cauſe of them, his poetic deſcriptions: for the Romans then knew the coaſt of Africa from Cyrene (to the ſouth-eaſt of which lies Ammon toward Egypt) to Leptis and Utica: but, pray, remember how your Homer nodded, while Ulyſſes ſlept, and waking knew not where he was, in the ſhort paſſage from Corcyra to Ithaca. I like Trapp's verſions for their juſtneſs; his Pſalm is excellent, the prodigies in the firſt Georgic judicious (whence I conclude that it is eaſier to turn Virgil juſtly in blank verſe, than rhyme.) The eclogue of Gallus, and fable of Phaeton pretty well; but he is very faulty in his numbers; the fate of Phaeton might run thus:

The blaſted Phaeton *with blazing hair,*
Shot gliding through the vaſt abyſs of air,
And tumbled headlong, like a falling ſtar.

I am your, etc.

LETTER XXIV.

Nov. 24, 1710.

TO make uſe of that freedom and familiarity of ſtyle, which we have taken up in our correſpondence, and which is more properly talking upon paper, than writing; I will tell you without any preface, that I never took Tycho Brahe for one of the ancients, or in the leaſt an acquaintance of Lucan's; nay, it is a mercy on this occaſion that I do not give you an account of his life and converſation; as how he lived ſome years like an inchanted knight in a certain iſland, with a tale of a King of Denmark's miſtreſs that ſhall be nameleſs—But I have compaſſion on you, and would not for the world you ſhould ſtay any longer among the Genii and Semidei Manes, you know where; for if once you get ſo near the moon, Sappho will want your preſence in the clouds and inferior regions; not to mention the great loſs Drury-lane will ſuſtain, when Mr. *C*—— is in the milky way. Theſe celeſtial thoughts put me in mind of the prieſts you mention, who are a ſort of Sortilegi in one ſenſe, becauſe in their lottery there are more blanks than prizes; the adventurers being at firſt in an uncertainty, whereas the ſetters-up are ſure of ſomething. Prieſts indeed in their character, as they repreſent God, are ſacred; and ſo are conſtables as they repreſent the King; but you will own a great many of them are very odd fellows, and the devil of any likeneſs in them. Yet I can aſſure you, I honour the good as much as I deteſt the bad, and I think, that in condemning theſe, we praiſe thoſe. The tranſlations from Ovid I have not ſo good an opinion of as you; becauſe I think they have little of the main characteriſtic of this author, a graceful eaſineſs. For let the ſenſe be ever ſo exactly rendered, unleſs an author looks like himſelf, in his air, habit,

and manner, it is a diſguiſe, and not a tranſlation. But as to the Pſalm, I think David is much more beholden to the tranſlator than Ovid; and as he treated the Roman like a Jew, ſo he has made the Jew ſpeak like a Roman.

Your, etc.

LETTER XXV.

FROM MR. CROMWELL.

Dec. 5, 1710.

THE ſame judgment we made on Rowe's ixth of Lucan will ſerve for his part of the vith, where I find this memorable line,

Parque novum Fortuna videt concurrere, bellum
Atque virum.

For this he employs ſix verſes, among which is this,

As if on Knightly terms in liſts they ran.

Pray can you trace chivalry up higher than Pharamond? will you allow it an anachroniſm?—Tickel in his verſion of the Phaenix from Claudian,

When nature ceaſes, thou ſhalt ſtill remain,
Nor ſecond Chaos bound thy endleſs reign.

Claudian thus,

Et clades te nulla rapit, ſoluſque ſuperſtes,
Edomita tellure, manes.

which plainly refers to the deluge of Deucalion and the conflagration of Phaeton; not to the final diſſolution. Your thought of the prieſts lottery is very fine: you play the wit, and not the critic, upon the errors of your brother.

Your obſervations are all very juſt: Virgil is eminent for adjuſting his diction to his ſentiments; and, among the moderns,

I find

I find you practiſe the Proſodia of your rules. Your [a] Poem ſhews you to be, what you ſay of Voiture—*with books well bred:* the ſtate of the fair, though ſatirical, is touched with that delicacy, and gallantry, that not the court of Auguſtus, not— But hold, I ſhall loſe what I lately recovered, your opinion of my ſincerity: yet I muſt ſay, it is as faultleſs as the fair to whom it is addreſſed, be ſhe never ſo perfect. The M. G. (who, it ſeems, had no right notion of you, as you of him) tranſcribed it by lucubration: From ſome diſcourſe of yours, he thought your inclination led you to (what the men of faſhion call learning) pedantry; but now, he ſays, he has no leſs, I aſſure you, than a veneration for you.

Your, etc.

LETTER XXVI.

Decemb. 17, 1710.

IT ſeems that my late mention of Craſhaw, and my quotation from him, has moved your curioſity. I therefore ſend you the whole Author, who has held a place among my other books of this nature for ſome years; in which time having read him twice or thrice, I find him one of thoſe whoſe works may juſt deſerve reading. I take this poet to have writ like a gentleman, that is, at leiſure hours, and more to keep out of idleneſs, than to eſtabliſh a reputation; ſo that nothing regular or juſt can be expected from him. All that regards deſign, form, fable (which is the ſoul of poetry) all that concerns exactneſs, or conſent of parts (which is the body) will probably be wanting; only pretty conceptions, fine metaphors, glittering expreſſions, and ſomething of a neat caſt of verſe (which are properly the dreſs, gems, or

[a] To a Lady, with the Works of Voiture. P.

or looſe ornaments of poetry) may be found in theſe verſes. This is indeed the caſe of moſt other poetical writers of miſcellanies; nor can it well be otherwiſe, ſince no man can be a true poet, who writes for diverſion only. Theſe authors ſhould be conſidered as verſifiers and witty men, rather than as poets; and under this head will only fall the thoughts, the expreſſion, and the numbers. Theſe are only the pleaſing part of poetry, which may be judged of at a view, and comprehended all at once. And (to expreſs myſelf like a painter) their colouring entertains the ſight, but the lines and life of the picture are not to be inſpected too narrowly.

This Author formed himſelf upon Petrarch, or rather upon Marino. His thoughts, one may obſerve, in the main, are pretty; but oftentimes far fetched, and too often ſtrained and ſtiffened to make them appear the greater. For men are never ſo apt to think a thing great, as when it is odd or wonderful; and inconſiderate authors would rather be admired than underſtood. This ambition of ſurprizing a reader, is the true natural cauſe of all fuſtian, or bombaſt in poetry. To confirm what I have ſaid, you need but look into his firſt Poem of the Weeper, where the 2d, 4th, 6th, 14th, 21ſt ſtanza's are as ſublimely dull, as the 7th, 8th, 9th, 16th, 17th, 20th, and 23d ſtanza's of the ſame copy, are ſoft and pleaſing: and if theſe laſt want any thing, it is an eaſier and more unaffected expreſſion. The remaining thoughts in that poem might have been ſpared, being either but repetitions, or very trivial and mean. And by this example in the firſt one may gueſs at all the reſt; to be like this, a mixture of tender gentle thoughts and ſuitable expreſſions, of forced and inextricable conceits, and of needleſs fillers-up to the reſt. From all which it is plain, this author writ faſt, and ſet down what came uppermoſt. A reader may ſkim off the froth, and uſe the clear underneath;

neath; but if he goes too deep, will meet with a mouthful of dregs; either the top or bottom of him are good for little, but what he did in his own, natural, middle-way, is beſt.

To ſpeak of his numbers, is a little difficult, they are ſo various and irregular, and moſtly Pindaric; it is evident his heroic verſe (the beſt example of which is his Muſic's Duel) is careleſly made up; but one may imagine from what it now is, that had he taken more care, it had been muſical and pleaſing enough, not extremely majeſtic, but ſweet: and the time conſidered of his writing, he was (even as uncorrect as he is) none of the worſt verſificators.

I will juſt obſerve, that the beſt pieces of this author are a paraphraſe on Pſal. xxiii. On Leſſius, Epitaph on Mr. Aſhton, Wiſhes to his ſuppoſed miſtreſs, and the *Dies Irae*.

LETTER XXVII.

Decemb. 30, 1710.

I Reſume my old liberty of throwing out myſelf upon paper to you, and making what thoughts float uppermoſt in my head, the ſubject of a letter. They are at preſent upon laughter, which (for ought I know) may be the cauſe you might ſometimes think me too remiſs a friend, when I was moſt intirely ſo: for I am never ſo inclined to mirth as when I am moſt pleaſed and moſt eaſy, which is in the company of a friend like yourſelf.

As the fooling and toying with a miſtreſs is a proof of fondneſs, not diſreſpect, ſo is raillery with a friend. I know there are prudes in friendſhip, who expect diſtance, awe, and adoration, but I know you are not of them; and I for my part am no Idol-worſhipper, though a Papiſt. If I were to addreſs Jupiter himſelf

himſelf in a heathen way, I fancy I ſhould be apt to take hold of his knee in a familiar manner, if not of his beard like Dionyſius; I was juſt going to ſay, of his buttons; but I think Jupiter wore none (however I won't be poſitive to ſo nice a critic as you, but his robe might be ſubnected with a Fibula.) I know ſome philoſophers define laughter, *A recommending ourſelves to our own favour, by compariſon with the weakneſs of another:* but I am ſure I very rarely laugh with that view, nor do I believe children have any ſuch conſideration in their heads, when they expreſs their pleaſure this way: I laugh full as innocently as they, for the moſt part, and as ſillily. There is a difference too betwixt laughing *about* a thing, and laughing *at* a thing: one may find the inferior man (to make a kind of caſuiſtical diſtinction) provoked to folly at the ſight or obſervation of ſome *circumſtances of a thing*, when the *thing itſelf* appears ſolemn and auguſt to the ſuperior man, that is, our judgment and reaſon. Let an Ambaſſador ſpeak the beſt ſenſe in the world, and deport himſelf in the moſt graceful manner before a Prince, yet if the tail of his ſhirt happen (as I have known it happen to a very wiſe man) to hang out behind, more people ſhall laugh at that than attend to the other; till they recollect themſelves, and then they will not have a jot the leſs reſpect for the miniſter. I muſt confeſs the iniquity of my countenance before you; ſeveral muſcles of my face ſometimes take an impertinent liberty with my judgment, but then my judgment ſoon riſes, and ſets all right again about my mouth: and I find I value no man ſo much, as him in whoſe ſight I have been playing the fool. I cannot be *ſub perſona* before a man I love; and not to laugh with honeſty, when nature prompts, or folly (which is more a ſecond nature, than any thing I know) is but a knaviſh hypocritical way of making a maſk of one's own face. ——To conclude, thoſe that are my friends, *I laugh with*, and

thoſe

thoſe that are not *I laugh at;* ſo am merry in company, and if ever I am wiſe, it is all by myſelf. You take juſt another courſe, and to thoſe that are not your friends, are very civil; and to thoſe that are, very endearing and complaiſant: thus when you and I meet, there will be the *Riſus et Blanditiae* united together in converſation, as they commonly are in verſe. But without laughter on the one ſide, or compliment on the other, I aſſure you I am, with real eſteem,

Your, etc.

LETTER XXVIII.

FROM MR. CROMWELL.

Oct. 16, 1711.

MR. Wycherley viſited me at Bath in my ſickneſs, and expreſſed much affection to me: hearing from me how welcome his letters would be, he preſently writ to you; in which I inſerted my ſcrall, and after, a ſecond. He went to Glouceſter in his way to Salop, but was diſappointed of a boat, and ſo returned to the Bath; then he ſhewed me your anſwer to his letters, in which you ſpoke of my good-nature, but, I fear, you found me very froward at Reading; yet you allow for my illneſs. I could not poſſibly be in the ſame houſe with Mr. Wycherley, though I ſought it earneſtly; nor come up to town with him, he being engaged with others; but, whenever we met, we talked of you. He praiſes your [a] Poem, and even outvies me in kind expreſſions of you. As if he had not wrote two letters to you, he was for writing every poſt; I put him in mind he had already. Forgive me this wrong; I know not whether my talking ſo much of your great humanity and tenderneſs to me, and love to him; or whether

[a] Eſſay on Criticiſm. P.

whether the return of his natural diſpoſition to you, was the cauſe; but certainly you are now highly in his favour: now he will come this winter to your houſe, and I muſt go with him; but firſt he will invite you ſpeedily to town.——I arrived on Saturday laſt much wearied, yet had wrote ſooner, but was told by Mr. Gay (who has writ a pretty poem to Lintot, and who gives you his ſervice) that you was gone from home. Lewis ſhewed me your letter, which ſet me right, and your next letter is impatiently expected from me. Mr. Wycherley came to town on Sunday laſt, and kindly ſurprized me with a viſit on Monday morning. We dined and drank together; and I ſaying, *To our loves*, he replied, *'Tis Mr.* Pope's *health:* He ſaid he would go to Mr. Thorold's and leave a letter for you. Though I cannot anſwer for the event of all this, in reſpect of him; yet I can aſſure you, that, when you pleaſe to come, you will be moſt deſirable to me, as always by inclination, ſo now by duty, who ſhall ever be

Your, etc.

LETTER XXIX.

Nov. 12, 1711.

I Received the entertainment of your letter the day after I had ſent you one of mine, and I am but this morning returned hither. The news you tell me of the many difficulties you found in your return from Bath, gives me ſuch a kind of pleaſure as we uſually take in accompanying our friends in their mixed adventures; for, methinks, I ſee you labouring through all your inconveniencies of the rough roads, the hard ſaddle, the trotting horſe, and what not? What an agreeable ſurprize would it have been to me, to have met you by pure accident, (which I was within an ace of doing) and to have carried you off triumphantly,

ſet you on an eaſier pad, and relieved the wandring knight with a night's lodging and rural repaſt, at our caſtle in the foreſt? But theſe are only the pleaſing imaginations of a diſappointed lover, who muſt ſuffer in a melancholy abſence yet theſe two months. In the mean time, I take up with the Muſes for want of your better company; the Muſes, *quae nobiſcum pernoctant, peregrinantur, ruſticantur.* Thoſe aërial ladies juſt diſcover enough to me of their beauties to urge my purſuit, and draw me on in a wandering maze of thought, ſtill in hopes (and only in hopes) of attaining thoſe favours from them, which they confer on their more happy admirers. We graſp ſome more beautiful idea in our own brain, than our endeavours to expreſs it can ſet to the view of others; and ſtill do but labour to fall ſhort of our firſt imagination. The gay colouring which fancy gave at the firſt tranſient glance we had of it, goes off in the execution: like thoſe various figures in the gilded clouds, which while we gaze long upon, to ſeparate the parts of each imaginary image, the whole faints before the eye, and decays into confuſion.

I am highly pleaſed with the knowledge you give me of Mr. Wycherley's preſent temper, which ſeems ſo favourable to me. I ſhall ever have ſuch a fund of affection for him as to be agreeable to myſelf when I am ſo to him, and cannot but be gay when he is in good humour, as the ſurface of the earth (if you will pardon a poetical ſimilitude) is clearer or gloomier, juſt as the ſun is brighter or more over-caſt.——I ſhould be glad to ſee the verſes to Lintot which you mention, for, methinks, ſomething oddly agreeable may be produced from that ſubject—For what remains, I am ſo well, that nothing but the aſſurance of your being ſo can make me better; and if you would have me live with any ſatisfaction theſe dark days in which I cannot ſee you, it muſt be by your writing ſometimes to

Your, etc.

LETTER XXX.

FROM MR. CROMWELL.

Dec. 7, 1711.

MR. Wycherley has, I believe, ſent you two or three letters of invitation; but you, like the fair, will be long ſolicited before you yield, to make the favour the more acceptable to the lover. He is much yours by his talk; for that unbounded genius which has ranged at large like a libertine, now ſeems confined to you: and I ſhould take him for your miſtreſs too by your ſimile of the ſun and earth: 'Tis very fine, but inverted by the application; for the gaiety of your fancy and the drooping of his by the withdrawing of your luſtre, perſuades me it would be juſter by the reverſe. Oh happy favourite of the Muſes! how *pernoctare*, all night long with them? but alas! you do but toy, but ſkirmiſh with them, and decline a cloſe engagement. Leave Elegy and Tranſlation to the inferior claſs, on whom the Muſes only glance now and then, like our winter-ſun, and then leave them in the dark. Think on the dignity of Tragedy, which is of the greater poetry, as Dennis ſays, and foil him at his other weapon, as you have done in Criticiſm. Every one wonders that a genius like yours will not ſupport the ſinking Drama; and Mr. Wilks (though, I think, his talent is Comedy) has expreſſed a furious ambition to ſwell in your buſkins. We have had a poor Comedy of Johnſon's (not Ben) which held ſeven nights, and has got him three hundred pounds, for the town is ſharp-ſet on new plays. In vain would I fire you by intereſt or ambition, when your mind is not ſuſceptible of either; though your authority (ariſing from the general eſteem, like that of Pompey) muſt infallibly aſſure you of ſucceſs; for which in all your wiſhes you will be attended with thoſe of

Your, etc.

LETTER XXXI.

Dec. 21, 1711.

IF I have not writ to you ſo ſoon as I ought, let my writing now atone for the delay; as it will infallibly do, when you know what a ſacrifice I make you at this time, and that every moment my eyes are employed upon this paper, they are taken off from two of the fineſt faces in the univerſe. But indeed it is ſome conſolation to me to reflect, that while I but write this period, I eſcape ſome hundred fatal darts from thoſe unerring eyes, and about a thouſand deaths or better. Now you, that delight in dying, would not once have dreamt of an abſent friend in theſe circumſtances; you that are ſo nice an admirer of beauty, or (as a Critic would ſay after Terence) *ſo elegant a ſpectator of forms*; you muſt have a ſober diſh of coffee, and a ſolitary candle at your ſide, to write an epiſtle lucubratory to your friend, whereas I can do it as well with two pair of radiant lights, that outſhine the golden god of day and ſilver goddeſs of night, and all the refulgent eyes of the firmament.——You fancy now that Sappho's eyes are two of theſe my tapers, but it is no ſuch matter; theſe are eyes that have more perſuaſion in one glance than all Sappho's oratory and geſture together, let her put her body into what moving poſtures ſhe pleaſes. Indeed, indeed, my friend, you never could have found ſo improper a time to tempt me with intereſt or ambition: let me but have the reputation of theſe in my keeping, and as for my own, let the devil, or let Dennis, take it for ever. How gladly would I give all I am worth, that is to ſay, my Paſtorals, for one of them, and my Eſſay for the other; I would lay out all my Poetry in Love; an Original for a Lady, and a Tranſlation for a Waiting-maid! Alas! what have I to do with Jane Gray, as long as Miſs Molly, Miſs Betty,

Betty, or Miſs Patty are in this world? Shall I write of beauties murdered long ago, when there are thoſe at this inſtant that murder me? I'll e'en compoſe my own Tragedy, and the Poet ſhall appear in his own perſon, to move compaſſion: 'Twill be far more effectual than Bays's entering with a rope about his neck, and the world will own, there never was a more miſerable object brought upon the ſtage.

Now you that are a critic, pray inform me, in what manner I may connect the foregoing part of this letter with that which is to follow, according to the rules? I would willingly return Mr. Gay my thanks for the favour of his poem, and in particular for his kind mention of me; I hoped, when I heard a new Comedy had met with ſucceſs upon the ſtage, that it had been his, to which I really wiſh no leſs; and (had it been any way in my power) ſhould have been very glad to have contributed to its introduction into the world. His verſes to Lintot [a] have put a whim into my head, which you are like to be troubled with in the oppoſite page: take it as you find it, the production of half an hour t'other morning. I deſign very ſoon to put a taſk of a more ſerious nature upon you, in reviewing a piece of mine that may better deſerve criticiſm; and by that time you have done with it, I hope to tell you in perſon with how much fidelity I am

Your, etc.

[a] Theſe verſes are printed in Dr. Swift's and our Author's Miſcellanies.

LETTERS

TO

SEVERAL LADIES[a].

LETTER I.

MADAM, March 1, 1705.

I Send you the book of rudiments of Drawing, which you were pleas'd to command, and think myſelf obliged to inform you at the ſame time of one of the many excellencies you poſſeſs without knowing of them. You are but too good a Painter already; and no picture of Raphael's was ever ſo beautiful, as that which you have formed in a certain heart of my acquaintance. Indeed it was but juſt that the fineſt lines in nature ſhould be drawn upon the moſt durable ground, and none could ever be met with, that would ſo readily receive, or ſo faithfully retain them, as this Heart. I may boldly ſay of it, that you will not find its fellow in all the parts of the body in this book. But I muſt complain to you of my hand, which is an arrant traitor to my heart; for having been copying your picture from thence and from Kneller theſe three days, it has done all poſſible injury

[a] Moſt of theſe were printed without the Author's Conſent, and no doubt are the ſame upon which the cenſure is paſſed in the Preface; "That they have too much of a juvenile "ambition of Wit, and affectation of Gaiety." And it is pleaded in excuſe, "that they "were written very young, and the folly was ſoon over." P.

jury to the fineſt face that ever was made, and to the livelieſt image that ever was drawn. I have imagination enough in your abſence, to trace ſome reſemblance of you; but I have been ſo long uſed to loſe my judgment at the ſight of you, that it is paſt my power to correct it by the life. Your picture ſeems leaſt like when placed before your eyes; and, contrary to all other pictures, receives a manifeſt diſadvantage by being ſet on the faireſt light in the world. The Painters are a very vain generation, and have a long time pretended to rival nature; but to own the truth to you, ſhe made ſuch a finiſhed piece about three and twenty years ago (I beg your pardon, Madam; I proteſt, I meant but two and twenty) that it is in vain for them any longer to contend with her. I know you indeed made one ſomething like it, betwixt five and ſix years paſt: It was a little girl, done with abundance of ſpirit and life, and wants nothing but time to be an admirable piece: but, not to flatter your work, I do not think it will ever come up to what your father made. However I would not diſcourage you; it is certain you have a ſtrange happineſs, of making fine things of a ſudden and at a ſtroke, with incredible eaſe and pleaſure.

I am, etc.

LETTER II.

IT is too much a rule in this town, that when a lady has once done a man a favour, he is to be rude to her ever after. It becomes our ſex to take upon us twice as much as yours allow us; by this method I may write to you moſt impudently, becauſe you once anſwered me modeſtly; and if you ſhould never do me that honour for the future, I am to think (like a true coxcomb) that your ſilence gives conſent. Perhaps you wonder

der why this is addreſſed to you rather than to Mrs. M——, with whom I have the right of an old acquaintance, whereas you are a fine lady, have bright eyes, etc. Firſt, Madam, I make choice of you rather than of your mother, becauſe you are younger than your mother. Secondly, becauſe I fancy you ſpell better, as having been at ſchool later. Thirdly, becauſe you have nothing to do but to write if you pleaſe, and poſſibly it may keep you from employing yourſelf worſe: it may ſave ſome honeſt neighbouring gentleman from three or four of your peſtilent glances. Caſt your eyes upon paper, Madam, there you may look innocently: men are ſeducing, books are dangerous, the amorous ones ſoften you, and the godly ones give you the ſpleen: If you look upon trees, they claſp in embraces; birds and beaſts make love: the ſun is too warm for your blood; the moon melts you into yielding and melancholy. Therefore I ſay once more, caſt your eyes upon paper, and read only ſuch letters as I write, which convey no darts, no flames, but proceed from innocence of ſoul, and ſimplicity of heart. Thank God I am an hundred miles off from thoſe eyes! I would ſooner truſt your hand than them for doing me miſchief; and though I doubt not ſome part of the rancour and iniquity of your heart will drop into your pen, yet ſince it will not attack me on a ſudden and unprepared, ſince I may have time while I break open your letter to croſs myſelf and ſay a Pater-noſter, I hope Providence will protect me from all you can attempt at this diſtance. I am told you are at this hour as handſome as an angel; for my part I have forgot your face ſince two winters. You may be grown to a gianteſs for all I know. I cannot tell in any reſpect what ſort of creature you are, only that you are a very miſchievous one, whom I ſhall ever pray to be defended from. But when your Miniſter ſends me word you have the ſmall-pox,

a good many freckles, or are very pale, I will deſire him to give thanks for it in your pariſh church; which as ſoon as he ſhall inform me he has done, I will make you a viſit without armour: I will eat any thing you give me without ſuſpicion of poiſon, take you by the hand without gloves, nay venture to follow you into an arbour without calling the company. This, Madam, is the top of my wiſhes, but how differently are our deſires inclined! You ſigh out, in the ardour of your heart, Oh play-houſes, parks, operas, aſſemblies, London! I cry with rapture, Oh woods, gardens, rookeries, fiſh-ponds, arbours! Mrs. M——.

LETTER III.

TO A LADY.

WRITTEN ON ONE COLUMN OF A LETTER, WHILE LADY M. WROTE TO THE LADY'S HUSBAND ON THE OTHER.

THE wits would ſay, that this muſt needs be a dull letter becauſe it is a married one. I am afraid indeed you will find, what ſpirit there is, muſt be on the ſide of the wife, and the huſband's part, as uſual, will prove the dulleſt. What an unequal pair are put together in this ſheet? in which, though we ſin, it is you muſt do penance. When you look on both ſides of this paper, you may fancy that our words (according to a Scripture expreſſion) are as a two-edged ſword, whereof lady M. is the ſhining blade, and I only the handle. But I cannot proceed without ſo far mortifying Sir Robert as to tell him, that ſhe writes this purely in obedience to me, and that it is but one of thoſe honours a huſband receives for the ſake of his wife.

It is making court but ill to one fine woman to ſhew her the regard we have for another; and yet I muſt own there is not a period of this epiſtle but ſquints towards another over-againſt it. It will be in vain to diſſemble: your penetrating eyes cannot but diſcover, how all the letters that compoſe theſe words lean forward after lady M's letters, which ſeem to bend as much from mine, and fly from them as faſt as they are able. Ungrateful letters that they are! which give themſelves to another man, in the very preſence of him who will yield to no mortal, in knowing how to value them.

You will think I forget myſelf, and am not writing to you; but, let me tell you, it is you forget yourſelf in that thought, for you are almoſt the only woman to whom one can ſafely addreſs the praiſes of another. Beſides, can you imagine a man of my importance ſo ſtupid, as to ſay fine things to you before your huſband? Let us ſee how far Lady M. herſelf dares do any thing like it, with all the wit and addreſs ſhe is miſtreſs of. If Sir Robert can be ſo ignorant (now he is left to himſelf in the country) to imagine any ſuch matter, let him know from me, that here in town every thing that lady ſays, is taken for ſatire. For my part, every body knows it is my conſtant practice to ſpeak truth, and I never do it more than when I call myſelf

Your, etc.

LETTER IV.

YOU have put me into ſo much gaiety of temper, that there will not be a ſerious word in this day's letter. No more, you will ſay, there would, if I told you the whole ſerious buſineſs of the town. All laſt night I continued with you, though your unreaſonable regularity drove me out of your

doors at three o'clock. I dreamed all over the evening's converſation, and ſaw the little bed in ſpite of you. In the morning I waked, very angry at your phantom for leaving me ſo abruptly.—I know you delight in my mortification. I dined with an old Beauty; ſhe appeared at the table like a Death's head enamelled. The Egyptians, you know, had ſuch things at their entertainments; but do you think they painted and patched them? However, the laſt of theſe objections was ſoon removed; for the Lady had ſo violent an appetite for a ſalmon, that ſhe quickly eat all the patches off her face. She divided the fiſh into three parts; not equal, God knows; for ſhe helped Gay to the head, me to the middle, and making the reſt much the largeſt part, took it herſelf, and cried very naively, I'll be content with my own tail.

My ſupper was as ſingular as my dinner. It was with a great Poet and Ode-maker (that is, a great poet out of his wits, or out of his way.) He came to me very hungry; not for want of a dinner (for that I ſhould make no jeſt of) but having forgot to dine. He fell moſt furiouſly on the broiled relics of a ſhoulder of mutton, commonly called a blade-bone: he profeſſed he never taſted ſo exquiſite a thing! begged me to tell him what joint it was; wondered he had never heard the name of this joint, or ſeen it at other tables; and deſired to know how he might direct his butcher to cut out the ſame for the future? And yet this man, ſo ignorant in modern butchery, has cut up half an hundred heroes, and quartered five or ſix miſerable lovers in every tragedy he has written. I have nothing more to tell you to-day.

LETTER V.

THE ANSWER.

YOU ſhould have my Day too, Sir, but indeed I ſlept it out, and ſo I will give you all that was left, my laſt Night's entertainment. You know the company. I went in late, in order to be better received; but unluckily came in, as Deuce-ace was flinging (Lord H. would ſay I came in the Nick.) The Lady coloured, and the men took the name of the Lord in vain: No body ſpoke to me, and I ſat down diſappointed; then affecting a careleſs air, gaped, and cried ſeven or eight times, *D'ye win or loſe?* I could ſafely ſay at that moment I had no temptation to any one of the ſeven, lively ſins; and in the innocent way I was, happy had it been for me, if I had died! Moralizing ſat I by the hazard-table; I looked upon the uncertainty of riches, the decay of beauty, and the craſh of worlds with as much contempt as ever Plato did. But ah! the frailty of human nature! ſome ridiculous thought came into my head, weakened my paſſions, which burſt forth into a violent laughter: I roſe from my ſeat, and not conſidering the juſt reſentments of the loſing gameſters, hurled a ball of paper croſs the table, which ſtopped the dice, and turned up ſeven inſtead of five. Curſed on all ſides, and not knowing where to fly, I threw myſelf into a chair, which I demoliſhed and never ſpoke a word after. We went to ſupper, and a lady ſaid, *Miſs G. looks prodigiouſly like a Tree.* Every body agreed to it, and I had not curioſity to aſk the meaning of that ſprightly fancy: Find it out, and let me know. Adieu; it is time to dreſs, and begin the buſineſs of the day.

LETTER VI.

IN THE STYLE OF A LADY.

PRAY what is your opinion of *Fate?* For I muſt confeſs I am one of thoſe that believe in Fate and Predeſtination.—No, I can't go ſo far as that, but I own I am of opinion one's ſtars may incline, though not compel one; and that is a ſort of free-will; for we may be able to reſiſt inclination, but not compulſion.

Don't you think they have got into the moſt prepoſterous faſhion this winter that ever was, of flouncing the petticoat ſo very deep, that it looks like an entire coat of luteſtring?

It is a little cool indeed for this time of year, but then, my dear, you'll allow it has an extreme clean pretty look.

Ay, ſo has my muſlin apron; but I would not chuſe to make it a winter ſuit of clothes.

Well now I'll ſwear, child, you have put me in mind of a very pretty dreſs; let me die if I don't think a muſlin flounce, made very full, would give one a very agreeable *Flirtation*-air.

Well, I ſwear it would be charming! and I ſhould like it of all things—Do you think there are any ſuch things as *Spirits?*

Do you believe there is any ſuch place as the Elyſian Fields? O Gad, that would be charming! I wiſh I were to go to the Elyſian fields when I die, and then I ſhould not care if I were to leave the world to-morrow: But is one to meet there with what one has loved moſt in this world?

Now you muſt tell me this poſitively. To be ſure you can, or what do I correſpond with you for, if you won't tell me all? you know I abominate Reſerve.

LETTER VII.

Bath, 1714.

YOU are to underſtand, Madam, that my paſſion for your fair ſelf and your ſiſter, has been divided with the moſt wonderful regularity in the world. Even from my infancy I have been in love with one after the other of you, week by week, and my journey to Bath fell out in the three hundred ſeventy-ſixth week of the reign of my ſovereign lady Sylvia. At the preſent writing hereof it is the three hundred eighty-ninth week of the reign of your moſt ſerene majeſty, in whoſe ſervice I was liſted ſome weeks before I beheld your ſiſter. This information will account for my writing to either of you hereafter, as either ſhall happen to be Queen-regent at that time.

Pray tell your ſiſter, all the good qualities and virtuous inclinations ſhe has, never gave me ſo much pleaſure in her converſation, as that one vice of her obſtinacy will give me mortification this month. Ratcliffe commands her to the Bath, and ſhe refuſes! indeed if I were in Berkſhire I ſhould honour her for this obſtinacy, and magnify her no leſs for diſobedience than we do the Barcelonians. But people change with the change of places (as we ſee of late) and virtues become vices when they ceaſe to be for one's intereſt, with me, as with others.

Yet let me tell her, ſhe will never look ſo finely while ſhe is upon earth, as ſhe would here in the water. It is not here as in moſt other inſtances, for thoſe ladies that would pleaſe extremely, muſt go out of their own element. She does not make half ſo good a figure on horſeback as Chriſtina Queen of Sweden; but were ſhe once ſeen in the Bath, no man would part with her for the beſt mermaid in Chriſtendom. You know I have ſeen you often, I perfectly know how you look in black

and in white, I have experienced the utmoſt you can do in colours; but all your movements, all your graceful ſteps, deſerve not half the glory you might here attain, of a moving and eaſy behaviour in buckram: Something between ſwimming and walking, free enough, and more modeſtly-half-naked than you can appear any where elſe. You have conquered enough already by land; ſhow your ambition, and vanquiſh alſo by water. The buckram I mention is a dreſs peculiarly uſeful at this time, when, we are told, they are bringing over the faſhion of German ruffs: You ought to uſe yourſelf to ſome degrees of ſtiffneſs beforehand; and when our ladies chins have been tickled a-while with ſtarched muſlin and wire, they may poſſibly bear the bruſh of a German beard and whiſker.

I could tell you a delightful ſtory of Doctor P. but want room to diſplay it in all its ſhining circumſtances. He had heard it was an excellent cure for love, to kiſs the Aunt of the perſon beloved, who is generally of years and experience enough to damp the fierceſt flame: he tried this courſe in his paſſion, and kiſſed Mrs. E—— at Mr. D——'s, but, he ſays, it will not do, and that he loves you as much as ever.

Your, etc.

LETTER VIII.

TO THE SAME.

IF you aſk how the waters agree with me, I muſt tell you, ſo very well, that I queſtion how you and I ſhould agree if we were in a room by ourſelves. Mrs. —— has honeſtly aſſured me, that but for ſome whims which ſhe cannot entirely conquer, ſhe would go and ſee the world with me in man's clothes. Even you, Madam, I fancy (if you would not partake in our adventures)

tures) would wait our coming in at the evening with ſome impatience, and be well enough pleaſed to hear them by the fireſide. That would be better than reading romances, unleſs lady M. would be our hiſtorian. What raiſes theſe deſires in me, is an acquaintance I am beginning with my Lady Sandwich, who has all the ſpirit of the laſt age, and all the gay experience of a pleaſurable life. It were as ſcandalous an omiſſion to come to the Bath and not to ſee my Lady Sandwich, as it had formerly been to have travelled to Rome without viſiting the Queen of Sweden. She is, in a word, the beſt thing this country has to boaſt of; and as ſhe has been all that a woman of ſpirit could be, ſo ſhe ſtill continues that eaſy and independent creature that a ſenſible woman always will be.

I muſt tell you a truth, which is not, however, much to my credit. I never thought ſo much of yourſelf and your ſiſter, as ſince I have been fourſcore miles diſtant from you. In the Foreſt I looked upon you as good neighbours, at London as pretty kind of women, but here as divinities, angels, goddeſſes, or what you will. In the ſame manner I never knew at what rate I valued your life, till you were upon the point of dying. If Mrs. —— and you will but fall very ſick every ſeaſon, I ſhall certainly die for you. Seriouſly I value you both ſo much, that I eſteem others much the leſs for your ſakes; you have robbed me of the pleaſure of eſteeming a thouſand pretty qualities in them, by ſhowing me ſo many finer in yourſelves. There are but two things in the world which could make you indifferent to me, which, I believe, you are not capable of, I mean ill-nature and malice. I have ſeen enough of you, not to overlook any frailty you could have, and nothing leſs than a vice could make me like you leſs. I expect you ſhould diſcover by my conduct towards you both, that this is true, and that therefore you ſhould pardon a

thouſand things in me for that one diſpoſition. Expect nothing from me but truth and freedom, and I ſhall always be thought by you what I always am,

Your, etc.

LETTER IX.

TO THE SAME.

1714.

I Returned home as ſlow and contemplative after I had parted from you, as my Lord * retired from the Court and glory to his Country ſeat and wife, a week ago. I found here a diſmal deſponding letter from the ſon of another great courtier who expects the ſame fate, and who tells me the great ones of the earth will now take it very kindly of the mean ones, if they will favour them with a viſit by day-light. With what joy would they lay down all their ſchemes of glory, did they but know you have the generoſity to drink their healths once a day, as ſoon as they are fallen? Thus the unhappy, by the ſole merit of their misfortunes, become the care of Heaven and you. I intended to have put this laſt into verſe, but in this age of ingratitude my beſt friends forſake me, I mean my rhymes.

I deſire Mrs. P—— to ſtay her ſtomach with theſe half hundred Plays, till I can procure her a Romance big enough to ſatisfy her great ſoul with adventures. As for Novels, I fear ſhe can depend upon none from me but that of my Life, which I am ſtill, as I have been, contriving all poſſible methods to ſhorten, for the greater eaſe both of the hiſtorian and the reader. May ſhe believe all the paſſion and tenderneſs expreſſed in theſe Romances to be but a faint image of what I bear her, and may you (who read nothing) take the ſame truth upon hearing it from

from me. You will both injure me very much, if you do not think me a truer friend, than ever any romantic lover, or any imitator of their ſtyle could be.

The days of beauty are as the days of greatneſs, and ſo long all the world are your adorers. I am one of thoſe unambitious people, who will love you forty years hence when your eyes begin to twinkle in a retirement, and without the vanity which every one now will take to be thought

Your, etc.

LETTER X.

THE more I examine my own mind, the more romantic I find myſelf. Methinks it is a noble ſpirit of contradiction to Fate and Fortune, not to give up thoſe that are ſnatched from us; but to follow them the more, the further they are removed from the ſenſe of it. Sure, Flattery never travelled ſo far as three thouſand miles; it is now only for Truth, which overtakes all things, to reach you at this diſtance. 'Tis a generous piece of Popery, that purſues even thoſe who are to be eternally abſent, into another world; whether you think it right or wrong, you will own the very extravagance a ſort of piety. I cannot be ſatisfied with ſtrowing flowers over you, and barely honouring you as a thing loſt: but muſt conſider you as a glorious though remote being, and be ſending addreſſes after you. You have carried away ſo much of me, that what remains is daily languiſhing and dying over my acquaintance here, and, I believe, in three or four months more I ſhall think *Aurat Bazar* [a] as good a place as *Covent Garden*. You may imagine this is raillery,

[a] At Conſtantinople.

lery, but I am really ſo far gone as to take pleaſure in reveries of this kind. Let them ſay I am romantic, ſo is every one ſaid to be, that either admires a fine thing or does one. On my conſcience, as the world goes, it is hardly worth any body's while to do one for the honour of it: Glory, the only pay of generous actions, is now as ill paid as other juſt debts; and neither Mrs. Macfarland for immolating her lover, nor you, for conſtancy to your lord, muſt ever hope to be compared to Lucretia or Portia.

I write this in ſome anger; for having, ſince you went, frequented thoſe people moſt, who ſeemed moſt in your favour, I heard nothing that concerned you talked of ſo often, as that you went away in a black full-bottomed wig; which I did not aſſert to be a bob, and was anſwered, *Love is blind.* I am perſuaded your wig had never ſuffered this criticiſm, but on the ſcore of your head, and the two eyes that are in it.

Pray, when you write to me, talk of yourſelf; there is nothing I ſo much deſire to hear of: talk a great deal of yourſelf; that ſhe who I always thought talked beſt, may ſpeak upon the beſt ſubject. The ſhrines and reliques you tell me of no way engage my curioſity; I had ten times rather go on pilgrimage to ſee one ſuch face as yours, than both St. John Baptiſt's heads. I wiſh (ſince you are grown ſo covetous of golden things) you had not only all the fine ſtatues you talk of, but even the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar ſet up, provided you were to travel no further than you could carry it.

The court of Vienna is very edifying. The ladies, with reſpect to their huſbands, ſeem to underſtand that text literally, that commands to *bear one another's burthens:* but, I fancy, many a man there is like *Iſſachar*, an *aſs* between *two burthens.* I ſhall look upon you no more as a Chriſtian, when you paſs from that charitable court to the land of jealouſy. I expect to hear an exact

account how, and at what places, you leave one of the thirty-nine articles after another, as you approach to the lands of infidelity. Pray how far are you got already? amidſt the pomp of a high maſs, and the raviſhing trills of a Sunday opera, what did you think of the doctrine and diſcipline of the church of England? had you from your heart a reverence for Sternhold and Hopkins? How did your Chriſtian virtues hold out in ſo long a voyage? you have, it ſeems (without paſſing the bounds of Chriſtendom) out-travelled the ſin of fornication: in a little time you will look upon ſome others with more patience, than the ladies here are capable of. I reckon, you will time it ſo well as to make your religion laſt to the verge of Chriſtendom, that you may diſcharge your Chaplain (as humanity requires) in a place where he may find ſome buſineſs.

I doubt not but I ſhall be told (when I come to follow you through thoſe countries) in how pretty a manner you accommodated yourſelf to the cuſtoms of the true Muſlemen. They will tell me at what town you practiſed to ſit on the Sopha, at what village you learned to fold a Turbant, where you was bathed and anointed, and where you parted with your black full-bottom. How happy muſt it be for a gay young woman, to live in a country where it is a part of religious worſhip to be *giddy-headed?* I ſhall hear at Belgrade how the good Baſhaw received you with tears of joy, how he was charmed with your agreeable manner of pronouncing the words *Allah* and *Muhamed;* and how earneſtly you joined with him in exhorting your friend to embrace that religion. But I think his objection was a juſt one, that it was attended with ſome circumſtances under which he could not properly repreſent his Britannic Majeſty.

Laſtly, I ſhall hear how, the firſt night you lay at Pera, you had a viſion of Mahomet's Paradiſe; and happily awaked without

out a ſoul, from which bleſſed moment the beautiful body was left at full liberty to perform all the agreeable functions it was made for.

I ſee I have done in this letter as I have often done in your company, talked myſelf into a good humour, when I begun in an ill one; the pleaſure of addreſſing to you makes me run on, and it is in your own power to ſhorten this letter as much as you pleaſe, by giving over when you pleaſe; ſo I will make it no longer by apologies.

LETTER XI.

YOU have aſked me news a hundred times at the firſt word you ſpoke to me, which ſome would interpret as if you expected nothing better from my lips: and truly it is not a ſign two lovers are together, when they can be ſo impertinent as to enquire what the world does. All I mean by this is, that either you or I are not in love with the other: I leave you to gueſs which of the two is that ſtupid and inſenſible creature, ſo blind to the other's excellencies and charms?

This then ſhall be a letter of news; and ſure, if you did not think me the humbleſt creature in the world, you would never imagine a Poet could dwindle to a brother of Dawks and Dyer, from a Rival of Tate and Brady.

The Earl of Oxford has behaved ſo bravely, that in this act at leaſt he might ſeem above man, if he had not juſt now voided a ſtone to prove him ſubject to human infirmities. The utmoſt weight of affliction from miniſterial power and popular hatred, were almoſt worth bearing, for the glory of ſuch a dauntleſs conduct as he has ſhewn under it.

You may ſoon have your wiſh, to enjoy the gallant fights of armies, incampments, ſtandards waving over your brother's corn-fields, and the pretty windings of the Thames ſtained with the blood of men. Your barbarity, which I have heard ſo long exclaimed againſt in town and country, may have its fill of deſtruction. I would not add one circumſtance uſual in all deſcriptions of calamity, that of the many rapes committed, or to be committed upon thoſe unfortunate women that *delight in war*. But God forgive me—in this martial age, if I could, I would buy a regiment for your ſake and Mrs. P——'s and ſome others, whom, I have cauſe to fear, no fair means will prevail upon.

Thoſe eyes, that care not how much miſchief is done, or how great ſlaughter committed, ſo they have but a fine ſhow; thoſe very female eyes, will be infinitely delighted with the camp which is ſpeedily to be formed in Hyde-park. The tents are carried thither this morning, new regiments with new clothes and furniture (far exceeding the late cloth and linen deſigned by his Grace for the ſoldiery.) The ſight of ſo many gallant fellows, with all the pomp and glare of war, yet undeformed by battles, thoſe ſcenes which England has for many years only beheld on ſtages, may poſſibly invite your curioſity to this place.

By our lateſt account from Duke-ſtreet, Weſtminſter, the converſion of T. G. Eſq; is reported in a manner ſomewhat more particular. That upon the ſeizure of his Flanders mares, he ſeemed more than ordinarily diſturbed for ſome hours, ſent for his ghoſtly father, and reſolved to bear his loſs like a Chriſtian; till about the hours of ſeven or eight the coaches and horſes of ſeveral of the Nobility paſſing by his window towards Hyde-park, he could no longer endure the diſappointment, but inſtantly went out, took the oath of Abjuration, and recovered his

his dear horſes, which carried him in triumph to the ring. The poor diſtreſſed Roman Catholicks, now unhorſed and uncharioted, cry out with the Pſalmiſt, *Some in Chariots and ſome on Horſes, but we will invocate the name of the Lord.*

I am, etc.

LETTER XII.

THE weather is too fine for any one that loves the country to leave it at this ſeaſon; when every ſmile of the ſun, like the ſmile of a coy lady, is as dear as it is uncommon: and I am ſo much in the taſte of rural pleaſures, I had rather ſee the ſun than any thing he can ſhew me, except yourſelf. I deſpiſe every fine thing in town, not excepting your new gown, till I ſee you dreſſed in it (which by the way I do not like the better for the red; the leaves, I think, are very pretty.) I am growing fit, I hope, for a better world, of which the light of the ſun is but a ſhadow: for I doubt not but God's works here, are what come neareſt to his works there; and that a true reliſh of the beauties of nature is the moſt eaſy preparation and gentleſt tranſition to an enjoyment of thoſe of heaven: as on the contrary, a true town-life of hurry, confuſion, noiſe, ſlander, and diſſention, is a ſort of apprenticeſhip to hell and its furies. I am endeavouring to put my mind into as quiet a ſituation as I can, to be ready to receive that ſtroke which, I believe, is coming upon me, and have fully reſigned myſelf to yield to it. The ſeparation of my ſoul and body is what I could think of with leſs pain; for I am very ſure he that made it will take care of it, and in whatever ſtate he pleaſes it ſhall be, that ſtate muſt be right: But I cannot think without tears of being ſeparated from my friends, when their condition is ſo doubtful, that they may want even ſuch aſſiſtance

as

as mine. Sure, it is more merciful to take from us after death all memory of what we loved or purſued here: for elſe what a torment would it be to a ſpirit, ſtill to love thoſe creatures it is quite divided from? Unleſs we ſuppoſe, that in a more exalted life, all that we eſteemed in this imperfect ſtate will affect us no more, than what we loved in our infancy concerns us now.

This is an odd way of writing to a lady, and, I am ſenſible, would throw me under a great deal of ridicule, were you to ſhow this letter among your acquaintance. But perhaps you may not yourſelf be quite a ſtranger to this way of thinking. I heartily wiſh your life may be ſo long and ſo happy, as never to let you think *quite ſo far* as I am now led to do; but, to think *a little towards it*, is what will make you the happier, and the eaſier at all times.

There are no pleaſures or amuſements that I do not wiſh you, and therefore it is no ſmall grief to me that I ſhall for the future be leſs able to partake with you in them. But let fortune do her worſt, whatever ſhe makes us loſe, as long as ſhe never makes us loſe our honeſty and our independance; I deſpiſe from my heart whoever parts with the firſt, and I pity from my ſoul whoever quits the latter.

I am grieved at Mr. G——'s condition in this laſt reſpect of dependance. He has Merit, Good-nature, and Integrity, three qualities, that I fear are too often loſt upon great men; or at leaſt are not all three a match for one which is oppoſed to them, Flattery. I wiſh it may not ſoon or late diſplace him from the favour he now poſſeſſes, and ſeems to like. I am ſure his late action deſerves eternal favour and eſteem: Lord Bathurſt was charmed with it, who came hither to ſee me before his journey. He aſked and ſpoke very particularly of you. To-morrow Mr. Forteſcue comes to me from London about B——'s ſuit in *forma pauperis*.

pauperis. That poor man looks ſtarved: he tells me you have been charitable to him. Indeed it is wanted; the poor creature can ſcarce ſtir or ſpeak; and I apprehend he will die, juſt as he gets ſomething to live upon. Adieu.

LETTER XIII.

THIS is a day of wiſhes for you, and I hope you have long known, there is not one good one which I do not form in your behalf. Every year that paſſes, I wiſh ſome things more for my friends, and ſome things leſs for myſelf. Yet were I to tell you what I wiſh for you in particular, it would be only to repeat in proſe, what I told you laſt year in rhyme (ſo ſincere is my poetry:) I can only add, that as I then wiſhed you a friend [a], I now wiſh that friend were Mrs. ——

Abſence is a ſhort kind of death; and in either, one can only wiſh, that the friends we are ſeparated from, may be happy with thoſe that are left them. I am therefore very ſolicitous that you may paſs much agreeable time together: I am ſorry to ſay I envy you no other companion; though I hope you have others that you like; and I am always pleaſed in that hope, when it is not attended with any fears on your own account.

I was troubled to leave you both, juſt as I fancied we ſhould begin to live together in the country. It was a little like dying the moment one had got all one deſired in this world. Yet I go away with one generous ſort of ſatisfaction, that what I part with, you are to inherit.

I know you would both be pleaſed to hear ſome certain news of a friend departed; to have the adventures of his paſſage, and the

[a] *To Mrs.* —— *on her Birth-day.*

"O be thou bleſt with all that Heav'n can ſend,
"Long health, long youth, long pleaſure, and a *friend.*"

the new regions through which he travelled, deſcribed; and, upon the whole, to know, that he is as happy where he now is, as while he lived among you. But indeed I (like many a poor unprepared ſoul) have ſeen nothing I like ſo well as what I left: No ſcenes of Paradiſe, no happy bowers, equal to thoſe on the banks of the Thames. Where-ever I wander, one reflection ſtrikes me: I wiſh you were as free as I; or at leaſt had a tye as tender, and as reaſonable as mine, to a relation that as well deſerved your conſtant thought, and to whom you would be always pulled back (in ſuch a manner as I am) by the heart-ſtring. I have never been well ſince I ſet out: but do not tell my mother ſo; it will trouble her too much: And as probably the ſame reaſon may prevent her ſending a true account of her health to me, I muſt deſire you to acquaint me. I would gladly hear the country air improves your own; but do not flatt r me when you are ill, that I may be the better ſatisfied when you ſay you are well: for theſe are things in which one may be ſincerer to a reaſonable friend, than to a fond and partial parent. Adieu.

LETTER XIV.

YOU cannot be ſurprized to find him a dull correſpondent whom you have known ſo long for a dull companion. And though I am pretty ſenſible, that, if I have any wit, I may as well write to ſhow it, as not; yet I will content myſelf with giving you as plain a hiſtory of my pilgrimage, as Purchas himſelf, or as John Bunyan could do of his *walking through the wilderneſs of this world*, etc.

Firſt then I went by water to Hampton-Court, unattended by all but my own virtues; which were not of ſo modeſt a nature

as to keep themſelves, or me, concealed: For I met the prince with all his ladies on horſeback, coming from hunting. Mrs. B* and Mrs. L* took me into protection (contrary to the laws againſt harbouring Papiſts) and gave me a dinner, with ſomething I liked better, an opportunity of converſation with Mrs. H*. We all agreed that the life of a Maid of Honour was of all things the moſt miſerable: and wiſhed that every woman who envied it, had a ſpecimen of it. To eat Weſtphalia-ham in a morning, ride over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks, come home in the heat of the day with a fever, and (what is worſe a hundred times) with a red mark in the forehead from an uneaſy hat; all this may qualify them to make excellent wives for fox-hunters, and bear abundance of ruddy complexioned children. As ſoon as they can wipe off the ſweat of the day, they muſt ſimper an hour and catch cold, in the Princeſs's apartment: from thence (as Shakeſpear has it) to *dinner, with what appetite they may*——and after that, till midnight, walk, work, or think, which they pleaſe. I can eaſily believe, no lone-houſe in Wales, with a mountain and a rookery, is more contemplative than this Court; and as a proof of it, I need only tell you, Mrs. L* walked with me three or four hours by moonlight, and we met no creature of any quality but the King, who gave audience to the vice-chamberlain, all alone, under the garden-wall.

In ſhort, I heard of no ball, aſſembly, baſſet-table, or any place where two or three were gathered together, except madam Kilmanſegg's, to which I had the honour to be invited, and the grace to ſtay away.

I was heartily tired, and poſted to —— park: there we had an excellent diſcourſe of quackery; Dr. S* was mentioned with honour. Lady —— walked a whole hour abroad without dying after it, at leaſt in the time I ſtayed, though ſhe ſeemed

to

to be fainting, and had convulſive motions ſeveral times in her head.

I arrived in the foreſt by Tueſday noon, having fled from the face (I wiſh I could ſay the horned face) of Moſes, who dined in the mid-way thither. I paſſed the reſt of the day in thoſe woods where I have ſo often enjoyed a book and a friend; I made a Hymn as I paſſed through, which ended with a ſigh, that I will not tell you the meaning of.

Your Doctor is gone the way of all his patients, and was hard put to it how to diſpoſe of an eſtate miſerably unwieldy, and ſplendidly unuſeful to him. Sir Samuel Garth ſays, that for Ratcliffe to leave a library, was as if a Eunuch ſhould found a Seraglio. Dr. S— lately told a Lady, he wondered ſhe could be alive after him: ſhe made anſwer, ſhe wondered at it for two reaſons, becauſe Dr. Ratcliffe was dead, and becauſe Dr. S— was living. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER XV.

NOthing could have more of that melancholy which once uſed to pleaſe me, than my laſt day's journey; for after having paſſed through my favourite woods in the foreſt, with a thouſand reveries of paſt pleaſures, I rid over hanging hills, whoſe tops were edged with groves, and whoſe feet watered with winding rivers, liſtening to the falls of cataracts below, and the murmuring of the winds above: The gloomy verdure of Stonor ſucceeded to theſe; and then the ſhades of the evening overtook me. The moon roſe in the cleareſt ſky I ever ſaw, by whoſe ſolemn light I paced on ſlowly, without company, or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reached

I reached Oxford, all the bells tolled in different notes; the clocks of every college anſwered one another, and ſounded forth (ſome in a deeper, ſome a ſofter tone) that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led ſince, among thoſe old walls, venerable galleries, ſtone porticos, ſtudious walks, and ſolitary ſcenes of the univerſity. I wanted nothing but a black gown and a ſalary, to be as mere a book-worm as any there. I conformed myſelf to the college hours, was rolled up in books, lay in one of the moſt ancient, duſky parts of the Univerſity, and was as dead to the world as any hermit of the deſart. If any thing was alive or awake in me, it was a little vanity, ſuch as even thoſe good men uſed to entertain, when the monks *of their own order* extolled their piety and abſtraction. For I found myſelf received with a ſort of reſpect, which this idle part of mankind, the learned, pay to their own ſpecies; who are as conſiderable here, as the buſy, the gay, and the ambitious are in your world.

Indeed I was treated in ſuch a manner, that I could not but ſometimes aſk myſelf in my mind, what college I was founder of, or what library I had built? Methinks, I do very ill to return to the world again, to leave the only place where I make a figure, and, from ſeeing myſelf ſeated with dignity on the moſt conſpicuous ſhelves of a library, put myſelf into the abject poſture of lying at a lady's feet in St. James's-ſquare.

I will not deny, but that, like Alexander, in the midſt of my glory I am wounded, and find myſelf a mere man. To tell you from whence the dart comes, is to no purpoſe, ſince neither of you will take the tender care to draw it out of my heart, and ſuck the poiſon with your lips.

Here, at my Lord H——'s, I ſee a creature nearer an angel than a woman (though a woman be very near as good as an angel;)

angel;) I think you have formerly heard me mention Mrs. T—— as a credit to the Maker of angels; ſhe is a relation of his lordſhip's, and he gravely propoſed her to me for a wife; being tender of her intereſts, and knowing (what is a ſhame to Providence) that ſhe is leſs indebted to fortune than I. I told him, it was what he never could have thought of, if it had not been his misfortune to be blind; and what I never could think of, while I had eyes to ſee both her and myſelf.

I muſt not conclude without telling you, that I will do the utmoſt in the affair you deſire. It would be an inexpreſſible joy to me if I could ſerve you, and I will always do all I can to give myſelf pleaſure. I wiſh as well for you as for myſelf; I am in love with you both, as much as I am with myſelf, for I find myſelf moſt ſo with either, when I leaſt ſuſpect it.

LETTER XVI.

THE chief cauſe I have to repent my leaving the town, is the uncertainty I am in every day of your ſiſter's ſtate of health. I really expected by every poſt to have heard of her recovery, but on the contrary each letter has been a new awakening to my apprehenſions, and I have ever ſince ſuffered alarms upon alarms on her account. No one can be more ſenſibly touched at this than I; nor any danger of any I love could affect me with more uneaſineſs. I have felt ſome weakneſſes of a tender kind, which I would not be free from; and I am glad to find my value for people ſo rightly placed, as to perceive them on this occaſion.

I cannot be ſo good a Chriſtian as to be willing to reſign my own happineſs here, for hers in another life. I do more than wiſh for her ſafety, for every wiſh I make I find immediately changed

into a prayer, and a more fervent one than I had learned to make till now.

May her life be longer and happier than perhaps herſelf may deſire, that is, as long and as happy as you can wiſh: May her beauty be as great as poſſible, that is, as it always was, or as yours is. But whatever ravages a mercileſs diſtemper may commit, I dare promiſe her boldly, what few (if any) of her makers of viſits and compliments dare to do: ſhe ſhall have one man as much her admirer as ever. As for your part, Madam, you have me ſo more than ever, ſince I have been a witneſs to the generous tenderneſs you have ſhewn upon this occaſion.

Your, etc.

LETTER XVII.

I AM not at all concerned to think that this letter may be leſs entertaining than ſome I have ſent: I know you are a friend that will think a kind letter as good as a diverting one. He that gives you his mirth makes a much leſs preſent than he that gives you his heart; and true friends would rather ſee ſuch thoughts as they communicate only to one another, than what they ſquander about to all the world. They who can ſet a right value upon any thing, will prize one tender, well-meant word, above all that ever made them laugh in their lives. If I did not think ſo of you, I ſhould never have taken much pains to endeavour to pleaſe you, by writing, or any thing elſe. Wit, I am ſure, I want; at leaſt in the degree that I ſee others have it, who would at all ſeaſons alike be entertaining; but I would willingly have ſome qualities that may be (at ſome ſeaſons) of more comfort to myſelf, and of more ſervice to my friends. I would cut off my own head, if it had nothing better than wit in it; and

tear out my own heart, if it had no better diſpoſitions than to love only myſelf, and laugh at all my neighbours.

I know you will think it an agreeable thing to hear that I have done a great deal of Homer. If it be tolerable, the world may thank you for it: for if I could have ſeen you every day, and imagined my company could have every day pleaſed you, I ſhould ſcarce have thought it worth my while to pleaſe the world. How many verſes could I have gladly left unfiniſhed, and turned into it, for people to ſay what they would of, had I been permitted to paſs all thoſe hours more pleaſingly? Whatever ſome may think, Fame is a thing I am much leſs covetous of than your Friendſhip; for that, I hope, will laſt all my life; the other I cannot anſwer for. What if they ſhould both grow greater after my death? alas! they would both be of no advantage to me! Therefore think upon it, and love me as well as ever you can, while I live.

Now I talk of fame, I ſend you my Temple of Fame, which is juſt come out: but my ſentiments about it you will ſee better by this Epigram.

What's Fame with Men, by cuſtom of the Nation,
Is call'd in Women only Reputation:
About them both why keep we ſuch a pother?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

LETTER XVIII.

ALL the pleaſure or uſe of familiar letters, is to give us the aſſurance of a friend's welfare; at leaſt it is all I know, who am a mortal enemy and deſpiſer of what they call fine letters. In this view, I promiſe you, it will always be a ſatisfaction to me to write letters and to receive them from you; becauſe I unfeignedly have your good at my heart, and am that thing, which many

people make only a ſubject to diſplay their fine ſentiments upon, a Friend: which is a character that admits of little to be ſaid, till ſomething may be done. Now let me fairly tell you, I do not like your ſtyle: it is very pretty, therefore I do not like it; and if you writ as well as Voiture, I would not give a farthing for ſuch letters, unleſs I were to ſell them to be printed. Methinks I have loſt the Mrs. L* I formerly knew, who writ and talked like other people (and ſometimes better.) You muſt allow me to ſay, you have not ſaid a ſenſible word in all your letter, except where you ſpeak of ſhewing kindneſs and expecting it in return: butthe addition you make about your being but two and twenty, is again in the ſtyle of wit and abomination. To ſhew you how very unſatisfactorily you write, in all your letters you have never told me how you do. Indeed I ſee it was abſolutely neceſſary for me to write to you, before you continued to take more notice of me, for I ought to tell you what you are to expect; that is to ſay, Kindneſs, which I never failed (I hope) to return; and not Wit, which if I want I am not much concerned, becauſe Judgment is a better thing; and if I had, I would make uſe of it rather to play upon thoſe I deſpiſed, than to trifle with thoſe I loved. You ſee, in ſhort, after what manner you may moſt agreeably write to me: tell me you are my friend, and you can be no more at a loſs about that article. As I have opened my mind upon this to you, it may alſo ſerve for Mr. H——, who will ſee by it what manner of letters he muſt expect if he correſponds with me. As I am too ſeriouſly yours and his ſervant to put turns upon you inſtead of good wiſhes, ſo in return I ſhould have nothing but honeſt plain How-d'ye's and Pray remember me's; which not being fit to be ſhown to any body for wit, may be a proof we correſpond only for ourſelves, in mere friendlineſs; as doth, God is my witneſs,

Your very, etc.

LETTER XIX.

IT is with infinite ſatisfaction I am made acquainted that your brother will at laſt prove your relation, and has entertained ſuch ſentiments as became him in your concern. I have been prepared for this by degrees, having ſeveral times received from Mrs. * that which is one of the greateſt pleaſures, the knowledge that others entered into my own ſentiments concerning you. I ever was of opinion that you wanted no more to be vindicated than to be known. As I have often condoled with you in your adverſities, ſo I have a right, which but few can pretend to, of congratulating on the proſpect of your better fortunes: and I hope, for the future, to have the concern I have felt for you overpaid in your felicities. Though you modeſtly ſay the world has left you, yet, I verily believe, it is coming to you again as faſt as it can: for, to give the world its due, it is always very fond of Merit when it is paſt its power to oppoſe it. Therefore, if you can, take it into favour again upon its repentance, and continue in it. But if you are reſolved in revenge to rob the world of ſo much example as you may afford it, I believe, your deſign will be vain; for even in a monaſtery your devotions cannot carry you ſo far toward the next world as to make this loſe the ſight of you; but you will be like a ſtar, that, while it is fixed to heaven, ſhines over all the earth.

Whereſoever Providence ſhall diſpoſe of the moſt valuable thing I know, I ſhall ever follow you with my ſincereſt wiſhes, and my beſt thoughts will be perpetually waiting upon you, when you never hear of me nor them. Your own guardian angels cannot be more conſtant, nor more ſilent. I beg you will never ceaſe to think me your friend, that you may not be guilty

of that which you never yet knew to commit, an injuſtice. As I have hitherto been ſo in ſpite of the world, ſo hereafter, if it be poſſible you ſhould ever be more oppoſed, and more deſerted, I ſhould only be ſo much the more

Your faithful, etc.

LETTER XX.

I CAN ſay little to recommend the letters I ſhall write to you, but that they will be the moſt impartial repreſentations of a free heart, and the trueſt copies you ever ſaw, though of a very mean original. Not a feature will be ſoftened, or any advantageous light employed to make the ugly thing a little leſs hideous; but you ſhall find it, in all reſpects, moſt horribly like. You will do me an injuſtice if you look upon any thing I ſhall ſay from this inſtant, as a compliment either to you or to myſelf: Whatever I write will be the real thought of that hour; and I know you will no more expect it of me to perſevere till death, in every ſentiment or notion I now ſet down, than you would imagine a man's face ſhould never change when once his picture was drawn.

The freedom I ſhall uſe in this manner of *thinking aloud*, may indeed prove me a fool; but it will prove me one of the beſt ſort of fools, the honeſt ones. And ſince what folly we have, will infallibly buoy up at one time or other in ſpite of all our art to keep it down; methinks, it is almoſt fooliſh to take any pains to conceal it at all, and almoſt knaviſh to do it from thoſe that are our friends. If Momus's project had taken, of having windows in our breaſts, I ſhould be for carrying it further, and making thoſe windows caſements; that while a man ſhowed his

his heart to all the world, he might do ſomething more for his friends; even give it them, and truſt it to their handling. I think I love you as well as King Herod did Herodias (though I never had ſo much as one dance with you) and would as freely give you my heart in a diſh, as he did another's head. But ſince Jupiter will not have it ſo, I muſt be content to ſhew my taſte in life, as I do my taſte in painting, by loving to have as little drapery as poſſible. Not that I think every body naked altogether ſo fine a ſight, as yourſelf and a few more would be, but becauſe it is good to uſe people to what they muſt be acquainted with; and there will certainly come ſome day of judgment or other, to uncover every ſoul of us. We ſhall than ſee that the prudes of this world owed all their fine figure only to their being ſtraiter-laced than the reſt; and that they are naturally as arrant ſquabs as thoſe that went more looſe, nay as thoſe that never girded their loins at all.——But a particular reaſon that may engage you to write your thoughts the more freely to me, is, that I am confident no one knows you better; for I find, when others expreſs their thoughts of you, they fall very ſhort of mine, and I know, at the ſame time, theirs are ſuch as you would think ſufficiently in your favour.

You may eaſily imagine how deſirous I muſt be of a correſpondence with a perſon, who had taught me long ago that it was as poſſible to eſteem at firſt ſight, as to love: and who has ſince ruined me for all the converſation of one ſex, and almoſt all the friendſhip of the other. I am but too ſenſible through your means, that the company of men wants a certain ſoftneſs to recommend it, and that of women wants every thing elſe. How often have I been quietly going to take poſſeſſion of that tranquillity and indolence I had ſo long found in the Country; when one evening of your converſation has ſpoiled me for a Solitaire!

Books

Books have loſt their effect upon me, and I was convinced ſince I ſaw you, that there is one alive wiſer than all the ſages. A plague of female wiſdom! it makes a man ten times more uneaſy than his own. What is very ſtrange, Virtue herſelf (when you have the dreſſing her) is too amiable for one's repoſe. You might have done a world of good in your time, if you had allowed half the fine gentlemen who have ſeen you, to have converſed with you; they would have been ſtrangely bit, while they thought only to fall in love with a fair lady, and you had bewitched them with Reaſon and Virtue (two beauties that the very fops pretend to no acquaintance with.)

The unhappy diſtance at which we correſpond, removes a great many of thoſe reſtrictions and punctilious decorums, that oftentimes in nearer converſation prejudice truth, to ſave good-breeding. I may now hear of my faults, and you of your good qualities, without a bluſh; we converſe upon ſuch unfortunate generous terms, as exclude the regards of fear, ſhame, or deſign, in either of us. And, methinks it would be as paltry a part, to impoſe (even in a ſingle thought) upon each other in this ſtate of ſeparation, as for ſpirits of a different ſphere, who have ſo little intercourſe with us, to employ that little (as ſome would make us think they do) in putting tricks and deluſions upon poor mortals.

Let me begin then, Madam, by aſking you a queſtion, that may enable me to judge better of my own conduct than moſt inſtances of my life. In what manner did I behave in the laſt hour I ſaw you? What degree of concern did I diſcover when I felt a misfortune, which, I hope, you will never feel, that of parting from what one moſt eſteems? for if my parting looked but like that of your common acquaintance, I am the greateſt of all the hypocrites that ever decency made.

I never

I never ſince paſs by your houſe but with the ſame ſort of melancholy that we feel upon ſeeing the tomb of a friend, which only ſerves to put us in mind of what we have loſt. I reflect upon the circumſtances of your departure, which I was there a witneſs of (your behaviour in what I may call your laſt moments) and I indulge a gloomy kind of pleaſure in thinking that thoſe laſt moments were given to me. I would fain imagine that this was not accidental, but proceeded from a penetration, which, I know, you have, in finding out the truth of people's ſentiments; and that you were willing, the laſt man that *would have* parted from you, ſhould be the laſt that *did*. I really looked upon you juſt as the friends of Curtius might have done upon that Hero, at the inſtant when he was devoting himſelf to glory, and running to be loſt out of generoſity: I was obliged to admire your reſolution, in as great a degree as I deplored it; and had only to wiſh, that Heaven would reward ſo much virtue as was to be taken from us, with all the felicities it could enjoy elſewhere!

I am, etc.

LETTER XXI.

I CAN never have too many of your letters. I am angry at every ſcrap of paper loſt, and though it is but an odd compliment to compare a fine lady to a Sibyl, your leaves, methinks, like hers, are too good to be committed to the winds; though I have no other way of receiving them but by thoſe unfaithful meſſengers. I have had but three, and I reckon that ſhort one from D——, which was rather a dying ejaculation than a letter.

You have contrived to ſay in your laſt the two things moſt pleaſing to me: The firſt, that whatever be the fate of your

letters, you will continue to write in the diſcharge of your conſcience. The other is, the juſtice you do me, in taking what I write to you, in the ſerious manner it was meant; it is the point upon which I can bear no ſuſpicion, and in which, above all, I deſire to be thought ſerious. It would be vexatious indeed, if you ſhould pretend to take that for wit, which is no more than the natural overflowing of a heart improved by an eſteem for you: but ſince you tell me you believe me, I fancy my expreſſions have not been entirely unfaithful to my thoughts.

May your faith be encreaſed in all truths, that are as great as this; and depend upon it, to whatever degree it may extend, you never can be a bigot.

If you could ſee the heart I talk of, you would really think it a fooliſh good kind of thing, with ſome qualities as well-deſerving to be half-laughed at, and half eſteemed, as moſt hearts in the world.

Its grand *foible* in regard to you, is the moſt like Reaſon of any *foible* in nature. Upon my word this heart is not like a great warehouſe, ſtored only with my own goods, or with empty ſpaces to be ſupplied as faſt as Intereſt or Ambition can fill them: but is every inch of it lett out into lodgings for its friends, and ſhall never want a corner where your idea will always lie as warm, and as cloſe, as any idea in Chriſtendom.

If this diſtance (as you are ſo kind as to ſay) enlarges your belief of my friendſhip, I aſſure you, it has ſo extended my notion of your value, that I begin to be impious upon that account, and to wiſh that even ſlaughter, ruin, and deſolation may interpoſe between you and the place you deſign for; and that you were reſtored to us at the expence of a whole people.

Is there no expedient to return you in peace to the boſom of your country? I hear you are come as far as —: do you only look

back

back to die twice? is Eurydice once more ſnatched to the ſhades? If ever mortal had reaſon to hate the King, it is I, whoſe particular misfortune it is, to be almoſt the only innocent perſon he has made to ſuffer; both by his Government at home, and his Negotiations abroad.

If you muſt go from us, I wiſh at leaſt you might paſs to your baniſhment by the moſt pleaſant way; that all the road might be roſes and myrtles, and a thouſand objects riſe round you, agreeable enough to make England leſs deſirable to you. It is not now my intereſt to wiſh England agreeable: It is highly probable it may uſe me ill enough to drive me from it. Can I think that place my country, where I cannot now call a foot of paternal *Earth* my own? Yet it may ſeem ſome alleviation, that when the wiſeſt thing I can do is to leave my country, what was moſt agreeable in it ſhould firſt be ſnatched away from it.

I could overtake you with pleaſure in ——, and make that tour in your company. Every reaſonable entertainment and beautiful view would be doubly engaging when you partook of it. I ſhould at leaſt attend you to the ſea coaſts, and caſt a laſt look after the ſails that tranſported you. But perhaps I might care as little to ſtay behind you; and be full as uneaſy to live in a country where I ſaw others perſecuted by the rogues of my own religion, as where I was perſecuted myſelf by the rogues of yours. And it is not impoſſible I might run into Aſia in ſearch of liberty; for who would not rather live a freeman among a nation of ſlaves, than a ſlave among a nation of freemen?

In good earneſt, if I knew your motions, and your exact time; I verily think, I ſhould be once more happy in a ſight of you next ſpring.

I will conclude with a wiſh, God ſend you with us, or me with you.

LETTER XXII.

YOU will find me more troubleſome than ever Brutus did his evil Genius; I ſhall meet you in more places than one, and often refreſh yourmemory before you arrive at your Philippi. Theſe ſhadows of me (my letters) will be haunting you from time to time, and putting you in mind of the man who has really ſuffered very much from you, and whom you have robbed of the moſt valuable of his enjoyments, your converſation. The advantage of hearing your ſentiments by diſcovering mine, was what I always thought a great one, and even worth the riſque I generally run of manifeſting my own indiſcretion. You then rewarded my truſt in you the moment it was given, for you pleaſed and informed me the minute you anſwered. I muſt now be contented with more ſlow returns. However, it is ſome pleaſure, that your thoughts upon paper will be a more laſting poſſeſſion to me, and that I ſhall no longer have cauſe to complain of a loſs I have ſo often regretted, that of any thing you ſaid, which I happened to forget. In earneſt, Madam, if I were to write to you as often as I think of you, it muſt be every day of my life. I attend you in ſpirit through all your ways, I follow you through every ſtage in books of travels, and fear for you through whole folio's; you make me ſhrink at the paſt dangers of dead travellers; and if I read of a delightful proſpect, or agreeable place, I hope it yet ſubſiſts to pleaſe you. I enquire the roads, the amuſements, the company, of every town and country though which you paſs, with as much diligence, as if I were to ſet out next week to overtake you. In a word, no one can have you more conſtantly in mind, not even your Guardian-angel (if you have one) and I am willing to indulge ſo much popery as to fancy ſome Being takes care of you, who knows your

your value better than you do yourſelf: I am willing to think that Heaven never gave ſo much ſelf-neglect and reſolution to a woman, to occaſion her calamity; but am pious enough to believe thoſe qualities muſt be intended to conduce to her benefit and her glory.

Your firſt ſhort letter only ſerves to ſhow me you are alive: it puts me in mind of the firſt dove that returned to Noah, and juſt made him know it had found no reſt abroad.

There is nothing in it that pleaſes me, but when you tell me you had no ſea-ſickneſs. I beg your next may give me all the pleaſure it can, that is, tell me any that you receive. You can make no diſcoveries that will be half ſo valuable to me as thoſe of your own mind. Nothing that regards the ſtates or kingdoms you paſs through, will engage ſo much of my curioſity or concern, as what relates to yourſelf: Your welfare, to ſay truth, is more at my heart than that of Chriſtendom.

I am ſure I may defend the truth, though perhaps not the virtue, of this declaration. One is ignorant, or doubtful at beſt, of the merits of differing religions and governments: but private virtues one can be ſure of. I therefore know what particular Perſon has deſert enough to merit being happier than others, but not what Nation deſerves to conquer or oppreſs another. You will ſay, I am not *publick-ſpirited;* let it be ſo, I may have too many tenderneſſes, particular regards, or narrow views; but at the ſame time I am certain that whoever wants theſe, can never have a Publick ſpirit; for (as a friend of mine ſays) how is it poſſible for that man to love twenty thouſand people, who never loved one?

I communicated your letter to Mr. C——; he thinks of you and talks of you as he ought, I mean as I do, and one always thinks that to be juſt as it ought. His health and mine are now ſo

good, that we wiſh with all our ſouls you were a witneſs of it. We never meet but we lament over you: we pay a kind of weekly rites to your memory, where we ſtrow flowers of rhetoric, and offer ſuch libations to your name as it would be profane to call Toaſting. The Duke of B——m is ſometimes the High Prieſt of your praiſes; and upon the whole, I believe there are as few men that are not ſorry at your departure, as women that are; for, you know, moſt of your ſex want good ſenſe, and therefore muſt want generoſity: You have ſo much of both, that, I am ſure, you pardon them; for one cannot but forgive whatever one deſpiſes. For my part I hate a great many women for your ſake, and undervalue all the reſt. 'Tis you are to blame, and may God revenge it upon you, with all thoſe bleſſings and earthly proſperities, which, the Divines tell us, are the cauſe of our perdition; for if he makes you happy in this world, I dare truſt your own virtue to do it in the other. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER XXIII.

TO MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR.

ON HER MARRIAGE.

YOU are by this time ſatisfied how much the tenderneſs of one man of merit is to be preferred to the addreſſes of a thouſand. And by this time the gentleman you have made choice of is ſenſible, how great is the joy of having all thoſe charms and good qualities which have pleaſed ſo many, now applied to pleaſe one only. It was but juſt, that the ſame Virtues which gave you reputation, ſhould give you happineſs; and

and I can wiſh you no greater, than that you may receive it in as high a degree yourſelf, as ſo much good humour muſt infallibly give it to your huſband.

It may be expected, perhaps, that one who has the title of Poet ſhould ſay ſomething more polite on this occaſion: But I am really more a well-wiſher to your felicity, than a celebrater of your beauty. Beſides, you are now a married woman, and in a way to be a great many better things than a fine lady; ſuch as an excellent wife, a faithful friend, a tender parent, and at laſt, as the conſequence of them all, a ſaint in heaven. You ought now to hear nothing but that, which was all you ever deſired to hear (whatever others may have ſpoken to you) I mean Truth: and it is with the utmoſt that I aſſure you, no friend you have can more rejoice in any good that befals you, is more ſincerely delighted with the proſpect of your future happineſs, or more unfeignedly deſires a long continuance of it.

I hope you will think it but juſt, that a man who will certainly be ſpoken of as your admirer, after he is dead, may have the happineſs to be eſteemed, while he is living,

Your, etc.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL*.

FROM THE YEAR MDCCV TO MDCCXVI.

LETTER I.

SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL TO MR. POPE.

SIR, Oct. 19, 1705.

I Return you the Book you were pleaſed to ſend me, and with it your obliging letter, which deſerves my particular acknowledgment: for, next to the pleaſure of enjoying the company of ſo good a friend, the welcomeſt thing to me is to hear from him. I expected to find, what I have met with, an admirable genius in thoſe Poems, not only becauſe they were Milton's †, or were approved by Sir Hen. Wooton, but becauſe you had commended them; and give me leave to tell you, that I know no body ſo like to equal him, even at the age he wrote moſt of them, as yourſelf. Only do not afford more cauſe of complaints againſt you, that you ſuffer nothing of yours to come abroad; which in this age, wherein wit and true ſenſe is more ſcarce than money, is a piece of ſuch cruelty

* Secretary of State to King William the Third. P.

† L'Allegro, Il Penſeroſo, Lycidas, and the Maſque of Comus. P.

cruelty as your beſt friends can hardly pardon. I hope you will repent and amend; I could offer many reaſons to this purpoſe, and ſuch as you cannot anſwer with any ſincerity; but that I dare not enlarge; for fear of engaging in a ſtyle of Compliment, which has been ſo abuſed by fools and knaves, that it is become almoſt ſcandalous. I conclude therefore with an aſſurance which ſhall never vary, of my being ever, etc.

LETTER II.

SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL TO MR. POPE.

April 9, 1708.

I HAVE this moment received the favour of yours of the 8th inſtant; and will make you a true excuſe (tho' perhaps no very good one) that I deferred the troubling you with a letter, when I ſent back your papers, in hopes of ſeeing you at Binfield before this time. If I had met with any fault in your performance, I ſhould freely now (as I have done too preſumptuouſly in converſation with you) tell you my opinion; which I have frequently ventured to give you, rather in compliance with your deſires than that I could think it reaſonable. For I am not yet ſatisfied upon what grounds I can pretend to judge of poetry, who never have been practiſed in the art. There may poſſibly be ſome happy genius's, who may judge of ſome of the natural beauties of a poem, as a man may of the proportions of a building, without having read Vitruvius, or knowing any thing of the rules of architecture; but this, though it may ſometimes be in the right, muſt be ſubject to many miſtakes, and is certainly but a ſuperficial knowledge; without entring into the art, the methods,

thods, and the particular excellencies of the whole compoſure, in all the parts of it.

Beſides my want of ſkill, I have another reaſon why I ought to ſuſpect myſelf, by reaſon of the great affection I have for you; which might give too much bias to be kind to every thing that comes from you. But, after all, I muſt ſay (and I do it with an old faſhioned ſincerity) that I entirely approve of your tranſlation of thoſe pieces of Homer, both as to the verſification and the true ſenſe that ſhines through the whole: nay I am confirmed in my former application to you, and give me leave to renew it upon this occaſion, that you would proceed in tranſlating that incomparable Poet, to make him ſpeak good Engliſh, to dreſs his admirable characters in your proper, ſignificant, and expreſſive conceptions, and to make his works as uſeful and inſtructive to this degenerate age, as he was to our friend Horace, when he read him at *Praeneſte: Qui, quid ſit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non*, etc. I break off with that *quid non?* with which I confeſs I am charmed.

Upon the whole matter I intreat you to ſend this preſently to be added to the Miſcellanies, and I hope it will come time enough for that purpoſe.

I have nothing to ſay of my Nephew B——'s obſervations, for he ſent them to me ſo late, that I had not time to conſider them; I dare ſay he endeavoured very faithfully (though, he told me, very haſtily) to execute your commands.

All I can add is, that if your exceſs of modeſty ſhould hinder you from publiſhing this Eſſay, I ſhall only be ſorry that I have no more credit with you, to perſuade you to oblige the public, and very particularly, dear Sir, Your etc.

LETTER III.

SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL TO MR. POPE.

March 6, 1713.

I Think a haſty ſcribble ſhows more what flows from the heart, than a letter after Balzac's manner in ſtudied phraſes; therefore I will tell you as faſt as I can, that I have received your favour of the 26th paſt, with your kind preſent of The Rape of the Lock. You have given me the trueſt ſatisfaction imaginable not only in making good the juſt opinion I have ever had of your reach of thought, and my Idea of your comprehenſive genius; but likewiſe in that pleaſure I take as an Engliſhman to ſee the French, even Boileau himſelf in his Lutrin, out-done in your poem; for you deſcend, *leviore plectro*, to all the nicer touches, that your own obſervation and wit furniſh, on ſuch a ſubject as requires the fineſt ſtrokes and the livelieſt imagination. But I muſt ſay no more (though I could a great deal) on what pleaſes me ſo much: and henceforth, I hope, you will never condemn me of partiality, ſince I only ſwim with the ſtream, and approve of what all men of good taſte (notwithſtanding the jarring of parties) muſt and do univerſally applaud. I now come to what is of vaſt moment, I mean the preſervation of your health, and beg of you earneſtly to get out of all Tavern-company, and fly away *tanquam ex incendio*. What a miſery is it for you to be deſtroyed by the fooliſh kindneſs (it is all one whether real or pretended) of thoſe who are able to bear the poiſon of bad wine, and to engage you in ſo unequal a combat? As to Homer, by all I can learn, your buſineſs is done: therefore come away and take a little time to breathe in the country. I beg now for my own ſake, and much more for yours; methinks Mr. —— has ſaid to you more than once,

Heu fuge, nate dea, teque his, ait, eripe flammis!

I am Your, etc.

LETTER IV.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

March 12, 1713.

THough any thing you write is ſure to be a pleaſure to me, yet I muſt own your laſt letter made me uneaſy; you really uſe a ſtyle of compliment, which I expect as little as I deſerve it. I know it is a common opinion that a young ſcribler is as ill pleaſed to hear truth as a young lady. From the moment one ſets up for an author, one muſt be treated as ceremoniouſly, that is as unfaithfully,

As a King's Favourite, or as a King.

This proceeding, joined to that natural vanity which firſt makes a man an author, is certainly enough to render him a coxcomb for life. But I muſt grant it is a juſt judgment upon poets, that they, whoſe chief pretence is Wit, ſhould be treated as they themſelves treat Fools, that is, be cajoled with praiſes. And, I believe, Poets are the only poor fellows in the world whom any body will flatter.

I would not be thought to ſay this, as if the obliging letter you ſent me deſerved this imputation, only it put me in mind of it; and I fancy one may apply to one's friend what Caeſar ſaid of his wife; " It was not ſufficient that he knew her to be " chaſte himſelf, but ſhe ſhould not be ſo much as ſuſpected."

As to the wonderful diſcoveries, and all the good news you are pleaſed to tell me of myſelf, I treat it, as you who are in the ſecret, treat common news, as groundleſs reports of things at a diſtance: which I, who look into the true ſprings of the affair, in my own breaſt, know to have no foundation at all. For Fame, though it be (as Milton finely calls it) *the laſt infirmity of*

noble minds, is ſcarce ſo ſtrong a temptation as to warrant our loſs of time here: it can never make us lie down contentedly on a death-bed, (as ſome of the Ancients are ſaid to have done with that thought.) You, Sir, have yourſelf taught me, that an eaſy ſituation at that hour can proceed from no ambition leſs noble than that of an eternal felicity, which is unattainable by the ſtrongeſt endeavours of the wit, but may be gained by the ſincere intentions of the heart only. As in the next world, ſo in this, the only ſolid bleſſings are owing to the goodneſs of the mind, not the extent of the capacity: friendſhip here is an emanation from the ſame ſource as beatitude is there: the ſame benevolence and grateful diſpoſition that qualifies us for the one, if extended further, makes us partakers of the other. The utmoſt point of my deſires in my preſent ſtate terminates in the ſociety and good-will of worthy men, which I look upon as no ill earneſt and foretaſte of the ſociety and alliance of happy ſouls hereafter.

The continuance of your favours to me is what not only makes me happy, but cauſes me to ſet ſome value upon myſelf as a part of your care. The inſtances I daily meet with of theſe agreeable awakenings of friendſhip, are of too pleaſing a nature not to be acknowledged whenever I think of you. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER V.

April 30, 1713.

I Have been almoſt every day employed in following your advice, and amuſing myſelf in painting, in which I am moſt particularly obliged to Mr. Jervas, who gives me daily inſtructions and examples. As to poetical affairs, I am content at preſent

ſent to be a bare looker-on, and from a practitioner turn an admirer, which is (as the world goes) not very uſual. Cato was not ſo much the wonder of Rome in his days, as he is of Britain in ours; and though all the fooliſh induſtry poſſible has been uſed to make it thought a party-play, yet what the author once ſaid of another may the moſt properly in the world be applied to him, on this occaſion.

Envy itſelf is dumb, in wonder loſt,
And Factions ſtrive who ſhall applaud him moſt.

The numerous and violent claps of the Whig-party on the one ſide of the theatre, were echoed back by the Tories on the other; while the author ſweated behind the ſcenes with concern to find their applauſe proceeding more from the hand than the head. This was the caſe too of the prologue writer[a], who was clapped into a ſtanch Whig, at almoſt every two lines. I believe you have heard, that after all the applauſes of the oppoſite faction, my Lord Bolingbroke ſent for Booth, who played Cato, into the Box, between one of the acts, and preſented him with fifty guineas; in acknowledgment (as he expreſſed it) for defending the cauſe of liberty ſo well againſt a Perpetual Dictator. The Whigs are unwilling to be diſtanced this way, and therefore deſign a preſent to the ſame Cato very ſpeedily; in the mean time they are getting ready as good a ſentence as the former on their ſide: ſo betwixt them, it is probable that Cato (as Dr. Garth expreſſed it) may have ſomething to live upon, after he dies. I am

Your, etc.

[a] Himſelf.

LETTER VI.

FROM SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

Eaſthamſtead, Feb. 22, 1714-15.

I AM ſenſibly obliged, dear Sir, by your kind preſent of the *Temple of Fame*, into which you are already entered, and I dare prophecy for once (though I am not much given to it) that you will continue there, with thoſe,

Who ever new, not ſubject to decays,
Spread and grow brighter with the length of days.

There was nothing wanting to complete your obliging remembrance of me, but your accompanying it with your poem; your long abſence being much the ſevereſt part of the winter. I am truly ſorry that your time, which you can employ ſo much better, ſhould be ſpent in the drudgery of correcting the printers; for as to what you have done yourſelf, there will nothing of that nature be neceſſary. I wiſh you could find a few minutes leiſure to let me hear from you ſometimes, and to acquaint me how your Homer draws on towards a publication, and all things relating thereunto.

I intreat you to return my humble ſervice to Mr. Jervas. I ſtill flatter myſelf that he will take an opportunity, in a proper ſeaſon, to ſee us, and review his picture, and then to alter ſome things ſo as to pleaſe himſelf; which I know will not be, till every thing in it is perfect; no more than I can be, till you believe me to be with that ſincerity and eſteem, that I am, and will ever continue, your moſt faithful friend.

LETTER VII.

Dec. 16, 1715.

IT was one of the Enigmas of Pythagoras, " When the Winds " riſe, worſhip the Echo." A modern writer explains this to ſignify, " When popular tumults begin, retire to ſolitudes, or " ſuch places where Echo's are commonly found, rocks, woods, " etc." I am rather of opinion it ſhould be interpreted, " When " rumours increaſe, and when there is abundance of noiſe and " clamour, believe the ſecond report:" This I think agrees more exactly with the echo, and is the more natural application of the ſymbol. However it be, either of theſe precepts is extremely proper to be followed at this ſeaſon; and I cannot but applaud your reſolution of continuing in what you call your cave in the foreſt, this winter; and preferring the noiſe of breaking ice to that of breaking ſtateſmen, the rage of ſtorms to that of parties, the fury and ravage of floods and tempeſts, to the precipitancy of ſome, and the ruin of others, which, I fear, will be our daily proſpects in London.

I ſincerely wiſh myſelf with you, to contemplate the wonders of God in the firmament, rather than the madneſs of man on the earth. But I never had ſo much cauſe as now to complain of my poetical ſtar, that fixes me, at this tumultuous time, to attend the gingling of rhymes and the meaſuring of ſyllables: to be almoſt the only trifler in the nation; and as ridiculous as the poet in Petronius, who, while all the reſt in the ſhip were either labouring or praying for life, was ſcratching his head in a little room, to write a fine deſcription of the tempeſt.

You tell me, you like the ſound of no arms but thoſe of Achilles: for my part I like them as little as any other arms. I liſted

liſted myſelf in the battles of Homer, and I am no ſooner in war, but like moſt other folks, I wiſh myſelf out again.

I heartily join with you in wiſhing Quiet to our native country: Quiet in the ſtate, which, like Charity in religion, is too much the perfection and happineſs of either, to be broken or violated, on any pretence or proſpect whatſoever. Fire and ſword, and fire and faggot, are equally my averſion. I can pray for oppoſite parties, and for oppoſite religions, with great ſincerity. I think to be a lover of one's country is a glorious elogy, but I do not think it ſo great an one as to be a lover of mankind.

I ſometimes celebrate you under theſe denominations, and join your health with that of the whole world; a truly catholic health, which far excels the poor narrow-ſpirited, ridiculous healths now in faſhion, to this church, or that church. Whatever our teachers may ſay, they muſt give us leave at leaſt to wiſh generouſly. Theſe, dear Sir, are my general diſpoſitions; but whenever I pray or wiſh for particulars, you are one of the firſt in the thoughts and affections of

Your, etc.

LETTER VIII.

FROM SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

Jan. 19, 1715-16.

I Should be aſhamed of my long idleneſs, in not acknowledging your kind advice about Echo, and your moſt ingenious explanation of it relating to popular tumults! which I own to be very uſeful; and yet give me leave to tell you, that I keep myſelf

myſelf to a ſhorter receipt of the ſame Pythagoras, which is Silence; and this I ſhall obſerve, if not the whole time of his diſcipline, yet at leaſt till your return into this country. I am obliged further to this method, by the moſt ſevere weather I ever felt; when, though I keep as near the fire-ſide as may be, yet *gelidùs concrevit frigore ſanguis;* and often I apprehend the circulation of the blood begins to be ſtopped. I have further great loſſes (to a poor farmer) of my poor oxen—*Intereunt pecudes, ſtant circumfuſa pruinis Corpora magna boum,* etc.

Pray comfort me if you can, by telling me that your ſecond volume of Homer is not frozen; for it muſt be expreſſed very poetically, to ſay now, that the preſſes ſweat.

I cannot forbear to add a piece of artifice I have been guilty of on occaſion of my being obliged to congratulate the birth-day of a friend of mine; when finding I had no materials of my own, I very frankly ſent him your imitation of Martial's epigram on *Antonius Primus* [a]. This has been applauded ſo much, that I am in danger of commencing Poet, perhaps laureat, (pray deſire my good friend Mr. Rowe to enter a caveat) provided you will further increaſe my ſtock in this bank. In which proceeding

[a] *Jam numerat placido felix Antonius aevo, etc.*

At length my Friend (while Time with ſtill career
Wafts on his gentle wing his eightieth year)
Sees his paſt days ſafe out of Fortune's pow'r,
Nor dreads approaching Fate's uncertain hour;
Reviews his life, and in the ſtrict ſurvey
Finds not one moment he could wiſh away,
Pleas'd with the ſeries of each happy day.
Such, ſuch a man extends his life's ſhort ſpace,
And from the goal again renews the race:
For he lives twice, who can at once employ
The preſent well, and ev'n the paſt enjoy. P.

ing I have laid the foundation of my eſtate, and as honeſtly, as many others have begun theirs. But now being a little fearful, as young beginners often are, I offer to you (for I have concealed the true author) whether you will give me orders to declare who is the father of this fine child or not? Whatever you determine, my fingers, pen, and ink are ſo frozen, that I cannot thank you more at large. You will forgive this and all other faults of, Dear Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

SEVERAL PERSONS.

FROM MDCCXI TO MDCCXIV.

LETTER I.

TO THE HON. J. C. ESQ.

June 15, 1711.

I Send you Dennis's remarks on the [a] Eſſay; which equally abound in juſt criticiſms and fine railleries. The few obſervations in my hand in the margins, are what a morning's leiſure permitted me to make purely for your peruſal. For I am of opinion that ſuch a critic, as you will find him by the latter part of his Book, is but one way to be properly anſwered, and that way I would not take after what he informs me in his preface, that he is at this time perſecuted by fortune. This I knew not before; if I had, his name had been ſpared in the Eſſay, for that only reaſon. I cannot conceive what ground he has for ſo exceſſive a reſentment; nor imagine how theſe [b] three lines can

[a] On Criticiſm.

[b] But Appius reddens at each word you ſpeak,
And ſtares tremendous with a threat'ning eye,
Like ſome fierce tyrant in old tapeſtry.

can be called a reflection on his perſon, which only deſcribe him ſubject a little to anger on ſome occaſions. I have heard of combatants ſo very furious, as to fall down themſelves with that very blow which they deſigned to lay heavy on their antagoniſt. But if Mr. Dennis's rage proceeds only from a zeal to diſcourage young and unexperienced writers from ſcribling, he ſhould frighten us with his verſe, not proſe: for I have often known, that, when all the precepts in the world would not reclaim a ſinner, ſome very ſad example has done the buſineſs. Yet to give this man his due, he has objected to one or two lines with reaſon, and I will alter them in caſe of another edition; I will make my enemy do me a kindneſs where he meant an injury, and ſo ſerve inſtead of a friend. What he obſerves at the bottom of page 20 of his reflections, was objected to by yourſelf, and had been mended but for the haſte of the preſs: I confeſs it what the Engliſh call a Bull, in the expreſſion, though the ſenſe be manifeſt enough: Mr. Dennis's Bulls are ſeldom in the expreſſion, they are generally in the ſenſe.

I ſhall certainly never make the leaſt reply to him; not only becauſe you adviſe me, but becauſe I have ever been of opinion, that, if a book cannot anſwer for itſelf to the public, it is to no ſort of purpoſe for its author to do it [c]. If I am wrong in any ſentiment of that Eſſay, I proteſt ſincerely, I do not deſire all the world ſhould be deceived (which would be of very ill conſequence) merely that I myſelf may be thought right (which is of very little conſequence.) I would be the firſt to recant, for the benefit

[c] In works of Poetry and Amuſement, and generally in whatever concerns the *Compoſition* of a book, this rule is a very good one. In controverted *Opinions* the caſe is different. The advancement of truth, or the defence of an Author's honeſt fame, may ſometimes make it neceſſary, or expedient for him, to anſwer the objections made to his book.

benefit of others, and the glory of myſelf; for (as I take it) when a man owns himſelf to have been in an error, he does but tell you in other words, that he is wiſer than he was. But I have had an advantage by the publiſhing that book, which otherwiſe I never ſhould have known; it has been the occaſion of making me friends and open abettors, of ſeveral gentlemen of known ſenſe and wit; and of proving to me what I have till now doubted, that my writings are taken ſome notice of by the world, or I ſhould never be attacked thus in particular. I have read that it was a cuſtom among the *Romans*, while a General rode in triumph, to have the common ſoldiers in the ſtreets that railed at him and reproached him; to put him in mind, that though his ſervices were in the main approved and rewarded, yet he had faults enough to keep him humble.

You will ſee by this, that whoever ſets up for wit in theſe days ought to have the conſtancy of a primitive Chriſtian, and be prepared to ſuffer martyrdom in the cauſe of it. But ſure this is the firſt time that a Wit was attacked for his *Religion*, as, you will find, I am moſt zealouſly in this treatiſe; and you know, Sir, what alarms I have had from the [d] oppoſite ſide on this account. Have I not reaſon to cry out with the poor fellow in *Virgil*,

Quid jam miſero mihi denique reſtat?
Cui neque apud Danaos *uſquam locus, et ſuper ipſi*
Dardanidae *infenſi poenas cum ſanguine poſcunt!*

It is however my happineſs that you, Sir, are impartial,

Jove *was alike to* Latian *and to* Phrygian,
For you well know, that Wit's of no Religion.

The manner in which Mr. D. takes to pieces ſeveral particular lines, detached from their natural places, may ſhew how eaſy it is

[d] See the enſuing Letter.

is to a caviller to give a new ſenſe, or a new nonſenſe to any thing. And indeed his conſtructions are not more wreſted from the genuine meaning, than theirs who objected to the heterodox parts, as they call them.

Our friend the Abbe is not of that ſort, who with the utmoſt candour and freedom has modeſtly told me what others thought, and ſhewn himſelf one (as he very well expreſſes it) rather of a number than a party. The only difference between us in relation to the Monks, is, that he thinks moſt ſorts of learning flouriſhed among them, and I am of opinion, that only ſome ſort of learning was barely kept alive by them: he believes that in the moſt natural and obvious ſenſe, that line (A ſecond deluge learning over-run) will be underſtood of learning in general; and I fancy it will be underſtood only (as it is meant) of polite learning, criticiſm, poetry, etc. which is the only learning concerned in the ſubject of the Eſſay. It is true, that the monks did preſerve what learning there was, about Nicholas the fifth's time; but thoſe who ſucceeded fell into the depth of barbariſm, or at leaſt ſtood at a ſtay while others aroſe from thence, inſomuch that even Eraſmus and Reuchlin could hardly laugh them out of it. I am highly obliged to the Abbe's zeal in my commendation, and goodneſs in not concealing what he thinks my error. And his teſtifying ſome eſteem for the book juſt at a time when his brethren raiſed a clamour againſt it, is an inſtance of great generoſity and candour, which I ſhall ever acknowledge.

Your, etc.

LETTER II.

TO THE SAME.

June 18, 1711.

IN your laſt you informed me of the miſtaken zeal of ſome people, who ſeem to make it no leſs their buſineſs to perſuade men they are erroneous, than doctors do that they are ſick; only that they may magnify their own cure, and triumph over an imaginary diſtemper. The ſimile objected to in my Eſſay,

(Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
To one ſmall ſect, and all are damn'd beſide.)

plainly concludes at this ſecond line, where ſtands a full ſtop: and what follows *(Meanly they ſeek,* etc.) ſpeaks only of wit (which is meant by that bleſſing, and that ſun) for how can the ſun of faith be ſaid to ſublime the ſouthern wits, and to ripen the genius's of northern climates? I fear, theſe gentlemen underſtand grammar as little as they do criticiſm: and, perhaps, out of good-nature to the monks, are willing to take from them the cenſure of ignorance, and to have it to themſelves. The word *they* refers (as, I am ſure, I meant, and as I thought every one muſt have known) to thoſe Critics there ſpoken of, who are partial to ſome particular ſet of writers, to the prejudice of all others. And the very ſimile itſelf, if twice read, may convince them, that the cenſure here of damning, lies not on our church at all, unleſs they call our church *one ſmall ſect:* and the cautious words *(by each man)* manifeſtly ſhow it a general reflection on all ſuch (whoever they are) who entertain thoſe narrow and limited notions of the mercy of the Almighty; which the reformed miniſters and preſbyterians are as guilty of as any people living.

Yet

Yet after all, I promiſe you, Sir, if the alteration of a word or two will gratify any man of ſound faith, though weak underſtanding, I will (though it were from no other principle than that of common good-nature) comply with it. And if you pleaſe but to particularize the ſpot where their objection lies, (for it is in a very narrow compaſs) that ſtumbling-block, though it be but a little pebble, ſhall be removed out of their way. If the heat of theſe good diſputants (who, I am afraid, being bred up to wrangle in the ſchools, cannot get rid of the humour all their lives) ſhould proceed ſo far as to perſonal reflections upon me, I aſſure you, notwithſtanding, I will do or ſay nothing, however provoked (for ſome people can no more provoke than oblige) that is unbecoming the true character of a Catholic. I will ſet before me the example of that great man, and great ſaint, Eraſmus; who in the midſt of calumny proceeded with all the calmneſs of innocence [a], and the unrevenging ſpirit of primitive chriſtianity. However, I would adviſe them to ſuffer the mention of him to paſs unregarded, leſt I ſhould be forced to do that for his reputation which I would never do for my own; I mean, to vindicate ſo great a light of our church from the malice of paſt times, and the ignorance of the preſent, in a language which may extend further than that in which the trifle about criticiſm is written. I wiſh theſe gentlemen would be contented with finding fault with me only, who will ſubmit to them right or wrong, as far as I only am concerned; I have a greater regard to the quiet of mankind than to diſturb it for things of ſo little conſequence as my credit and my ſenſe.

A little

[a] I doubt this is not ſtrictly true. See his Anſwers to Lee, archbiſhop of York. Though it muſt be owned this miſerable prelate had provoked the incomparable man, by the moſt infamous ſcurrilities and abuſe.

A little humility can do a poet no hurt, and a little charity would do a prieſt none: for, as St. Auſtin finely ſays, *Ubi charitas, ibi humilitas; ubi humilitas, ibi pax.*

Your, etc.

LETTER III.

TO THE SAME.

July 19, 1711.

THE concern which you more than ſeem to be affected with for my reputation, by the ſeveral accounts you have ſo obligingly given of what reports and cenſures the holy Vandals have thought fit to paſs upon me, makes me deſirous of telling ſo good a friend my whole thoughts of this matter; and of ſetting before you, in a clear light, the true ſtate of it.

I have ever believed the beſt piece of ſervice one could do to our religion, was openly to expreſs our deteſtation and ſcorn of all thoſe mean artifices and *piae fraudes*, which it ſtands ſo little in need of, and which have laid it under ſo great a ſcandal among its enemies.

Nothing has been ſo much a ſcarecrow to them, as that too peremptory and uncharitable aſſertion of an utter impoſſibility of ſalvation to all but ourſelves: invincible ignorance excepted, which indeed ſome people define under ſo great limitations, and with ſuch excluſions, that it ſeems as if that word were rather invented as a ſalvo, or expedient, not to be thought too bold with the thunder-bolts of God (which are hurled about ſo freely on almoſt all mankind by the hands of eccleſiaſtics) and as a real exception to almoſt univerſal damnation. For beſides the ſmall number of the truly faithful in our Church, we muſt again ſub-

divide; the Janſeniſt is damn'd by the Jeſuit, the Jeſuit by the Janſeniſt, the Scotiſt by the Thomiſt, and ſo forth.

There may be Errors, I grant, but I cannot think them of ſuch conſequence as to deſtroy utterly the charity of mankind; the very greateſt bond in which we are engaged by God to one another: therefore, I own to you, I was glad of any opportunity to expreſs my diſlike of ſo ſhocking a ſentiment as thoſe of the religion I profeſs are commonly charged with; and I hoped, a ſlight inſinuation, introduced ſo eaſily by a caſual ſimilitude only, could never have given offence; but on the contrary muſt needs have done good; in a nation and time, wherein we are the ſmaller party, and conſequently moſt miſrepreſented, and moſt in need of vindication.

For the ſame reaſon, I took occaſion to mention the ſuperſtition of ſome ages after the ſubverſion of the Roman Empire, which is too manifeſt a truth to be denied, and does in no ſort reflect upon the preſent profeſſors of our faith, who are free from it. Our ſilence in theſe points may, with ſome reaſon, make our adverſaries think we allow and perſiſt in thoſe bigotries; which yet in reality all good and ſenſible men deſpiſe, though they are perſuaded not to ſpeak againſt them, I cannot tell why, ſince now it is no way the intereſt even of the worſt of our prieſthood (as it might have been then) to have them ſmothered in ſilence: For, as the oppoſite ſects are now prevailing, it is too late to hinder our church from being ſlandered; it is our buſineſs now to vindicate ourſelves from being thought abettors of what they charge us with. This cannot ſo well be brought about with ſerious faces; we muſt laugh with them at what deſerves it, or be content to be laughed at, with ſuch as deſerve it.

As to particulars: you cannot but have obſerved, that at firſt the whole objection againſt the ſimile of Wit and Faith lay to

the word They: when that was beyond contradiction removed, (the very grammar ſerving to confute them) then the objection was againſt the ſimile itſelf; or if that ſimile will not be objected to (ſenſe and common reaſon being indeed a little ſtubborn, and not apt to give way to every body) next the mention of Superſtition muſt become a crime; as if Religion and ſhe were ſiſters, or that it were a ſcandal upon the family of Chriſt, to ſay a word againſt the devil's baſtard. Afterwards, more miſchief is diſcovered in a place that ſeemed innocent at firſt, the two lines about *Schiſmatics*. An ordinary man would imagine the author plainly declared againſt thoſe ſchiſmatics, for quitting the true faith out of a contempt of the underſtanding of ſome few of its believers: but theſe believers are called *dull*, and becauſe I ſay that thoſe ſchiſmatics think ſome believers dull, therefore theſe charitable interpreters of my meaning will have it, that I think all believers dull. I was lately telling Mr. ** theſe objections; who aſſured me I had ſaid nothing which a catholic need to diſown; and I have cauſe to know that gentleman's fault (if he has any) is not want of zeal: He put a notion in my head, which, I confeſs, I cannot but acquieſce in; that when a ſet of people are piqued at any truth which they think to their own diſadvantage, their method of revenge on the truth-ſpeaker is to attack his reputation a by-way, and not openly to object to the place they are really galled by: what theſe therefore (in his opinion) are in earneſt angry at, is, that Eraſmus, whom their tribe oppreſſed and perſecuted, ſhould be vindicated after an age of obloquy by one of their own people, willing to utter an honeſt truth in behalf of the dead; whom no man ſure will flatter, and to whom few will do juſtice. Others, you know, were as angry that I mentioned Mr. Walſh with honour; who as he never refuſed to any one of merit of any party the praiſe due to him, ſo honeſtly

deſerved

deſerved it from all others, though of ever ſo different intereſts or ſentiments. May I be ever guilty of this ſort of liberty, and latitude of principle; which gives us the hardineſs of ſpeaking well of thoſe whom envy oppreſſes even after death. As I would always ſpeak well of my living friends when they are abſent, nay becauſe they are abſent, ſo would I much more of the dead, in that eternal abſence; and the rather becauſe I expect no thanks for it.

Thus, Sir, you ſee I do in my conſcience perſiſt in what I have written; yet in my friendſhip I will recant and alter whatever you pleaſe, in caſe of a ſecond edition (which I think the book will not ſo ſoon arrive at, for Tonſon's printer told me he drew off a thouſand copies in this firſt impreſſion, and, I fancy, a treatiſe of this nature, which not one gentleman in threeſcore even of a liberal education can underſtand, can hardly exceed the vent of that number.) You ſhall find me a true Trojan in my faith and friendſhip, in both which I will perſevere to the end.

Your, etc.

LETTER IV.

TO MY LORD LANSDOWN.

Binfield, Jan. 10, 1712.

I THANK you for having given my poem of Windſor Foreſt its greateſt ornament, that of bearing your name in the front of it. It is one thing when a perſon of true merit permits us to have the honour of drawing him as like as we can; and another, when we make a fine thing at random, and perſuade the next vain creature we can find that it is his own likeneſs; which is the caſe every day of my fellow ſcriblers. Yet, my Lord, this honour has

given me no more pride than your honours have given you; but it affords me a great deal of pleaſure, which is much better than a great deal of pride; and it indeed would give me ſome pain, if I was not ſure of one advantage; that whereas others are offended if they have not more than juſtice done them, you would be diſpleaſed if you had ſo much: therefore I may ſafely do you as much injury in my word, as you do yourſelf in your own thoughts. I am ſo vain as to think I have ſhewn you a favour, in ſparing your modeſty, and you cannot but make me ſome return for prejudicing the truth to gratify you: This I beg may be the free correction of theſe verſes, which will have few beauties, but what may be made by your blots. I am in the circumſtance of an ordinary painter drawing Sir Godfrey Kneller, who by a few touches of his own could make the piece very valuable. I might then hope, that many years hence the world might read, in conjunction with your name, that of

Your Lordſhip's, etc.

LETTER V.

THE HON. J. C. TO MR. POPE.

May 23, 1712.

I AM very glad for the ſake of the widow, and for the credit of the deceaſed, that [a] Betterton's remains are fallen into ſuch hands as may render them reputable to the one, and beneficial to the other. Beſides the public acquaintance I long had with that poor man, I alſo had a ſlender knowledge of his parts and capacity by private converſation, and ever thought it pity

[a] A Tranſlation of ſome part of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, the Prologues, etc. printed in a Miſcellany with ſome works of Mr. Pope, in 2 Vol. 12° by B. Lintot. P.

pity he was neceſſitated by the ſtraitneſs of his fortune to act (and eſpecially to his lateſt hours) an imaginary and fictitious part, who was capable of exhibiting a real one, with credit to himſelf, and advantage to his neighbour.

I hope your health permitted you to execute your deſign of giving us an imitation of Pollio; I am ſatisfied it will be doubly divine, and I ſhall long to ſee it. I ever thought church-muſic the moſt raviſhing of all harmonious compoſitions, and muſt alſo believe ſacred ſubjects, well handled, the moſt inſpiring of all poetry.

But where hangs the *Lock* now? (though I know, that rather than draw any juſt reflection upon yourſelf of the leaſt ſhadow of ill-nature, you would freely have ſuppreſſed one of the beſt of poems.) I hear no more of it—will it come out in Lintot's Miſcellany or not? I wrote to Lord Petre upon the ſubject of the Lock, ſome time ſince, but have as yet had no anſwer, nor indeed do I know when he'll be in London. I have, ſince I ſaw you, correſponded with Mrs. W. I hope ſhe is now with her Aunt, and that her journey thither was ſomething facilitated by my writing to that lady as preſſingly as poſſible, not to let any thing whatever obſtruct it. I ſent her obliging anſwer to the party it moſt concerned; and when I hear Mrs. W. is certainly there, I will write again to my Lady, to urge as much as poſſible the effecting the only thing that in my opinion can make her niece eaſy. I have run out my extent of paper, and am

Your, etc.

LETTER VI.

THE ANSWER.

May 28, 1712.

IT is not only the diſpoſition I always have of converſing with you, that makes me ſo ſpeedily anſwer your obliging letter, but the apprehenſion leſt your charitable intent of writing to my lady A. on Mrs. W——'s affair ſhould be fruſtrated, by the ſhort ſtay ſhe makes there. She went thither on the 25th with that mixture of expectation and anxiety, with which people uſually go into unknown or half-diſcovered countries, utterly ignorant of the diſpoſitions of the inhabitants, and the treatment they are to meet with. The unfortunate of all people are the moſt unfit to be left alone; yet, we ſee, the world generally takes care they ſhall be ſo; whereas, if we took a conſiderate proſpect of the world, the buſineſs and ſtudy of the happy and eaſy ſhould be to divert and humour, as well as comfort and pity, the diſtreſſed. I cannot therefore excuſe ſome near Allies of mine for their conduct of late towards this lady, which has given me a great deal of anger as well as ſorrow: all I ſhall ſay to you of them at preſent is, that they have not been my Relations theſe two months. The conſent of opinions in our minds, is certainly a nearer tye than can be contracted by all the blood in our bodies; and I am proud of finding I have ſomething congenial with you. Will you permit me to confeſs to you, that all the favours and kind offices you have ſhewn towards me, have not ſo ſtrongly cemented me yours, as the diſcovery of that generous and manly compaſſion you manifeſted in the caſe of this unhappy lady? I am afraid to inſinuate to you how much I eſteem you: Flatterers have taken up the ſtyle which was once peculiar to

friends,

friends, and an honeſt man has now no way left to expreſs himſelf beſides the common one of knaves: ſo that true friends now-a-days differ in their addreſs from flatterers, much as right maſtiffs do from ſpaniels, and ſhow themſelves by a dumb ſurly ſort of fidelity, rather than by a complaiſant and open kindneſs. ——Will you never leave commending my poetry? In fair truth, Sir, I like it but too well myſelf already: expoſe me no more, I beg you, to the great danger of Vanity, (the rock of all men, but moſt of young men) and be kindly content for the future, when you would pleaſe me thoroughly, to ſay only you like what I write.

Your, etc.

LETTER VII.

Dec. 5, 1712.

YOU have at length complied with the requeſt I have often made you, for you have ſhown me, I muſt confeſs, ſeveral of my faults in the ſight of thoſe letters. Upon a review of them, I find many things that would give me ſhame, if I were not more deſirous to be thought honeſt than prudent; ſo many things freely thrown out, ſuch lengths of unreſerved friendſhip, thoughts juſt warm from the brain, without any poliſhing or dreſs, the very diſhabille of the underſtanding. You have proved yourſelf more tender of another's embryos than the fondeſt mothers are of their own, for you have preſerved every thing that I miſcarried of. Since I know this, I ſhall in one reſpect be more afraid of writing to you than ever, at this careleſs rate, becauſe I ſee my evil works may again riſe in judgment againſt me; yet in another reſpect I ſhall be leſs afraid, ſince this has given me ſuch a proof of the extreme indulgence you afford to

my

my ſlighteſt thoughts. The reviſal of theſe letters has been a kind of examination of conſcience to me; ſo fairly and faithfully have I ſet down in them from time to time the true and undiſguiſed ſtate of my mind. But I find, that theſe, which were intended as ſketches of my friendſhip, give as imperfect images of it, as the little landſcapes we commonly ſee in black and white do of a beautiful country; they can repreſent but a very ſmall part of it, and that deprived of the life and luſtre of nature. I perceived that the more I endeavoured to render manifeſt the real affection and value I ever had for you, I did but injure it by repreſenting leſs and leſs of it: as glaſſes which are deſigned to make an object very clear, generally contract it. Yet, as when people have a full idea of a thing firſt upon their own knowledge, the leaſt traces of it ſerve to refreſh the remembrance, and are not diſpleaſing on that ſcore; ſo, I hope, the foreknowledge you had of my eſteem for you, is the reaſon that you do not diſlike my letters.

They will not be of any great ſervice (I find) in the deſign I mentioned to you: I believe I had better ſteal from a richer man, and plunder your letters (which I have kept as carefully as I would Letters Patent, ſince they intitle me to what I more value than titles of honour.) You have ſome cauſe to apprehend this uſage from me, if what ſome ſay be true, that I am a great borrower; however I have hitherto had the luck that none of my creditors have challenged me for it: and thoſe who ſay it are ſuch, whoſe writings no man ever borrowed from, ſo have the leaſt reaſon to complain; and whoſe works are granted on all hands to be but too much their own. Another has been pleaſed to declare, that my verſes are corrected by other men: I verily believe theirs were never corrected by any man; but indeed if mine have not, it was not my fault; I have endeavoured my

utmoſt that they ſhould. But theſe things are only whiſpered, and I will not encroach upon Bays's province and *pen-whiſpers*, ſo haſten to conclude,

Your, etc.

LETTER VIII.

FROM MY LORD LANSDOWN.

Oct. 21, 1713.

I AM pleaſed beyond meaſure with your deſign of tranſlating Homer. The trials which you have already made and publiſhed on ſome parts of that author, have ſhewn that you are equal to ſo great a taſk: and you may therefore depend upon the utmoſt ſervices I can do you in promoting this work, or any thing that may be for your ſervice.

I hope Mr. Stafford, for whom you was pleaſed to concern yourſelf, has had the good effects of the Queen's Grace to him. I had notice the night before I began my journey, that her Majeſty had not only directed his pardon, but ordered a Writ for reverſing his Outlawry.

Your, etc.

LETTER IX.

TO GENERAL ANTHONY HAMILTON[a],

UPON HIS HAVING TRANSLATED INTO FRENCH VERSE THE ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

Oct. 10, 1713.

IF I could as well expreſs, or (if you will allow me to ſay it) tranſlate the ſentiments of my heart as you have done thoſe of my head, in your excellent verſion of my Eſſay; I ſhould not only appear the beſt writer in the world, but, what I much more deſire to be thought, the moſt your ſervant of any man living. It is an advantage very rarely known, to receive at once, a great honour and a great improvement. This, Sir, you have afforded me, having at the ſame time made others take my ſenſe, and taught me to underſtand my own; if I may call that my own which is indeed more properly yours. Your verſes are no more a tranſlation of mine, than Virgil's are of Homer's; but are, like his, the juſteſt imitation and the nobleſt Commentary.

In putting me into a French dreſs, you have not only adorned my outſide, but mended my ſhape; and, if I am now a good figure, I muſt conſider you have naturalized me into a country which is famous for making every man a fine gentleman. It is by your means, that (contrary to moſt young travellers) I am come back much better than I went out.

I cannot but wiſh we had a bill of commerce for tranſlation eſtabliſhed the next parliament; we could not fail of being gainers

[a] Author of the Memoirs of the *Count de Grammont*, *Contas*, and other pieces of note in French. P.

gainers by that, nor of making ourſelves amends for any thing we have loſt by the war. Nay, though we ſhould inſiſt upon the demoliſhing of Boileau's works, the French, as long as they have writers of your form, might have as good an equivalent.

Upon the whole, I am really as proud, as our miniſters ought to be, of the terms I have gained from abroad; and I deſign, like them, to publiſh ſpeedily to the world the benefits accruing from them; for I cannot reſiſt the temptation of printing your admirable tranſlation here [b]; to which if you will be ſo obliging to give me leave to prefix your name, it will be the only addition you can make to the honour already done me. I am

Your, etc.

[b] This was never done, for the two printed French verſions are neither of this hand. The one was done by Monſieur Roboton, private ſecretary to King George the firſt, printed in quarto at Amſterdam, and at London 1717. The other by the Abbe Reſnel, in octavo, with a large preface and notes, at Paris, 1730. P.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

MR. STEELE, MR. ADDISON, MR. CONGREVE, etc.

FROM THE YEAR MDCCXII TO MDCCXV.

LETTER I.

MR. STEELE TO MR. POPE.

June 1, 1712.

I AM at a ſolitude, an houſe between Hampſtead and London, wherein Sir Charles Sedley died. This circumſtance ſet me a thinking and ruminating upon the employments in which men of wit exerciſe themſelves. It was ſaid of Sir Charles, who breathed his laſt in this room,

> Sedley *has that prevailing gentle art,*
> *Which can with a reſiſtleſs charm impart*
> *The looſeſt wiſhes to the chaſteſt heart;*
> *Raiſe ſuch a conflict, kindle ſuch a fire*
> *Between declining Virtue and Deſire,*
> *Till the poor vanquiſh'd Maid diſſolves away*
> *In dreams all night, in ſighs and tears all day.*

This was a happy talent to a man of the town, but, I dare ſay, without preſuming to make uncharitable conjectures on the author's preſent condition, he would rather have had it ſaid of him that he had prayed,

Oh

Oh Thou my voice inſpire,
Who touch'd Iſaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

I have turned to every verſe and chapter, and think you have preſerved the ſublime heavenly ſpirit throughout the whole, eſpecially at—*Hark, a glad voice*—and—*The lamb with wolves ſhall graze.*——There is but one line which I think is below the original,

He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes.

You have expreſſed it with a good and pious, but not ſo exalted and poetical a ſpirit as the prophet, *The Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces.* If you agree with me in this, alter it by way of paraphraſe or otherwiſe, that when it comes into a volume it may be amended. Your poem is already better than the Pollio. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER II.

THE ANSWER.

June 18, 1712.

YOU have obliged me with a very kind letter, by which I find you ſhift the ſcene of your life from the town to the country, and enjoy that mixed ſtate which wiſe men both delight in, and are qualified for. Methinks the moraliſts and philoſophers have generally run too much into extremes in commending entirely either ſolitude, or public life. In the former, men for the moſt part grow uſeleſs by too much reſt, and in the latter are deſtroyed by too much precipitation; as waters lying ſtill, putrify, and are good for nothing, and running violently on do but the more miſchief in their paſſage to others, and are ſwallowed up and loſt the ſooner themſelves. Thoſe indeed who

can

can be uſeful to all ſtates, ſhould be like gentle ſtreams, that not only glide through lonely valleys and foreſts amidſt the flocks and the ſhepherds, but viſit populous towns in their courſe, and are at once of ornament and ſervice to them. But there are another ſort of people who ſeem deſigned for ſolitude, ſuch, I mean, as have more to hide than to ſhow. As for my own part, I am one of thoſe of whom Seneca ſays, *Tam umbratiles ſunt, ut putent in turbido eſſe quicquid in luce eſt.* Some men, like ſome pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light; and, I believe, ſuch as have a natural bent to ſolitude (to carry on the former ſimilitude) are like waters, which may be forced into fountains, and exalted into a great height, may make a noble figure and a louder noiſe, but after all they would run more ſmoothly, quietly, and plentifully, in their own natural courſe upon the ground [a]. The conſideration of this would make me very well contented with the poſſeſſion only of that Quiet which Cowley calls the companion of Obſcurity. But whoever has the Muſes too for his companions, can never be idle enough, to be uneaſy. Thus, Sir, you ſee, I would flatter myſelf into a good opinion of my own way of living. Plutarch juſt now told me, that it is in human life as in a game at tables, where a man may wiſh for the higheſt caſt, but, if his chance be otherwiſe, he is e'en to play it as well as he can, and to make the beſt of it. I am

Your, etc.

[a] The foregoing Similitudes our Author had put into verſe ſome years before, and inſerted into Mr. Wycherley's poem on *Mix'd Life*. We find them in the verſification very diſtinct from the reſt of that poem. See his poſthumous works, octavo, Pages 3 and 4. P.

LETTER III.

TO MR. STEELE.

July 15, 1712.

YOU formerly obſerved to me that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the diſparity we often find in him ſick and well; thus one of an unfortunate conſtitution is perpetually exhibiting a miſerable example of the weakneſs of his mind, and of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to conſider myſelf in theſe different views, and, I hope, have received ſome advantage by it, if what Waller ſays be true, that

The ſoul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new Light through chinks that time has made.

Then ſurely ſickneſs, contributing no leſs than old age to the ſhaking down this ſcaffolding of the body, may diſcover the inward ſtructure more plainly. Sickneſs is a ſort of early old age; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly ſtate, and inſpires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thouſand volumes of philoſophers and divines. It gives ſo warning a concuſſion to thoſe props of our vanity, our ſtrength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourſelves within, when there is ſo little dependance upon our out-works. Youth at the very beſt is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and ſmoother manner than age: it is like a ſtream that nouriſhes a plant upon a bank, and cauſes it to flouriſh and bloſſom to the ſight, but at the ſame time is undermining it at the root in ſecret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me, it has afforded ſeveral proſpects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not

not dazzled me very much; and I begin, where moſt people end, with a full conviction of the emptineſs of all ſorts of ambition, and the unſatisfactory nature of all human pleaſures. When a ſmart fit of ſickneſs tells me this ſcurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am e'en as unconcerned as was that honeſt Hibernian, who being in bed in the great ſtorm ſome years ago, and told the houſe would tumble over his head, made anſwer, What care I for the houſe? I am only a lodger. I fancy it is the beſt time to die when one is in the beſt humour; and ſo exceſſively weak as I now am, I may ſay with conſcience, that I am not at all uneaſy at the thought, that many men, whom I never had any eſteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconſiderable little atom every ſingle man is, with reſpect to the whole creation, methinks, it is a ſhame to be concerned at the removal of ſuch a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the ſun will riſe as bright as ever, the flowers ſmell as ſweet, the plants ſpring as green, the world will proceed in its old courſe, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as faſt, as they were uſed to do. The memory of man (as it is elegantly expreſſed in the Book of Wiſdom) paſſeth away as the remembrance of a gueſt that tarrieth but one day. There are reaſons enough, in the fourth chapter of the ſame book, to make any young man contented with the proſpect of death. "For honourable age is not that which "ſtandeth in length of time, or is meaſured by number of years. "But wiſdom is the grey hair to men, and an unſpotted life is "old age. He was taken away ſpeedily, leſt wickedneſs ſhould "alter his underſtanding, or deceit beguile his ſoul," etc. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER IV.

TO MR. STEELE.

Nov. 7, 1712.

I WAS the other day in company with five or ſix men of ſome learning; where chancing to mention the famous verſes which the Emperor Adrian ſpoke on his death-bed, they were all agreed that it was a piece of gaiety unworthy of that prince in thoſe circumſtances. I could not but differ from this opinion: methinks it was by no means a gay, but a very ſerious ſoliloquy to his ſoul at the point of its departure; in which ſenſe I naturally took the verſes at my firſt reading them, when I was very young, and before I knew what interpretation the world generally put upon them.

Animula vagula, blandula,
Hoſpes comeſque corporis,
Quae nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec (ut ſoles) dabis joca!

"Alas, my ſoul! thou pleaſing companion of this body, thou "fleeting thing that art now deſerting it! whither art thou "flying? to what unknown ſcene? all trembling, fearful and "penſive? what now is become of thy former wit and humour? "thou ſhalt jeſt and be gay no more."

I confeſs I cannot apprehend where lies the trifling in all this: it is the moſt natural and obvious reflection imaginable to a dying man: and if we conſider the Emperor was a heathen, that doubt concerning the future ſtate of his ſoul will ſeem ſo far from being the effect of want of thought, that it was ſcarce reaſonable he ſhould think otherwiſe; not to mention that here

is a plain confeſſion included of his belief in its immortality. The diminutive epithets of *vagula*, *blandula*, and the reſt, appear not to me as expreſſions of levity, but rather of endearment and concern; ſuch as we find in Catullus, and the authors of *Hendeca-ſyllabi* after him, where they are uſed to expreſs the utmoſt love and tenderneſs for their miſtreſſes—If you think me right in my notion of the laſt words of Adrian, be pleaſed to inſert it in the Spectator; if not, to ſuppreſs it.

I am, etc.

ADRIANI MORIENTIS AD ANIMAM, TRANSLATED.

Ah fleeting ſpirit! wand'ring fire,
That long haſt warm'd my tender breaſt,
Muſt thou no more this frame inſpire?
No more a pleaſing chearful gueſt?
Whither, ah whither art thou flying!
To what dark, undiſcover'd ſhore?
Thou ſeem'ſt all trembling, ſhiv'ring, dying,
And Wit and Humour are no more!

LETTER V.

MR. STEELE TO MR. POPE.

Nov. 12, 1712.

I HAVE read over your Temple of Fame twice, and cannot find any thing amiſs, of weight enough to call a fault, but ſee in it a thouſand thouſand beauties. Mr. Addiſon ſhall ſee it to-morrow: after his peruſal of it, I will let you know his thoughts. I deſire you would let me know whether you are at leiſure or not? I have a deſign which I ſhall open a month or two hence, with

with the aſſiſtance of the few like yourſelf. If your thoughts are unengaged, I ſhall explain myſelf further. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER VI.

THE ANSWER.

Nov. 16, 1712.

YOU oblige me by the indulgence you have ſhewn to the poem I ſent you, but will oblige me much more by the kind ſeverity I hope for from you. No errors are ſo trivial, but they deſerve to be mended. But ſince you ſay you ſee nothing that may be called a fault, can you but think it ſo, that I have confined the attendance of [a] Guardian ſpirits to Heaven's favourites only? I could point you to ſeveral, but it is my buſineſs to be informed of thoſe faults I do not know; and as for thoſe I do, not to talk of them, but to correct them. You ſpeak of that poem in a ſtyle I neither merit nor expect; but, I aſſure you, if you freely mark or daſh out, I ſhall look upon your blots to be its greateſt beauties: I mean, if Mr. Addiſon and yourſelf ſhould like it in the whole; otherwiſe the trouble of correction is what I would not take, for I was really ſo diffident of it as to let it lie by me theſe [b] two years, juſt as you now ſee it. I am afraid of nothing ſo much as to impoſe any thing on the world which is unworthy of its acceptance.

As to the laſt period of your letter, I ſhall be very ready and glad to contribute to any deſign that tends to the advantage of mankind,

[a] This is not now to be found in the *Temple of Fame*, which was the Poem here ſpoken of. P.

[b] Hence it appears this Poem was writ before the Author was twenty-two years old. P.

mankind, which, I am ſure, all yours do. I wiſh I had but as much capacity as leiſure, for I am perfectly idle: (a ſign I have not much capacity.)

If you will entertain the beſt opinion of me, be pleaſed to think me your friend. Aſſure Mr. Addiſon of my moſt faithful ſervice, of every one's eſteem he muſt be aſſured already. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER VII.

TO MR. STEELE.

Nov. 29, 1712.

I AM ſorry you publiſhed that notion about Adrian's verſes as mine: had I imagined you would uſe my name, I ſhould have expreſſed my ſentiments with more modeſty and diffidence. I only ſent it to have your opinion, and not to publiſh my own, which I diſtruſted. But, I think the ſuppoſition you draw from the notion of Adrian's being addicted to magic, is a little uncharitable, (" that he might fear no ſort of deity, good or bad") ſince in the third verſe he plainly teſtifies his apprehenſion of a future ſtate, by being ſolicitous whither his ſoul was going. As to what you mention of his uſing gay and ludicrous expreſſions, I have owned my opinion to be, that the expreſſions are not ſo, but that diminutives are as often, in the Latin tongue, uſed as marks of tenderneſs and concern.

Anima is no more than my ſoul, *animula* has the force of my dear ſoul. To ſay *virgo bella* is not half ſo endearing as *virguncula bellula*; and had Auguſtus only called Horace *lepidum hominem*, it had amounted to no more than that he thought him a pleaſant fellow: it was the *homunciolum* that expreſſed the love and tenderneſs

derneſs that great Emperor had for him. And perhaps I ſhould myſelf be much better pleaſed, if I were told you called me your little friend, than if you complimented me with the title of a great genius, or an eminent hand, as Jacob does all his authors. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER VIII.

FROM MR. STEELE.

Dec. 4, 1712.

THIS is to deſire of you that you would pleaſe to make an Ode as of a chearful dying ſpirit, that is to ſay, the Emperor Adrian's *Animula vagula* put into two or three ſtanzas for muſic. If you comply with this, and ſend me word ſo, you will very particularly oblige.

Your, etc.

LETTER IX.

I DO not ſend you word I will do, but have already done the thing you deſired of me. You have it (as Cowley calls it) juſt warm from the brain. It came to me the firſt moment I waked this morning: Yet, you'll ſee, it was not ſo abſolutely inſpiration, but that I had in my head not only the verſes of Adrian, but the fine fragment of Sappho, etc.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

O D E.

I.

Vital ſpark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame;

Trembling,

Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliſs of dying!
Ceaſe, fond Nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life.

II.

Hark! they whiſper; Angels ſay,
Siſter Spirit, come away!
What is this abſorbs me quite,
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,
Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my ſoul, can this be Death?

III.

The world recedes; it diſappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy Victory?
O Death! where is thy Sting?

LETTER X.

TO MR. ADDISON.

July 20, 1713.

I AM more joyed at your return than I ſhould be at that of the ſun, ſo much as I wiſh for him this melancholy wet ſeaſon; but it is his fate too, like yours, to be diſpleaſing to Owls and obſcene animals, who cannot bear his luſtre. What put me in mind of theſe night-birds was John Dennis, who, I think, you are beſt revenged upon, as the Sun was in the fable upon theſe bats and beaſtly birds above-mentioned, only by

ſhining on. I am ſo far from eſteeming it any misfortune, that I congratulate you upon having your ſhare in that, which all the great men and all the good men that ever lived have had their part of, Envy and Calumny. To be uncenſured and to be obſcure, is the ſame thing. You may conclude from what I here ſay, that it was never in my thoughts to have offered you my pen in any direct reply to ſuch a Critic, but only in ſome little raillery; not in defence of you, but in contempt of him[a]. But indeed your opinion, that it is intirely to be neglected, would have been my own had it been my own caſe; but I felt more warmth here than I did when firſt I ſaw his book againſt myſelf, (though indeed in two minutes it made me heartily merry.) He has written againſt every thing the world has approved theſe many years. I apprehend but one danger from Dennis's diſliking our ſenſe, that it may make us think ſo very well of it, as to become proud and conceited, upon his diſapprobation.

I muſt not here omit to do juſtice to Mr. Gay, whoſe zeal in your concern is worthy a friend and honourer of you. He writ to me in the moſt preſſing terms about it, though with that juſt contempt of the Critic that he deſerves. I think in theſe days one honeſt man is obliged to acquaint another who are his friends; when ſo many miſchievous inſects are daily at work to make people of merit ſuſpicious of each other; that they may have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing them looked upon no better than themſelves. I am

Your, etc.

[a] This relates to the paper occaſioned by Dennis's Remarks upon Cato, called, Dr. Norris's *Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis.* P. A mean performance; but dictated by the moſt generous principle of Friendſhip; and meeting in the perſon defended, a heart incapable of the like exertion of virtue, was not received with that acknowledgment which ſuch a ſervice deſerved.

LETTER XI.

MR. ADDISON TO MR. POPE.

Oct. 26, 1713.

I WAS extremely glad to receive a letter from you, but more ſo upon reading the contents of it. The[a] Work you mention, will I dare ſay very ſufficiently recommend itſelf when your name appears with the Propoſals: And if you think I can any way contribute to the forwarding of them, you cannot lay a greater obligation upon me than by employing me in ſuch an office. As I have an ambition of having it known that you are my friend, I ſhall be very proud of ſhowing it by this, or any other inſtance. I queſtion not but your Tranſlation will enrich our Tongue and do honour to our Country; for I conclude of it already from thoſe performances with which you have obliged the public. I would only have you conſider how it may moſt turn to your advantage. Excuſe my impertinence in this particular, which proceeds from my zeal for your eaſe and happineſs. The work would coſt you a great deal of Time, and, unleſs you undertake it, will, I am afraid, never be executed by any other; at leaſt I know none of this age that is equal to it beſides yourſelf.

I am at preſent wholly immerſed in country buſineſs, and begin to take delight in it. I wiſh I might hope to ſee you here ſome time, and will not deſpair of it, when you engage in a work that will require ſolitude and retirement. I am

Your, etc.

[a] The Tranſlation of the Iliad. P.

LETTER XII.

MR. ADDISON TO MR. POPE.

Nov. 2, 1713.

I HAVE received your letter, and am glad to find that you have laid ſo good a ſcheme for your great undertaking. I queſtion not but the Proſe [a] will require as much care as the Poetry, but the variety will give yourſelf ſome relief, and more pleaſure to your readers.

You gave me leave once to take the liberty of a friend, in adviſing you not to content yourſelf with one half of the Nation for your admirers when you might command them all. If I might take the freedom to repeat it, I would on this occaſion. I think you are very happy that you are out of the Fray, and I hope all your undertakings will turn to the better account for it.

You ſee how I preſume on your friendſhip in taking all this freedom with you: But I already fancy that we have lived many years together in an unreſerved converſation; and that we may do ſo many more, is the ſincere wiſh of

Your, etc.

LETTER XIII.

TO MR. ADDISON.

YOUR laſt is the more obliging, as it hints at ſome little niceties in my conduct, which your candour and affection prompts you to recommend to me, and which (ſo trivial as things of this nature ſeem) are yet of no ſlight conſequence, to people whom every body talks of, and every body as he pleaſes.

It

[a] The Notes to his Tranſlation of Homer.

It is a ſort of Tax that attends an eſtate in Parnaſſus, which is often rated much higher than in proportion to the ſmall poſſeſſion an author holds. For indeed an author, who is once come upon the town, is enjoyed without being thanked for the pleaſure, and ſometimes ill-treated by thoſe very perſons who firſt debauched him. Yet, to tell you the bottom of my heart, I am no way diſpleaſed that I have offended the violent of all parties already; and at the ſame time I aſſure you conſcientiouſly, I feel not the leaſt malevolence or reſentment againſt any of thoſe who miſrepreſent me, or are diſſatisfied with me. This frame of mind is ſo eaſy, that I am perfectly content with my condition.

As I hope, and would flatter myſelf, that you know me and my thoughts ſo entirely as never to be miſtaken in either, ſo it is a pleaſure to me that you gueſſed ſo right in regard to the author of that Guardian you mentioned. But I am ſorry to find it has taken air, that I have ſome hand in thoſe papers, becauſe I write ſo very few as neither to deſerve the credit of ſuch a report with ſome people, nor the diſrepute of it with others. An honeſt Jacobite ſpoke to me the ſenſe or nonſenſe of the weak part of his party very fairly, that the good people took it ill of me, that I writ with Steele, though upon never ſo indifferent ſubjects. This, I know, you will laugh at as well as I do; yet I doubt not but many little calumniators and perſons of four diſpoſitions will take occaſion hence to beſpatter me. I confeſs I ſcorn narrow ſouls, of all parties, and if I renounce my reaſon in religious matters, I'll hardly do it in any other.

I cannot imagine whence it comes to paſs that the few Guardians I have written are ſo generally known for mine: that in particular which you mention I never diſcovered to any man but the publiſher, till very lately: yet almoſt every body told me of it.

As

As to his taking a more Politic turn, I cannot any way enter into that ſecret, nor have I been let into it, any more than into the reſt of his politics. Though it is ſaid, he will take into theſe papers alſo ſeveral ſubjects of the politer kind, as before: But, I aſſure you, as to myſelf, I have quite done with them for the future. The little I have done, and the great reſpect I bear Mr. Steele as a man of wit, has rendered me a ſuſpected Whig to ſome of the violent; but (as old Dryden ſaid before me) it is not the violent I deſign to pleaſe.

I generally employ the mornings in painting with Mr. Jervas *, and the evenings in the converſation of ſuch as I think can moſt improve my mind, of whatever denomination they are. I ever muſt ſet the higheſt value upon men of truly great, that is honeſt principles, with equal capacities. The beſt way I know of overcoming calumny and miſconſtruction, is by a vigorous perſeverance in every thing we know to be right, and a total neglect of all that can enſue from it. It is partly from this maxim that I depend upon your friendſhip, becauſe I believe it will do juſtice to my intention in every thing; and give me leave to tell you, that (as the world goes) this is no ſmall aſſurance I repoſe in you. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER XIV.

TO MR. ADDISON.

Dec. 14, 1713.

I HAVE been lying in wait for my own imagination, this week and more, and watching what thoughts came up in the whirl of the fancy, that were worth communicating to you in

* See the Epiſtle to him in verſe, writ about this time. P.

in a letter. But I am at length convinced that my rambling head can produce nothing of that ſort; ſo I muſt e'en be contented with telling you the old ſtory, that I love you heartily. I have often found by experience, that nature and truth, though never ſo low or vulgar, are yet pleaſing when openly and artleſsly repreſented: It would be diverting to me to read the very letters of an infant, could it write its innocent inconſiſtencies and tautologies juſt as it thought them. This makes me hope a letter from me will not be unwelcome to you, when I am conſcious I write with more unreſervedneſs than ever man wrote, or perhaps talked to another. I truſt your good-nature with the whole range of my follies, and really love you ſo well, that I would rather you ſhould pardon me than eſteem me; ſince one is an act of goodneſs and benevolence, the other a kind of conſtrained deference.

You cannot wonder my thoughts are ſcarce conſiſtent, when I tell you how they are diſtracted. Every hour of my life my mind is ſtrangely divided; this minute perhaps I am above the ſtars, with a thouſand ſyſtems round about me, looking forward into a vaſt abyſs, and loſing my whole comprehenſion in the boundleſs ſpace of Creation, in dialogues with Whiſton and the Aſtronomers; the next moment I am below all trifles groveling with T* in the very centre of nonſenſe: Now I am recreated with the briſk ſallies and quick turns of wit which Mr. Steele in his livelieſt and freeſt humours darts about him; and now levelling my application to the inſignificant obſervations and quirks of Grammar of C* and D*. Good God! what an incongruous animal is man! how unſettled in his beſt part, his ſoul; and how changing and variable in his frame of body? the conſtancy of the one ſhook by every notion, the temperament of the other affected by every blaſt of wind! What is he altogether but one

mighty

mighty inconſiſtency; ſickneſs and pain is the lot of one half of him: doubt and fear the portion of the other! What a buſtle we make about paſſing our time, when all our ſpace is but a point? what aims and ambitions are crowded into this little inſtant of our life, which (as Shakeſpear finely words it) is rounded with a ſleep? Our whole extent of being is no more in the eye of him who gave it, than a ſcarce perceptible moment of duration. Thoſe animals whoſe circle of living is limited to three or four hours, as the naturaliſts tell us, are yet as long-lived and poſſeſs as wide a ſcene of action as man, if we conſider him with a view to all Space, and all Eternity. Who knows what plots, what atchievements a mite may perform in his kingdom of a grain of duſt, within his life of ſome minutes; and of how much leſs conſideration than even this, is the life of man in the ſight of God, who is from ever and for ever?

Who that thinks in this train, but muſt ſee the world and its contemptible grandeurs leſſen before him at every thought? It is enough to make one remain ſtupified in a poize of inaction, void of all deſires, of all deſigns, of all friendſhips.

But we muſt return (through our very condition of being) to our narrow ſelves, and thoſe things that affect ourſelves: our paſſions, our intereſts flow in upon us, and unphiloſophize us into mere mortals. For my part, I never return ſo much into myſelf, as when I think of you, whoſe friendſhip is one of the beſt comforts I have for the inſignificancy of myſelf. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER XV.

TO MR. ADDISON.

Jan. 30, 1713-14.

YOUR letter found me very buſy in my grand undertaking, to which I muſt wholly give up myſelf for ſome time, unleſs when I ſnatch an hour to pleaſe myſelf with a diſtant converſation with you and a few others, by writing. It is no comfortable proſpect to be reflecting, that ſo long a ſiege as that of Troy lies upon my hands, and the campaigne above half over, before I have made any progreſs. Indeed the Greek fortification, upon a nearer approach, does not appear ſo formidable as it did, and I am almoſt apt to flatter myſelf, that Homer ſecretly ſeems inclined to a correſpondence with me, in letting me into a good part of his intentions. There are, indeed, a ſort of underling auxiliars to the difficulty of a work, called Commentators and Critics, who would frighten many people by their number and bulk, and perplex our progreſs under pretence of fortifying their author. Theſe lie very low in the trenches and ditches they themſelves have digged, encompaſſed with dirt of their own heaping up; but, I think, there may be found a method of coming at the main works by a more ſpeedy and gallant way than by mining under ground, that is, by uſing the poetical engines, wings, and flying over their heads [a].

While I am engaged in the fight, I find you are concerned how I ſhall be paid, and are ſolicitous that I may not have the ill

[a] There is a ſtrange confuſion in this long continued metaphor: ſometimes the *fortifications* ſpoken of are to keep the ignorant out; ſometimes to let them in; and ſometimes only to quibble with; as in the words [*under pretence of fortifying their author.*] But it is no matter. The Critics and Commentators are to be abuſed, and, on ſuch an occaſion, any thing ſerves the turn.

ill fate of many diſcarded Generals, to be firſt envied and maligned, then perhaps praiſed, and laſtly neglected. The former (the conſtant attendant upon all great and laudable enterprizes) I have already experienced. Some have ſaid I am not a maſter in the Greek, who either are ſo themſelves or are not: if they are not, they cannot tell; and if they are, they cannot without having catechiſed me. But if they can read (for, I know, ſome critics can, and others cannot) there are fairly lying before them ſome ſpecimens of my tranſlation from this Author in the Miſcellanies, which they are heartily welcome to. I have met with as much malignity another way, ſome calling me a Tory, becauſe the heads of that party have been diſtinguiſhingly favourable to me; ſome a Whig, becauſe I have been favoured with yours, Mr. Congreve's, and Mr. Craggs's friendſhip, and of late with my lord Hallifax's patronage. How much more natural a concluſion might be formed, by any good-natured man, that a perſon who has been well uſed by all ſides, has been offenſive to none. This miſerable age is ſo ſunk between animoſities of Party and thoſe of Religion, that I begin to fear, moſt men have Politics enough to make (through violence) the beſt ſcheme of government a bad one; and Belief enough to hinder their own ſalvation. I hope for my own part never to have more of either than is conſiſtent with common Juſtice and Charity, and always as much as becomes a Chriſtian and honeſt man. Though I find it an unfortunate thing to be bred a Papiſt here, where one is obnoxious to four parts in five as being ſo too much or too little; I ſhall yet be eaſy under both their miſtakes, and be what I more than ſeem to be, for I ſuffer for it. God is my witneſs that I no more envy you Proteſtants your places and poſſeſſions, than I do our Prieſts, their charity or learning. I am ambitious of nothing but the good opinion of good men, on both ſides; for I know

know that one virtue of a free ſpirit is worth more than all the virtues put together of all the narrow-ſouled people in the world. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER XVI.

TO MR. ADDISON.

Oct. 10, 1714.

I HAVE been acquainted by [a] one of my friends, who omits no opportunities of gratifying me, that you have lately been pleaſed to ſpeak of me in a manner which nothing but the real reſpect I have for you can deſerve. May I hope that ſome late malevolencies have loſt their effect? indeed it is neither for me, nor my enemies, to pretend to tell you whether I am your friend or not; but if you would judge by probabilities, I beg to know which of your poetical acquaintance has ſo little intereſt in pretending to be ſo? Methinks no man ſhould queſtion the real friendſhip of one who deſires no real ſervice. I am only to get as much from the Whigs, as I got from the Tories, that is to ſay, Civility; being neither ſo proud as to be inſenſible of any good office, nor ſo humble, as not to dare heartily to deſpiſe any man who does me an injuſtice.

I will not value myſelf upon having ever guarded all the degrees of reſpect for you: for (to ſay the truth) all the world ſpeaks well of you, and I ſhould be under a neceſſity of doing the ſame, whether I cared for you or not.

As to what you have ſaid of me, I ſhall never believe that the author of Cato can ſpeak one thing and think another. As a proof that I account you ſincere, I beg a favour of you: It is, that

[a] See a Letter from Mr. Jervas, and the Anſwer to it. N° 22, 23. P.

that you would look over the two firſt books of my tranſlation of Homer, which are in the hands of my Lord Hallifax. I am ſenſible how much the reputation of any poetical work will depend upon the character you give it: it is therefore ſome evidence of the truſt I repoſe in your good-will, when I give you this opportunity of ſpeaking ill of me with juſtice; and yet expect you will tell me your trueſt thoughts, at the ſame time that you tell others your moſt favourable ones.

I have a further requeſt, which I muſt preſs with earneſtneſs. My bookſeller is reprinting the Eſſay on Criticiſm, to which you have done too much honour in your Spectator of N°. 253. The period in that paper, where you ſay, "I have admitted ſome "ſtrokes of ill-nature into that Eſſay," is the only one I could wiſh omitted of all you have written; but I would not deſire it ſhould be ſo, unleſs I had the merit of removing your objection. I beg you but to point out thoſe ſtrokes to me, and, you may be aſſured, they ſhall be treated without mercy.

Since we are upon proofs of ſincerity (which I am pretty confident will turn to the advantage of us both in each other's opinion) give me leave to name another paſſage in the ſame Spectator, which I wiſh you would alter. It is where you mention an obſervation upon Homer's verſes of Siſyphus's Stone, as [b] never having been made before by any of the Critics: I happened to find the ſame in Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus's Treatiſe, Περὶ συνθέσεως ὀνομάτων, who treats very largely upon theſe verſes. I know you will think fit to ſoften your expreſſion, when you ſee the paſſage; which you muſt needs have read, though it be ſince ſlipt out of your memory. I am, with the utmoſt eſteem,

Your, etc.

[b] Theſe words are ſince left out in Mr. Tickel's Edition, but were extant in all during Mr. Addiſon's life. — P.

LETTER XVII.

TO THE HONOURABLE ——

June 8, 1714.

THE queſtion you aſk in relation to Mr. Addiſon and Philips, I ſhall anſwer in a few words. Mr. Philips did expreſs himſelf with much indignation againſt me one evening at Button's Coffee-houſe (as I was told) ſaying, that I was entered into a cabal with Dean Swift and others to write againſt the Whig-Intereſt, and in particular to undermine his own reputation, and that of his friends Steele and Addiſon: but Mr. Philips never opened his lips to my face, on this or any like occaſion, though I was almoſt every night in the ſame room with him, nor ever offered me any indecorum. Mr. Addiſon came to me a night or two after Philips had talked in this idle manner, and aſſured me of his diſbelief of what had been ſaid, of the friendſhip we ſhould always maintain, and deſired I would ſay nothing further of it. My Lord Hallifax did me the honour to ſtir in this matter, by ſpeaking to ſeveral people to obviate a falſe aſperſion, which might have done me no ſmall prejudice with one party. However Philips did all he could ſecretly to continue the report with the Hanover Club, and kept in his hands the ſubſcriptions paid for me to him, as Secretary to that Club. The heads of it have ſince given him to underſtand, that they take it ill; but (upon the terms I ought to be with ſuch a man) I would not aſk him for this money, but commiſſioned one of the Players, his equals, to receive it. This is the whole matter; but as to the ſecret grounds [a] of this malignity, they will make a very pleaſant hiſtory

[a] Theſe grounds were Mr. Pope's writing the ironical compariſon between his own and Philips's Paſtorals, in the Guardian. It was taken for a ſerious criticiſm by Steele (who received it from an unknown hand) and indeed by all at *Button*'s, except Mr. *Addiſon*, who ſaw into

hiſtory when we meet. Mr. Congreve and ſome others have been much diverted with it, and moſt of the gentlemen of the Hanover Club have made it the ſubject of their ridicule on their Secretary. It is to this management of Philips, that the world owes Mr. Gay's Paſtorals. The ingenious author is extremely your ſervant, and would have complied with your kind invitation, but that he is juſt now appointed Secretary to my Lord Clarendon, in his embaſſy to Hanover.

I am ſenſible of the zeal and friendſhip with which, I am ſure, you will always defend your friend in his abſence, from all thoſe little tales and calumnies, which a man of any genius or merit is born to. I ſhall never complain while I am happy in ſuch noble defenders, and in ſuch contemptible opponents. May their envy and ill-nature ever increaſe, to the glory and pleaſure of thoſe they would injure; may they repreſent me what they will, as long as you think me, what I am,

Your, etc.

LETTER XVIII.

July 13, 1714.

YOU mention the account I gave you ſome time ago of the things which Philips ſaid in his fooliſhneſs: but I cannot tell from any thing in your letter, whether you received a long one from me about a fortnight ſince. It was principally intended to thank you for the laſt obliging favour you did me; and perhaps for that reaſon you paſs it in ſilence. I there launched into ſome

into the joke immediately: And the next time he met Mr. Pope told him into what a ridiculous ſituation he had put his friends; who had declared their diſlike of having Philips ſo extolled at the expence of another of the Club. Which was the language Steele had before held with Pope when he firſt received the papers.

ſome account of my temporal affairs, and intend now to give you ſome hints of my ſpiritual. The concluſion of your letter draws this upon you, where you tell me you prayed for me. Your proceeding, Sir, is contrary to that of moſt other friends, who never talk of praying for a man after they have done him a ſervice, but only when they will do him none. Nothing can be more kind than the hint you give me of the vanity of human ſciences, which, I aſſure you, I am daily more convinced of; and indeed I have, for ſome years paſt, looked upon all of them no better than amuſements. To make them the ultimate end of our purſuit, is a miſerable and ſhort ambition, which will drop from us at every little diſappointment here, and even, in caſe of no diſappointments here, will infallibly deſert us hereafter. The utmoſt fame they are capable of beſtowing, is never worth the pains they coſt us, and the time they loſe us. If you attain the top of your deſires that way, all thoſe who envy you will do you harm; and of thoſe who admire you, few will do you good. The unſucceſsful writers are your declared enemies, and probably the ſucceſsful your ſecret ones: for thoſe hate not more to be excelled, than theſe to be rivalled: And at the upſhot, after a life of perpetual application, you reflect that you have been doing nothing for yourſelf, and that the ſame or leſs induſtry might have gained you a friendſhip that can never deceive or end, a ſatisfaction, which praiſe cannot beſtow nor vanity feel, and a glory, which (though in one reſpect like fame, not to be had till after death) yet ſhall be felt and enjoyed to eternity. Theſe, dear Sir, are unfeignedly my ſentiments, whenever I think at all: for half the things that employ our heads deſerve not the name of thoughts, they are only ſtronger dreams of impreſſions upon the imagination: our ſchemes of government, our ſyſtems of philoſophy, our golden worlds of poetry, are all

but

but ſo many ſhadowy images, and airy proſpects, which ariſe to us but ſo much the livelier and more frequent, as we are more overcaſt with the darkneſs, and diſturbed with the fumes, of human vanity.

The ſame thing that makes old men willing to leave this world, makes me willing to leave poetry, long habit, and wearineſs of the ſame track. Homer will work a cure upon me; fifteen thouſand verſes are equivalent to fourſcore years, to make one old in rhyme: and I ſhould be ſorry and aſhamed, to go on jingling to the laſt ſtep, like a waggoner's horſe, in the ſame road, and ſo leave my bells to the next ſilly animal that will be proud of them. That man makes a mean figure in the eyes of Reaſon, who is meaſuring ſyllables and coupling rhymes, when he ſhould be mending his own ſoul, and ſecuring his own immortality. If I had not this opinion, I ſhould be unworthy even of thoſe ſmall and limited parts which God has given me; and unworthy of the friendſhip of ſuch a man as you. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER XIX.

July 25, 1714.

I HAVE no better excuſe to offer you, that I have omitted a taſk naturally ſo pleaſing to me as converſing upon paper with you, but that my time and eyes have been wholly employed upon Homer, whom, I almoſt fear, I ſhall find but one way of imitating, which is, in his blindneſs. I am perpetually afflicted with head-achs, that very much affect my ſight, and indeed ſince my coming hither I have ſcarce paſt an hour agreeably, except that in which I read your letter. I would ſeriouſly have you think, you have no man who more truly knows to place a right

value

value on your friendſhip, than he who leaſt deſerves it on all other accounts than his due ſenſe of it. But, let me tell you, you can hardly gueſs what a taſk you undertake, when you profeſs yourſelf my friend; there are ſome Tories who will take you for a Whig, ſome Whigs who will take you for a Tory; ſome Proteſtants who will eſteem you a rank Papiſt, and ſome Papiſts who will account you a Heretic.

I find by dear experience, we live in an age, where it is criminal to be moderate; and where no one man can be allowed to be juſt to all men. The notions of right and wrong are ſo far ſtrained, that perhaps to be in the right ſo very violently, may be of worſe conſequence than to be eaſily and quietly in the wrong. I really wiſh all men ſo well, that, I am ſatisfied, but few can wiſh me ſo; but if thoſe few are ſuch as tell me they do, I am content, for they are the beſt people I know. While you believe me what I profeſs as to religion, I can bear any thing the bigotted may ſay; while Mr. Congreve likes my poetry, I can endure Dennis, and a thouſand more like him; while the moſt honeſt and moral of each party think me no ill man, I can eaſily bear that the moſt violent and mad of all parties riſe up to throw dirt at me.

I muſt expect an hundred attacks upon the publication of my Homer. Whoever in our times would be a profeſſor of learning above his fellows, ought at the very firſt to enter the world with the conſtancy and reſolution of a primitive Chriſtian, and be prepared to ſuffer all ſort of public perſecution. It is certainly to be lamented, that if any man does but endeavour to diſtinguiſh himſelf, or gratify others by his ſtudies, he is immediately treated as a common enemy, inſtead of being looked upon as a common friend; and aſſaulted as generally as if his whole deſign were to prejudice the State or ruin the Public. I will

venture

venture to ſay, no man ever roſe to any degree of perfection in writing, but through obſtinacy, and an inveterate reſolution againſt the ſtream of mankind: So that if the world has received any benefit from the labours of the learned, it was in its own deſpite. For when firſt they eſſay their parts, all people in general are prejudiced againſt new beginners; and when they have got a little above contempt, then ſome particular perſons, who were before unfortunate in their own attempts, are ſworn foes to them only becauſe they ſucceed.——Upon the whole, one may ſay of the beſt writers, that they pay a ſevere fine for their fame, which it is always in the power of the moſt worthleſs part of mankind to levy upon them when they pleaſe.

I am, etc.

LETTER XX.

TO MR. JERVAS.

July 28, 1714.

I AM juſt entered upon the old way of life again, ſleep and muſing. It is my employment to revive the old of paſt ages to the preſent, as it is yours to tranſmit the young of the preſent, to the future. I am copying the great Maſter in one art, with the ſame love and diligence with which the Painters hereafter will copy you in another.

Thus I ſhould begin my Epiſtle to you, if it were a Dedicatory one. But as it is a friendly letter, you are to find nothing mentioned in your own praiſe but what one only in the world is witneſs to, your particular good-natured offices to me.

I am cut out from any thing but common acknowledgments, or common diſcourſe: The firſt you would take ill, though I told but half what I ought: ſo in ſhort the laſt only remains.

And

And as for the laſt, what can you expect from a man who has not talked theſe five days? who is withdrawing his thoughts as far as he can, from all the preſent world, its cuſtoms, and its manners, to be fully poſſeſſed and abſorpt in the paſt? When people talk of going to Church, I think of ſacrifices and libations; when I ſee the parſon, I addreſs him as Chryſes prieſt of Apollo; and inſtead of the Lord's prayer, I begin,

God of the ſilver Bow, etc.

While you in the world are concerned about the Proteſtant Succeſſion, I conſider only how Menelaus may recover Helen, and the Trojan war be put to a ſpeedy concluſion. I never inquire if the Queen be well or not, but heartily wiſh to be at Hector's funeral. The only things I regard in this life, are whether my friends are well? whether my Tranſlation go well on? whether Dennis be writing criticiſms? whether any body will anſwer him, ſince I do not? and whether Lintot be not yet broke?

I am, etc.

LETTER XXI.

TO THE SAME.

Aug. 16, 1714.

I THANK you for your good offices, which are numberleſs. Homer advances ſo faſt, that he begins to look about for the ornaments he is to appear in, like a modiſh modern author,

Picture in the front,
With bays and wicked rhyme upon't.

I have the greateſt proof in nature at preſent of the amuſing power of Poetry, for it takes me up ſo entirely, that I ſcarce ſee what paſſes under my noſe, and hear nothing that is ſaid about

me. To follow poetry as one ought, one muſt forget father and mother, and cleave to it alone. My Rêverie has been ſo deep, that I have ſcarce had an interval to think myſelf uneaſy in the want of your company. I now and then juſt miſs you as I ſtep into bed; this minute indeed I want extremely to ſee you, the next I ſhall dream of nothing but the taking of Troy, or the recovery of Briſeis.

I fancy no friendſhip is ſo likely to prove laſting as ours, becauſe, I am pretty ſure, there never was a friendſhip of ſo eaſy a nature. We neither of us demand any mighty things from each other; what Vanity we have expects its gratification from other people. It is not I, that am to tell you what an Artiſt you are, nor is it you that are to tell me what a Poet I am; but it is from the world abroad we hope (piouſly hope) to hear theſe things. At home we follow our buſineſs, when we have any; and think and talk moſt of each other when we have none. It is not unlike the happy friendſhip of a ſtay'd man and his wife, who are ſeldom ſo fond as to hinder the buſineſs of the houſe from going on all day, or ſo indolent as not to find conſolation in each other every evening. Thus well-meaning couples hold in amity to the laſt, by not expecting too much from human nature; while romantic friendſhips, like violent loves, begin with diſquiets, proceed to jealouſies, and conclude in animoſities. I have lived to ſee the fierce advancement, the ſudden turn, and the abrupt period, of three or four of theſe enormous friendſhips, and am perfectly convinced of the truth of a maxim we once agreed in, that nothing hinders the conſtant agreement of people who live together, but merely vanity; a ſecret inſiſting upon what they think their dignity of merit, and an inward expectation of ſuch an over-meaſure of deference and regard, as

anſwers to their own extravagant falſe ſcale; and which no body can pay, becauſe none but themſelves can tell, exactly, to what pitch it amounts.

I am, etc.

LETTER XXII.

MR. JERVAS TO MR. POPE.

Aug. 20, 1714.

I HAVE a particular to tell you at this time, which pleaſes me ſo much, that you muſt expect a more than ordinary alacrity in every turn. You know I could keep you in ſuſpence for twenty lines, but I will tell you directly, that Mr. Addiſon and I have had a converſation, that it would have been worth your while to have been placed behind the wainſcot, or behind ſome half-length picture, to have heard. He aſſured me, that he would make uſe not only of his intereſt, but of his art to do you ſome ſervice; he did not mean his art of poetry, but his art at Court; and he is ſenſible that nothing can have a better air for himſelf than moving in your favour, eſpecially ſince inſinuations were ſpread, that he did not care you ſhould proſper too much as a Poet. He proteſts that it ſhall not be his fault, if there is not the beſt intelligence in the world, and the moſt hearty friendſhip, etc. He owns, he was afraid Dr. Swift might have carried you too far among the enemy, during the heat of the animoſity; but now all is ſafe, and you are eſcaped even in his opinion. I promiſed in your name, like a good Godfather, not that you ſhould renounce the devil and all his works, but that you would be delighted to find him your friend merely for his own ſake; therefore prepare yourſelf for ſome civilities.

I have

I have done Homer's head, ſhadowed and heightened carefully; and I incloſe the out-line of the ſame ſize, that you may determine whether you would have it ſo large, or reduced to make room for feuillage or laurel round the oval, or about the ſquare of the Buſto? perhaps there is ſomething more ſolemn in the image itſelf, if I can get it well performed.

If I have been inſtrumental in bringing you and Mr. Addiſon together with all ſincerity, I value myſelf upon it as an acceptable piece of ſervice to ſuch a one as I know you to be.

Your, etc.

LETTER XXIII.

MR. POPE'S ANSWER.

Aug. 27, 1714.

I AM juſt arrived from Oxford, very well diverted and entertained there. Every one is much concerned for the Queen's death. No panegyrics ready yet for the King.

I admire your whig-principles of reſiſtance exceedingly, in the ſpirit of the Barcelonians: I join in your wiſh for them. Mr. Addiſon's verſes on Liberty, in his Letter from Italy, would be a good form of prayer in my opinion, *O Liberty! thou Goddeſs heavenly bright!* etc.

What you mention of the friendly office you endeavoured to do betwixt Mr. Addiſon and me, deſerves acknowledgments on my part. You thoroughly know my regard to his character, and my propenſity to teſtify it by all ways in my power. You as thoroughly know the ſcandalous meanneſs of that proceeding which was uſed by Philips, to make a man I ſo highly value, ſuſpect my diſpoſitions toward him. But as, after all, Mr. Addiſon muſt be the judge in what regards himſelf, and has

ſeemed to be no very juſt one to me; ſo, I muſt own to you, I expect nothing but civility from him, how much ſoever I wiſh for his friendſhip. As for any offices of real kindneſs or ſervice which it is in his power to do me, I ſhould be aſhamed to receive them from any man who had no better opinion of my Morals, than to think me a Party-man; nor of my Temper, than to believe me capable of maligning, or envying another's reputation as a Poet. So I leave it to time to convince him as to both, to ſhew him the ſhallow depths of thoſe half-witted creatures who miſ-informed him, and to prove that I am incapable of endeavouring to leſſen a perſon whom I would be proud to imitate, and therefore aſhamed to flatter. In a word, Mr. Addiſon is ſure of my reſpect at all times, and of my real friendſhip whenever he ſhall think fit to know me for what I am.

For all that paſſed betwixt Dr. Swift and me, you know the whole (without reſerve) of our correſpondence. The engagements I had to him were ſuch as the actual ſervices he had done me, in relation to the ſubſcription for Homer, obliged me to. I muſt have leave to be grateful to him, and to any one who ſerves me, let him be never ſo obnoxious to any party: nor did the Tory-party ever put me to the hardſhip of aſking this leave, which is the greateſt obligation I owe to it; and I expect no greater from the Whig-party than the ſame liberty.——A curſe on the word Party, which I have been forced to uſe ſo often in this period! I wiſh the preſent reign may put an end to the diſtinction, that there may be no other for the future than that of Honeſt and Knave, Fool and Man of ſenſe; theſe two ſorts muſt always be enemies; but for the reſt, may all people do as you and I, believe what they pleaſe, and be friends.

I am, etc.

LETTER XXIV.

TO THE EARL OF HALLIFAX [a].

My Lord, Dec. 1, 1714.

I AM obliged to you both for the favours you have done me, and for thoſe you intend me. I diſtruſt neither your will nor your memory, when it is to do good: and if ever I become troubleſome or ſolicitous, it muſt not be out of expectation, but out of gratitude. Your Lordſhip may either cauſe me to live agreeably in the town, or contentedly in the country, which is really all the difference I ſet between an eaſy fortune and a ſmall one. It is indeed a high ſtrain of generoſity in you, to think of making me eaſy all my life, only becauſe I have been ſo happy as to divert you ſome few hours: but if I may have leave to add, it is becauſe you think me no enemy to my native country, there will appear a better reaſon; for I muſt of conſequence be very much (as I ſincerely am)

Yours, etc.

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[b] LETTER XXV.

DR. PARNELLE TO MR. POPE.

I AM writing to you a long letter, but all the tedioufneſs I feel in it is, that it makes me during the time think more intently of my being far from you. I fancy, if I were with you, I could remove ſome of the uneaſineſs which you may have felt from the oppoſition of the world, and which you ſhould

[a] See the note on v. 116. of his Imitation of the firſt Satire, Book ii. of Horace.

[b] This, and the three Extracts following, concerning the Tranſlation of the firſt Iliad, ſet on foot by Mr. Addiſon, Mr. Pope has omitted in his firſt Edition. P.

ſhould be aſhamed to feel, ſince it is but the teſtimony which one part of it gives you that your merit is unqueſtionable. What would you have otherwiſe, from ignorance, envy, or thoſe tempers which vie with you in your own way? I know this in mankind, that when our ambition is unable to attain its end, it is not only wearied, but exaſperated too at the vanity of its labours; then we ſpeak ill of happier ſtudies, and ſighing condemn the excellence which we find above our reach.——

My [c] Zoilus, which you uſed to write about, I finiſhed laſt ſpring, and left in town. I waited till I came up to ſend it you, but not arriving here before your book was out, imagined it a loſt piece of labour. If you will ſtill have it, you need only write me word.

I have here ſeen the Firſt Book of Homer [d], which came out at a time when it could not but appear as a kind of ſetting up againſt you. My opinion is, that you may, if you pleaſe, give them thanks who writ it. Neither the numbers nor the ſpirit have an equal maſtery with yours; but what ſurprizes me more is, that, a ſcholar being concerned, there ſhould happen to be ſome miſtakes in the author's ſenſe; ſuch as putting the light of Pallas's eyes into the eyes of Achilles, making the taunt of Achilles to Agamemnon (that he ſhould have ſpoils when Troy ſhould be taken) to be a cool and ſerious propoſal; the tranſlating what you call *Ablution* by the word *Offals*, and ſo leaving Water out of the rite of luſtration, etc. but you muſt have taken notice of all this before. I write not to inform you, but to ſhew I always have you at heart.

I am, etc.

[c] Printed for B Lintot, 1715, 8°. and afterwards added to the laſt edition of his poems. P.

[d] Written by Mr. Addiſon, and publiſhed in the name of Mr. Tickell. P.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF THE REVEREND DR. BERKLEY, DEAN OF LONDON-DERRY.

July 7, 1715.

—Some days ago, three or four gentlemen and myſelf, exerting that right which all readers pretend to over authors, ſate in judgment upon the two new Tranſlations of the firſt Iliad. Without partiality to my countrymen, I aſſure you they all gave the preference where it was due; being unanimouſly of opinion, that yours was equally juſt to the ſenſe with Mr —'s, and without compariſon more eaſy, more poetical, and more ſublime. But I will ſay no more on ſuch a thread-bare ſubject, as your late performance is at this time.

I am, etc.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF MR. GAY TO MR. POPE.

July 8, 1715.

—I have juſt ſet down Sir Samuel Garth at the Opera. He bid me tell you, that every body is pleaſed with your tranſlation, but a few at Button's; and that Sir Richard Steele told him, that Mr. Addiſon ſaid the other tranſlation was the beſt that ever was in any language [c]. He treated me with extreme civility, and out of kindneſs gave me a ſqueeze by the fore finger.——I am informed that at Button's your character is made very free with as to Morals, etc. and Mr. Addiſon ſays, that your tranſlation and Tickell's are both very well done, but that the latter has more of Homer.

I am, etc.

[c] Sir Richard Steele afterwards, in his preface to an Edition of the Drummer, a Comedy by Mr. Addiſon, ſhews it to be his opinion, that "Mr. Addiſon himſelf was the perſon who "tranſlated this book."

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF DR. ARBUTHNOT TO MR. POPE.

July 9, 1715.

—I congratulate you upon Mr. T*'s firſt book. It does not indeed want its merit; but I was ſtrangely diſappointed in my expectation of a tranſlation nicely true to the Original; whereas in thoſe parts where the greateſt exactneſs ſeems to be demanded, he has been the leaſt careful, I mean the hiſtory of ancient ceremonies and rites, etc. in which you have with great judgment been exact.

I am, etc.

LETTER XXVI.

MR. POPE TO THE HONOURABLE JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

July 15, 1715.

I LAY hold of the opportunity given me by my Lord Duke of Shrewſbury, to aſſure you of the continuance of that eſteem and affection I have long borne you, and the memory of ſo many agreeable converſations as we have paſſed together. I wiſh it were a compliment to ſay, ſuch converſations as are not to be found on this ſide of the water: for the Spirit of diſſention is gone forth among us: nor is it a wonder that Button's is no longer Button's, when old England is no longer old England, that region of hoſpitality, ſociety, and good humour. Party affects us all, even the wits, though they gain as little by politics as they do by their wit. We talk much of fine ſenſe, refined ſenſe, and exalted ſenſe; but for uſe and happineſs, give me a little common ſenſe. I ſay this in regard to ſome gentlemen, profeſſed

Wits of our acquaintance, who fancy they can make Poetry of conſequence at this time of day, in the midſt of this raging fit of Politics. For, they tell me, the buſy part of the nation are not more divided about Whig and Tory, than theſe idle fellows of the feather about Mr. T*'s and my Tranſlation. I (like the Tories) have the town in general, that is the mob, on my ſide; but it is uſual with the ſmaller party to make up in induſtry what they want in number, and that is the caſe with the little Senate of Cato. However, if our principles be well conſidered, I muſt appear a brave Whig, and Mr. T. a rank Tory: I tranſlated Homer for the public in general, he to gratify the inordinate deſires of one man only. We have, it ſeems, a great Turk in poetry, who can never bear a brother on the throne; and has his mutes too, a ſett of nodders, winkers, and whiſperers, whoſe buſineſs is to ſtrangle all other offſprings of wit in their birth. The new tranſlator of Homer is the humbleſt ſlave he has, that is to ſay, his firſt Miniſter; let him receive the honours he gives me, but receive them with fear and trembling; let him be proud of the approbation of his abſolute Lord, I appeal to the people, as my rightful judges and maſters; and if they are not inclined to condemn me, I fear no arbitrary high-flying proceeding from the ſmall Court-faction at Button's. But after all I have ſaid of this great man, there is no rupture between us. We are each of us ſo civil and obliging, that neither thinks he is obliged: And I, for my part, treat with him, as we do with the Grand Monarch; who has too many great qualities not to be reſpected, though we know he watches any occaſion to oppreſs us *.

When

* We find here moſt of the ſentiments he ſoon after put into verſe on this occaſion.

When I talk of Homer, I muſt not forget the early preſent you made me of Monſieur de la Motte's book: And I cannot conclude this letter without telling you a melancholy piece of news, which affects our very entrails, L* is dead, and ſoupes are no more! You ſee I write in the old familiar way. "This "is not to the miniſter, but to the friend[b]." However, it is ſome mark of uncommon regard to the miniſter that I ſteal an expreſſion from a Secretary of State.

I am, etc.

LETTER XXVII.

TO MR. CONGREVE.

Jan. 16, 1714-15.

METhinks when I write to you, I am making a confeſſion; I have got (I cannot tell how) ſuch a cuſtom of throwing myſelf out upon paper without reſerve. You were not miſtaken in what you judged of my temper of mind when I writ laſt. My faults will not be hid from you, and perhaps it is no diſpraiſe to me that they will not: the cleanneſs and purity of one's mind is never better proved, than in diſcovering its own fault at firſt view; as when a ſtream ſhews the dirt at its bottom, it ſhews alſo the tranſparency of the water.

My ſpleen was not occaſioned, however, by any thing an abuſive angry critic could write of me. I take very kindly your heroic manner of congratulation upon this ſcandal; for I think nothing more honourable than to be involved in the ſame fate with all the great and the good that ever lived; that is, to be envied and cenſured by bad writers.

You do more than anſwer my expectations of you, in declaring how well you take my freedom, in ſometimes neglecting, as I do,

[b] Alluding to St. John's Letter to Prior publiſhed in the *Report of the Secret Committee.*

do, to reply to your letters ſo ſoon as I ought. Thoſe who have a right taſte of the ſubſtantial part of friendſhip, can wave the ceremonial: a friend is the only one that will bear the omiſſion; and one may find who is not ſo by the very trial of it.

As to any anxiety I have concerning the fate of my Homer, the care is over with me: the world muſt be the judge, and I ſhall be the firſt to conſent to the juſtice of its judgment, whatever it be. I am not ſo arrant an author as even to deſire, that if I am in the wrong, all mankind ſhould be ſo.

I am mightily pleaſed with a ſaying of Monſieur Tourreil; "When a man writes he ought to animate himſelf with the "thoughts of pleaſing all the world: but he is to renounce "that deſire or hope, the very moment the book goes out of his "hands."

I write this from Binfield, whither I came yeſterday, having paſſed a few days in my way with my Lord Bolingbroke; I go to London in three days time, and will not fail to pay a viſit to Mr. M——, whom I ſaw not long ſince at my Lord Hallifax's. I hoped from thence he had ſome hopes of advantage from the preſent adminiſtration: for few people (I think) but I, pay reſpects to great men without any proſpects. I am in the faireſt way in the world of being not worth a groat, being born both a Papiſt and a Poet. This puts me in mind of reacknowledging your continued endeavours to enrich me. But, I can tell you, it is to no purpoſe, for without the *Opes*, *aequum mi animum ipſe parabo.*

LETTER XXVIII.

TO MR. CONGREVE.

March 19, 1714-15.

THE Farce of the What-d'ye-call-it [a] has occaſioned many different ſpeculations in the town. Some looked upon it as a mere jeſt upon the Tragic poets, others as a ſatire upon the late War. Mr. Cromwell hearing none of the words, and ſeeing the action to be tragical, was much aſtoniſhed to find the audience laugh; and ſays the Prince and Princeſs muſt doubtleſs be under no leſs amazement on the ſame account. Several templars and others of the more vociferous kind of critics, went with a reſolution to hiſs, and confeſſed they were forced to laugh ſo much, that they forgot the deſign they came with. The Court in general has in a very particular manner come into the jeſt, and the three firſt nights (notwithſtanding two of them were court-nights) were diſtinguiſhed by very full audiences of the firſt Quality. The common people of the pit and gallery received it at firſt with great gravity and ſedateneſs, ſome few with tears; but after the third day they alſo took the hint, and have ever ſince been very loud in their claps. There are ſtill ſome ſober men who cannot be of the general opinion; but the laughers are ſo much the majority, that one or two critics ſeem determined to undeceive the town at their proper coſt, by writing grave diſſertations againſt it: to encourage them in which laudable deſign, it is reſolved a Preface ſhall be prefixed to the Farce, in vindication of the nature and dignity of this new way of writing.

Yeſterday Mr. Steele's affair was decided: I am ſorry I can be of no other opinion than yours, as to his whole carriage and writings

[a] Written by Mr. Gay.

writings of late. But certainly he has not only been puniſhed by others, but ſuffered much even from his own party in the point of character, nor (I believe) received any amends in that of intereſt, as yet, whatever may be his proſpects for the future.

This Gentleman, among a thouſand others, is a great inſtance of the fate of all who are carried away by party-ſpirit, of any ſide. I wiſh all violence may ſucceed as ill: but am really amazed that ſo much of that ſour and pernicious quality ſhould be joined with ſo much natural good humour as, I think, Mr. Steele is poſſeſſed of.

I am, etc.

LETTER XXIX.

TO MR. CONGREVE.

April 7, 1715.

MR. Pope is going to Mr. Jervas's, where Mr. Addiſon is ſitting for his picture; in the mean time amidſt clouds of Tobacco at a coffee-houſe I write this letter. There is a grand revolution at Will's; Morice has quitted for a coffee-houſe in the city, and Titcomb is reſtored, to the great joy of Cromwell, who was at a great loſs for a perſon to converſe with upon the fathers and church-hiſtory; the knowledge I gain from him, is entirely in painting and poetry; and Mr. Pope owes all his ſkill in aſtronomy to him and Mr. Whiſton, ſo celebrated of late for his diſcovery of the longitude in an extraordinary copy of verſes [a]. Mr. Rowe's Jane Gray is to be played in Eaſter-week, when Mrs. Oldfield is to perſonate a character directly oppoſite to female nature; for what woman ever deſpiſed Sovereignty? You know Chaucer has a tale where a knight ſaves his head, by diſcovering it was the thing

[a] Called, *An Ode on the Longitude*, in Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies. P.

thing which all women moſt coveted. Mr. Pope's Homer is retarded by the great rains that have fallen of late, which cauſes the ſheets to be long a drying: this gives Mr. Lintot great uneaſineſs, who is now endeavouring to corrupt the Curate of his pariſh to pray for fair weather, that his work may go on. There is a ſix-penny Criticiſm lately publiſhed upon the tragedy of the What-d'ye-call-it, wherein he with much judgment and learning calls me a blockhead, and Mr. Pope a knave. His grand charge is againſt the Pilgrim's Progreſs being read, which, he ſays, is directly levelled at Cato's reading Plato; to back this cenſure, he goes on to tell you, that the Pilgrim's Progreſs being mentioned to be the eighth edition, makes the reflection evident, the Tragedy of Cato having juſt eight times (as he quaintly expreſſes it) viſited the preſs. He has alſo endeavoured to ſhow, that every particular paſſage of the play alludes to ſome fine part of tragedy, which, he ſays, I have injudiciouſly and profanely abuſed [b]. Sir Samuel Garth's poem upon my Lord Clare's houſe, I believe, will be publiſhed in the Eaſter-week.

Thus far Mr. Gay, who has in his letter foreſtalled all the ſubjects of diverſion; unleſs it ſhould be one to you to ſay, that I ſit up till two o'clock over Burgundy and Champagne; and am become ſo much a rake, that I ſhall be aſhamed in a ſhort time to be thought to do any ſort of buſineſs. I fear I muſt get the gout by drinking; purely for a faſhionable pretence to ſit ſtill long enough to tranſlate four books of Homer. I hope you will by that time be up again, and I may ſucceed to the bed and couch of my predeceſſor: pray cauſe the ſtuffing to be repaired, and the crutches ſhortened for me. The calamity of

[b] This curious piece was entitled, A complete Key to the What-d'ye-call it, written by one Griffin a player, aſſiſted by Lewis Theobald. P.

of your gout is what all your friends, that is to ſay, all that know you, muſt ſhare in; we deſire you in your turn to condole with us, who are under a perſecution, and much afflicted with a diſtemper which proves mortal to many poets, a Criticiſm. We have indeed ſome relieving intervals of laughter (as you know there are in ſome diſeaſes) and it is the opinion of divers good gueſſers, that the laſt fit will not be more violent than advantageous; for poets aſſailed by Critics, are like men bitten by Tarantula's, they dance on ſo much the faſter.

Mr. Thomas Burnet hath played the precurſor to the coming of Homer, in a treatiſe called Homerides. He has ſince riſen very much in his criticiſms, and, after aſſaulting Homer, made a daring attack upon the ‘ What-d'ye-call-it. Yet is there not a Proclamation iſſued for the burning of Homer and the Pope by the common hangman; nor is the What-d'ye-call-it yet ſilenced by the Lord chamberlain.

Your, etc.

LETTER XXX.

MR. CONGREVE TO MR. POPE.

May 6.

I HAVE the pleaſure of your very kind letter. I have always been obliged to you for your friendſhip and concern for me, and am more affected with it, than I will take upon me to expreſs in this letter. I do aſſure you there is no return wanting on my part, and am very ſorry I had not the good luck to ſee the Dean before I left the town: it is a great pleaſure to me, and not a little vanity to think that he miſſes me. As to my health, which you are ſo kind to enquire after, it is not worſe than in London: I am almoſt afraid yet to ſay that it is better, for

‘ In one of his papers called *The Grumbler*. P.

for I cannot reaſonably expect much effect from theſe waters in ſo ſhort a time; but in the main they ſeem to agree with me. Here is not one creature that I know, which, next to the few I would chuſe, contributes very much to my ſatisfaction. At the ſame time that I regret the want of your converſation, I pleaſe myſelf with thinking that you are where you firſt ought to be, and engaged where you cannot do too much. Pray, give my humble ſervice, and beſt wiſhes to your good mother. I am ſorry you do not tell me how Mr. Gay does in his Health: I ſhould have been glad to have heard he was better. My young Amanuenſis, as you call him, I am afraid, will prove but a wooden one: and you know *ex quovis ligno*, etc. You will pardon Mrs. R—'s pedantry, and believe me to be

Your, etc.

P. S. By the incloſed you will ſee I am like to be impreſſed, and enrolled in the Liſt of Mr. Curll's Authors; but, I thank God! I ſhall have your Company. I believe it high time you ſhould think of adminiſtring another Emetic.

The END of the THIRD VOLUME.